PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1976 **$1.50**

THE RITUAL LYNCHING OF HARRY REEMS
BY NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

FULFILLING YOUR FREAKIEST FANTASY:
THRILLS, CHILLS, AND THE LESBIAN THREAT

UNHOLY ALLIANCE:
WHY THE COPS ARE LEARNING TO LOVE THE TEAMSTERS

DON'T BANK ON IT:
HOW THE FED PICKS YOUR POCKET

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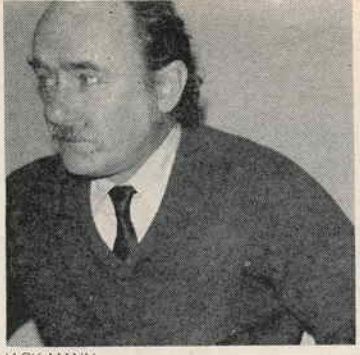

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HOUSECALL

As even the most casual of *Penthouse* readers know, we are particularly proud of the great diversity of opinion found in our pages. We're proud that our writers are not afraid of controversy, that they speak with a mind (and a heart) of their own. Sometimes, however, there are matters we consider so important, so fundamental, so far-reaching in their magnitude, that it is necessary for *Penthouse* itself to take a stand. Such a matter is the current injustice being done to porno actor Harry Reems. Reems, you may recall, was the gonadal physician who solved the "medical" mystery of the missing clitoris in *Deep Throat*. For his leading role, Harry was paid a fast $100, the full fee for one day's services as an actor. Now, four years later, he has been tried—*and convicted*—for conspiracy to have the movie shown in Memphis, Tenn. Never mind that Harry wasn't near Memphis at the time, that he has no ownership in the film, or that he hasn't seen a penny over that initial heady hundred. Not only has the government found a way to harass actors whose movies the local prosecutor doesn't like, but it also thinks it's found a way to convict Reems today of breaking a law that didn't exist at the time he might otherwise have broken it. If all this sounds frightening—well, it should. Distinguished *Washington Post* columnist **Nicholas von Hoffman** ably expresses our shared outrage in "Reeming Poor Harry in Memphis." As Hoffman points out, what happened to Harry Reems this year could happen to Jack Nicholson or Warren Beatty next.

One thing is certain. Harry Reems has a very good idea of just who is after him and how they are going about ruining his life. Far less obvious are the effects of another—perhaps more insidious—type of governmental intervention, the actions of the Federal Reserve Bank and its very reserved chairman, Arthur Burns.

Just about everyone in this country is affected by the Fed's actions, but most citizens, from senators to stewardesses, simply can't understand what the Fed does. According to *Penthouse* reporter **Lee Berton**, an erstwhile Ohio police reporter and an investigative journalist for the *Wall Street Journal*, it isn't so much a matter of the public's misunderstanding as it is one of the Fed's intentional obfuscation of its operation.

It took nine months of research for Berton to get through the stonewalling that greeted him in Washington. As he observes: "The Fed is very secretive, no matter what it is dealing with. It's even secretive about its tennis courts. When the Fed built a new wing, it had to cover up its private tennis courts—which meant it now had to play on public tennis courts. The only catch is that while the new Fed courts are nominally public, no member of the public has ever been told the courts exist."

Murray Rothbard, one of the most unorthodox economists in the United States, would like to repeal just about every one of the twentieth century's economic controls. But if you think that makes him a reactionary partner of one aforementioned Arthur Burns, you're wrong. Rothbard also wants to do away with every right wing–like control over people's private lives. In fact, as *Penthouse* interviewer **Jim Davidson** has discovered, Rothbard would be just as happy to see the state disappear entirely. You have to agree with writer Davidson—who is now someplace in your midst in search of material for his *Eccentric's Guide to the United States*—that, whatever else Rothbard may be, he is one of the most original and provocative thinkers around.

America's newest power alliance—wait for it—*the Teamsters and the police*! That's right—America's most powerful union is now trying to organize the city's finest, the men in blue. But shouldn't the men who enforce our laws be answerable to society at large rather than to an elitist, minority interest?

Jonathan Kwitny, a *Wall Street Journal* reporter who has been following the Teamsters for a year, became fascinated by the union's new organizing zeal. Kwitny, whose books include the recent *Mullendore Murder Case*, discusses the implications of the controversial union's new bedfellows in his hard-hitting article for *Penthouse*, "Cops and Robbers."

And when the talk turns to hard-hitters, there's always one guy who flinches visibly. We're talking about former Yankee pitcher **Jim Bouton**, whose x-rated best seller, *Ball Four*, has just been turned into a TV sitcom, starring none other than Jim Bouton. To find out what Jim Bouton thinks of Jim Bouton, television, and many other things, read the profile by veteran sportswriter **Jack Mann**. Mann has been covering Bouton since the former pitcher's rookie year with the pin-stripers. As sports editor of *Newsday* years ago, Mann directed a reporter to call the new kid up at two in the morning. The important issue? How Bouton spells his name.

Most people, fact is, watch the tube simply because they have nothing better to do—like going to an orgy. Frequent *Penthouse* contributor **Craig Karpel**, on the other hand, is tired of the hero-sandwich scene—or at least he was until he got his invitation to "The Masquerade Ball," an orgy where he had to wear clothes. The naked truth will keep you in stitches. For those who favor a different sort of exposure, *Penthouse Photo World* editor, **Joe Kelleher**, expertly focuses on 35mm cameras in "Reflex Action."

There are lots of other goodies developing inside, of course, such as the "Amorous Astrologer" by Martine, an all-new monthly feature that made its debut in our last issue. "Advise and Dissent," another new feature designed to become a regular department, will provide an enviable platform for dissenting, controversial, or even outrageous opinion by the most respected opinion-makers themselves. Contributions to this coveted editorial space will be by invitation only.

So you're now invited to turn these pages and discover a veritable banquet for the mind—articles designed to delight, inform, and provoke.

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OCTOBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Room with a view

Being an enthusiastic reader of *Penthouse* for some time, I, like so many others, have longed for an experience worthy of contribution to the Forum column. Though I was not directly involved, something recently happened which I think definitely qualifies.

I am one of the many business executives who work in New York City and commute daily by train from suburban New Jersey. The trip is ordinarily monotonous and uneventful. However, one evening, as we neared my station, I was rewarded with one of the most erotic sights I have ever seen.

There is a motel which sits close enough to the tracks to make the windows clearly visible from the train. As we passed the motel, I noticed the drapes in one second-story window were wide open. With the sun shining in the window, I got a clear view of a small, extremely well built woman riding her lover, head thrown back, and obviously unconcerned about her passing audience. The vision of her total abandon and delight has stayed with me ever since. Needless to say, I now find myself eagerly waiting for this particular part of my trip home, but alas, the drapes are always closed.

Young lovers, whoever you were, I want to thank you for rejuvenating my sex life, which—like my daily commute—had also become monotonous and uneventful. And my wife thanks you, too!—*P.E., Princeton, N.J.*

That'll teach us to sleep on the 6:06.—The Editors

Nice guy comes at last

It finally happened!

It's been five days now, and every minute that I've been awake, my experience has been going through my head and tingling my entire body.

I am a twenty-six year-old male, married at age twenty-one, divorced at age twenty-four—with my wife being the only "piece" I've ever had. For the past two years, I've done virtually no dating and was close to scoring only once. I'm not bad looking, but I just don't know how to work sex into the picture on my dates. I remain just a horny "nice guy." I couldn't help thinking life was cheating me out of a sex life.

Then, just like that, it happened—an experience that changed my life in just one night. I was so innocent and unsuspecting of what was to happen that I get an instant hard-on everytime I think of it happening.

My best friend, Tom, invited me to dinner and drinks with his parents and some other friends. Everyone was expected to bring a date; so I brought one to the restaurant where we were all to meet. Everyone had a great time but got pretty blitzed in the process—except my date, who was drinking cokes. Tom asked if he and Sally could stay at my place for the night since he lives out of town and didn't want to drive all the way home in his condition. Of course, I agreed; so I dropped my date off at her place about two A.M. Everyone seemed ready to go to sleep, especially when I knew Tom had to get up at six.

Tom and Sally insisted on sleeping on the floor; so, after getting them a blanket and pillow, I went to my bedroom, shut the door, and promptly fell asleep. The next thing I knew, Sally's naked body was fondling mine.

Being pretty well drunk and half asleep, my first thoughts were that I was in bed with my wife and we were still married. The next thing I knew, she was taking off my T-shirt. It was then that I realized it was Sally. My heart began to pound, and I had a hard-on that wouldn't quit. Her hands was now inside my shorts, squeezing my cock and fondling my balls. The next I knew, she had my shorts off and was sliding down onto my cock. I don't know how long it was that she rocked back and forth, but it seemed like only an instant before I shot my load.

After a few minutes' rest, with neither of us saying a word (I didn't know what to say!), she began to rub my cock and balls again—gently at first, but as I got hard, she did so with increased vigor. It wasn't long before my cock was rock hard and more than eager again. I got on top this time, my cock stayed hard after we both climaxed, and I think she got everything she had hoped for. We caressed and kissed each other for some time, but still neither of us said anything. She went back to Tom about 4:30, and I stayed awake in bed, still not sure whether to believe what happened or not. I had never been so sexually aroused in my entire life—including my three years of married life.

I haven't talked to Sally yet since it happened but later learned from Tom that he knew she had come into my room. It seems that he was too drunk to satisfy her and said it was okay if she came to me for what she wanted. But I still wonder if he was just doing me a great favor. Anyhow, this event has greatly changed my life, and I will never forget it as long as I live. I've had my "experience," and now I have something

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I've always lacked—confidence.—*A.B., Sandusky, Ohio*

Noteworthy

Just finished the most astounding day I have ever had in an office.

I have a new secretary, a little old, about thirty-five, divorced several times, and built like the proverbial house. It was this afternoon, about one o'clock, and I had just come back from a short lunch—three martinis and a shrimp cocktail. Annemarie was alone in the office, and as I walked by, I was taking a very good look at the cleavage of her voluptuous breasts. She glanced up and seemed to enjoy my looking.

Five minutes later she came into my office and asked me to check her typewriter for her. She said she was having some trouble with the paper release. I sat down and saw that there was nothing wrong with her typewriter. But I also noticed a note written on a piece of paper and stuck in the paper bail. It read, "If you're hungry, please eat me."

It took me a few seconds to get the message, but when I looked up at Annemarie, I said, "I'd love to," thinking all along that she was putting me on (after all she had been with the firm only two weeks). But I will admit that being fifty-five makes a guy hungrier than ever, and I had been taking many very good looks at her.

I said the typewriter was okay now and went back to my office. But she followed right in behind me and asked, "Would you really love to—assuming that my note to you is what I really meant?" I looked at her and answered that I never meant anything more, and said that you'd better lock the doors if you are not kidding—still thinking that she wasn't serious. She left but came back a few minutes later and said all the doors were locked and the phones were all on "Hold." Then she just started to take her clothes off.

You can bet your sweet ass I got my clothes off and got to kissing her voluptuous body—which was ever more so without clothes on. When I got to her beautiful cunt—she had an unusually small, tight one—her light brown hair was soft and fragrant. I was especially surprised and pleased to find that she had just used a vaginal douche while I had been at lunch, and that she was sweet and clean. After not having used the leather sofa for two years, I was finally glad I had insisted on buying it for the office.

I enjoyed bringing Annemarie to her first two orgasms—and even her third—she smelled and tasted so good. After that my tongue was too tired to go on. After a few moments rest, she made me lie on the sofa while she sat on the floor and performed fellatio on me. Her tongue and mouth were absolutely fantastic, seemingly sucking all of the pleasure in the world right out through the end of my cock. When she got through with me the second time, I knew I was through for the weekend.

She prefers oral sex to the regular so

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with a little luck—if I last—I'm looking forward to having a long and lasting relationship with Annemarie. Obviously, us older guys still love it and need it.—*Name and address withheld*

Us younger guys still love it and need it, too. We're checking our typewriters now. —The Editors

Anti-depressant stimulant

After two years of a fairly conventional affair with a woman, I had become severely depressed owing to professional setbacks. When we went to bed one evening, she whispered in my ear not to worry about anything because she would take good care of me. With that, she got up and straddled me while I lay on my back and began to kiss me—but it was an entirely new kind of kiss. Her tongue began to circle my lips as mine had so often circled her vulva. The stimulation was intense as she began to simulate penile motions, and she urged me to do a blow job on her tongue.

Then she knelt between my legs and began to lick the soft, vulvalike skin beneath my scrotum. The sensation was stellar! She wasn't finished. She then sat on my thighs and took my hard penis as if it were her own and beat me off while saying that now she owned it. I tried to get up in mock amazement only to be roughly shoved back.

What followed was a mock rape scene with my woman friend as aggressive as ever I have seen a woman. She forced me over on to my stomach and found a way of parting the cheeks of my buttocks and exposing her clitoris in such a way that there was no mistaking who was penetrating whom. It all ended with the most dramatic ejaculation I can remember—or maybe it was hers—or does it matter?—*Name and address withheld*

Office help

I'd like to pass on to your readers one of my greatest turn-ons. Several years ago I was employed on the staff of a large magazine on the East Coast. This meant I was faced with constant deadlines and much pressure. Soon after being hired, I had become rather friendly with one of the secretaries, an extremely attractive blond with long, beautiful legs. Being a "leg-man," I would always enjoy her short skirts—she wore them on purpose, I figured—and really fine legs.

One day, as I was toiling over an assignment with a really tight deadline, Pat came into my office. My eyes hungrily swept her from head to toe, lingering over her thigh-high skirt and white pantyhose. She looked absolutely lovely as she walked across the room, her long blond hair swaying, and her bra-less tits bouncing with each step. Sitting in the chair beside my desk, her skirt rode high on her shapely thighs, and I couldn't keep my eyes from watching her cross her really fine legs.

Pat studied me carefully as I swung

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around to face her. Her eyes almost riveted on my bulging crotch, as my seven-inch prick had become rock-hard just watching her come into the room. Without any preamble our eyes locked, and Pat said to me, "You look all tense; can I possibly help?" I smiled and looked at her legs, tits, then again into her eyes, and said, "Maybe." With that Pat got up, walked across the room, shut and locked my office door, and came back to the chair. Sliding her chair next to mine, she began massaging my back and arms while still standing. Then, moving in front of me, she rubbed my forehead, and at the same time, let her tits bob in my face. Finally, she sat next to me, letting her short skirt ride even higher on her shapely thighs. Leaning forward, she began rubbing my thighs and legs. By this time my rock-hard erection was poking skyward like a tent-pole. Pat brushed my cock gently as she continued her massage, and I looked at her face. Catching my glance, she licked her lips and gazed at my cock. Both hands went to it, and she said, "I think I see your problem."

She rubbed my cock and balls gently and then slowly eased my zipper down. Reaching inside my tight knit trousers, her soft, cool hand found my tool, and she gently eased it out to stand like a staff from my fly. With both hands she began jerking me off slowly until droplets oozed from the slick tip of my cock. Pat licked her lips again and then slid to her knees between my splayed legs. Her soft, wet tongue flicked out, catching the droplets. All this time not a word was exchanged between us. Moaning slightly, she swallowed and began licking my staff from its swollen tip to its base. Her tongue was exquisite—she flicked, laved, pressed, and swirled it with obvious delight. I looked down at her, and her dress was pulled high to reveal her bushy cunt—she wore no panties that day, and as I reached down to finger her delicious-looking pussy, she paused and said, "No, today's your day."

Pat held my throbbing cock with both hands and poised her wet lips above its head. Looking up at me, she slid the tip into her mouth. The same time as she did this her tongue was dancing on the underside. At this point I completely surrendered to her expertise.

Laying back in my chair, I thrust my hips forward, making her mouth and my cock the focal point of our contact. She began sliding my long, thick cock into her mouth, working her lips and tongue as she did so. I felt her throat muscles contract and then relax, and soon felt her hot breath on the base of my cock. I looked down, and she had the entire shaft buried in her mouth. At this point my telephone rang. With as much composure as I could muster, I picked up the receiver—my cock now sliding in and out of Pat's talented mouth.

My boss wanted to know if I had my assignment ready yet, and speaking slowly as if distracted by my work, I told him it would soon be ready. We hung up, and I again let myself go as she rubbed her soft, silky blond hair around my saliva-wetted cock as she sucked. Feeling me tense, Pat took the cock deep in her mouth, and as I came, she eagerly continued to work her tongue on the underside of my prick. Even after I came, she kept my cock resting in her delicious mouth until it finally shrank back to its normal size. Finally releasing it, Pat said, "Now you look more relaxed."

Subsequently, we never fucked in the office as she enjoyed giving head so much. Pat was one of those women who are true fellatrixes. I might add, though, that at her apartment or mine, Pat was as good in bed as she was on her knees.—*Name and address withheld*

Funny, we're a large magazine on the East Coast, and we're faced with constant pressures and deadlines—but the only relaxant we come across is an extra dry martini or two. But we have noticed a lot of locked doors in the Art Department.—The Editors

Today's nomination

This is to inform you that our Greater Southwest Skinny Dip Club has voted unanimously to submit the name of the beautiful Xaviera Hollander as the replacement on NBC for Barbara Walters. NBC has also been notified of our action.—*L.B., Mesa, Ariz.*

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Baby Breese

We are delighted with the overwhelming response to our guess-the-age-of-Baby Breese contest. So was the nymphal Ms. Breese. And since with letters—as with life—losers are usually more interesting than winners, we thought we'd share some of the more enjoyable wrongos with you:

I think that your Baby is only twenty-one, because I am assuming that this is the minimum age at which you would be able to photograph the girls. And why would you want to make us wait any longer to see such a seductive young lady? I also think that your Baby is an Aries, which means she was born between March 21 and April 19. But if I have to make a specific choice, I would go with March because they say that's the best time to go fly a kite. And you can't get it up unless you have a little Breese. Right?

If I am one of the winners, please send *Penthouse* to: *B.P., Reno, Nev.*

My guess as to the age of the perfect, angelic, nymphobabiac, lovely Baby Breese is, seventeen years and six months. If I do not win the Baby Breese, I will send my carnivorous tiger pillow after your crab-infested brains. Silicone is a bust.—*F.M., Bellflower, Calif.*

I think I'm in love. I usually do not buy magazines like yours, but a friend of mine tipped me to the article on future items in the April issue, so I picked up a copy. While I was skimming for the article, my eye fell upon the small shot of the youngster who, I later found out, was Baby Breese. The name fits, because she warmed my heart like a spring wind. I don't know how much mail you received, but you must have printed only one-tenth of 1 per cent of the letters. Many more letters must have been written than you printed.

I heartily agree with the gent who would like to start a fan club for her. She is a pint-sized beauty with a gallon of charm. My guess as to the age of the young Ms. Breese: eleven years, seven months, and twenty-one days.—*R.G., address withheld*

Baby Breese—is she ever something! Beautiful breasts and lithe body. As for her age, it is hard to give her one. How old is a person, really? Is not youth everlasting, no matter what age one is? As for Baby Breese, after looking at her pictures, her figure, and everything else, I have to guess her age as being fourteen years, going on fifteen years.—*Name and address withheld*

I am writing you in regard to your guestimating game on the age of Baby Breese. From what I have seen of her, I am going to estimate her age to be twenty-one, and I believe that she was born some time in the month of December. The way I look at it, you must have a certain age limit for your models. I also think she is much older than she looks. So, I just reversed the numbers on her shirt for her age and left them as they were for the month. Even if I am wrong, what can I lose? If I am right, I will be ahead by a year's subscription of *Penthouse*.—*C.M.S., Würzburg, Germany.*

I think Miss Breese is a composite, born in some photographer's darkroom, and therefore ageless.—*B.S., Port Mitchell, Ky.*

By my calculation, according to her pubic hairs, she was born in September of 1961. —*Name and address withheld*

Baby Breese is twelve years old, and her birthday is in February. Are you guys weird! I'll bet that 80 percent of that pubic hair is air-brushed in. Nevertheless, you've got balls!—*C.E.G., Bloomington, Ind.*

Lolita, get lost!

Considering the skimpy evidence I have to work with, my answer will be more of a blind guess than an educated one, but here goes: Baby Breese was born at 8:21 P.M., on Thursday, December 26, 1957. As of today, her age is eighteen years, two months, and fifteen days. I made the following assumptions: (1) I received the January issue on or about January 13. (2) Your deadline for all copy and art, camera-ready, is December 13. (3) The photo session took place in July 1975 (green, deciduous leaves are visible in the window on page 55; the sunlight is strong and at a high angle, and is the only light source used in all the photos; also, Baby has a very nice tan—perfect, in fact). (4) She had been graduated from high school at least a year by that time, judging from the remarks she made about modeling, maturity (". . . I was big enough to travel."), previous addresses ("I took a little flat," *not* I took *this* little flat). This would mean that she was eighteen in June 1975. (5) Unless her remarks were concocted by a writer (it wouldn't be the *first* time this has happened), she could be a literature or journalism student right now, possibly an employee of *Penthouse* magazine. She gives impressionistic descriptions of her home town and tells us the name of the pub near her former flat, "World's End"—all of which seems to indicate that she is highly word-oriented and given to noticing ironies. She is absolutely gorgeous and brings back many fond memories I have of small, beautiful girls I have known. I would greatly enjoy seeing more pictures of her, and of girls like her, in the issues to come. I assume that I will not be one of the winners of this contest; but in case I am, I will take a subscription to *Penthouse* magazine.—*E.L., Maynard, Mass.*

The pubic hair didn't fool me. Baby Breese is twelve years old (maybe even younger). I'll have the *Penthouse Photo World* subscription, if I am lucky enough—*R.W.J., Pembine, Wis.*

While I was turning the pages of your January-issue pictorial, "Free as a Breese," I almost despaired of seeing a shot of her without a top. Then, what a glorious sight! Quality, not quantity, is what I have always loved, being a breast man from way back. I would love it if Miss Breese turned out to be twelve or thirteen, but a better guess would be twenty-one—turning twenty-two on June 8, 1976. Hoping to see more of this little lovely.—*B.T., New Westminster, British Columbia*

I'm presently incarcerated in Vacaville Institution for Men, but I'm happy to say that I do have a release date for the coming year. I must say that roses bloom at a certain time of the year, exposing their beauty to the world. But the beauty which comes from beautiful, sweet Baby Breese cannot be compared with that of the common rose. My guess is that she's eighteen years old.—*Name withheld, Vacaville, Calif.*

But for the following, it was no ill Breese that came their way. They guessed accurately that Baby Breese was born in February 1956, and with our compliments these lucky winners will receive a year's subscription to either *Penthouse* or *Viva*:

Ray Logelin; Eagen, Minn.
Fred Gruenberg; Chicago, Ill.
Rick Naugler; Lowell, Mass.
Rosanna Pall; Parsippany, N.J.
Ray Graungaard; Shanty Bay, Ontario
George Patail; San Bernardino, Calif.
Jack Kremer; Lahabra, Calif.
Bobby Doss; Penhook, Va.
Terry Chamberlain; Shippensburg, Pa.
William Graham, Jr.; Charleston, S.C.
Richard Haraka; Clifton, N.J.
Brian Y. Lee; Honolulu, Hawaii
Art Haendel; Bronxville, N.Y.
Don Wilber; New Braintree, Mass.
R. DeBarros; Cranston, R.I.

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RFK assassination

In reference to the interview with Mr. Bugliosi in the June issue concerning the Robert Kennedy death and subsequent investigations, I would like to state a few brief points relative to some of Mr. Bugliosi's statements.

I have just completed an intensive and exhaustive eight-month investigation as special counsel and deputy district attorney for Los Angeles County to review all the facts concerning the assassination of Senator Kennedy. I feel somewhat qualified in submitting this letter concerning my impressions of Mr. Bugliosi's article. It is not my intention to offer any criticism concerning the media's right to report, both objectively and subjectively, on whatever current events may be deemed appropriate or of interest to the public. The First Amendment is our most sacred constitutional heritage, and after spending several months of investigation, I am certain that controversies concerning political assassinations will always remain an interesting subject for discussion in both the public and private sectors.

However, I feel that on numerous occasions, Mr. Bugliosi, with whom I had the pleasure to work for several months during the investigation, made some superficial and inaccurate statements concerning both the preponderance of evidence which led to Sirhan's conviction and the subsequent investigations and ballistics examination of the bullets and the Sirhan weapon.

Specifically, Mr. Bugliosi misleads the reader when he states that the entry path of the bullets into Senator Kennedy's body was inconsistent with the position where Sirhan was standing. The facts are, as revealed in both the trial testimony and in grand jury transcripts, that several eyewitnesses placed Senator Kennedy in a position where he had turned his face to his left and was in the process of shaking hands with employees of the Ambassador Hotel as Sirhan approached him with gun in hand and lunged toward his head. One eyewitness in particular, Boris Yaro, former photographer for the *Los Angeles Times*, testified that both Sirhan and the gun were "lunging" toward Senator Kennedy at the time when the gun was fired. Mr. Bugliosi does not elaborate on the fact that as Senator Kennedy was turning his head to face the kitchen employees, this physical act opened up the side of his head and body for a line of fire from Sirhan. The several bullets entered Senator Kennedy behind his ear and through the right side of his body, a fact that was substantiated by several eyewitnesses. Mr. Bugliosi is incorrect when he states that not one witness at the trial placed the muzzle of Sirhan's gun closer than three feet from Senator Kennedy.

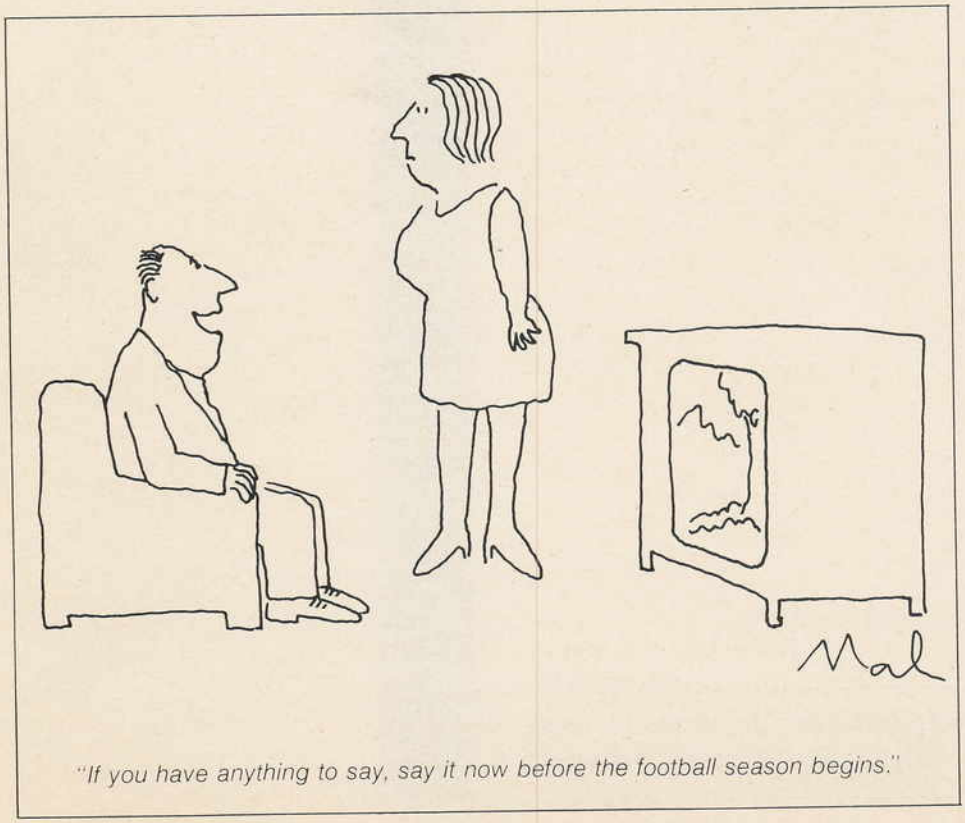
In fact, several witnesses have testified that it appeared to them that the Sirhan weapon was within approximately one to three feet of Senator Kennedy's head at the time the shots were fired.

Concerning the controversial Associate Press Wire photo, Mr. Bugliosi conveniently leaves out the facts that subsequent investigations revealed that the caption "the bullet still in the wood" was written by the then Associated Press Wire photo editor, Mr. Richard Strobel (now retired), at the Associated Press office several hours after the shooting, several miles away from the Ambassador Hotel. Moreover, Mr. Strobel has stated in depositions to myself and to other investigators, that his written statement, the "bullet was still in the wood," was based only on his supposition that the policeman looking into a hole suggested that a bullet had lodged in the wood.

Strobel had absolutely no other information on which to base this statement, and he readily admits that his written caption was not based on any actual evidence or factual information. Strobel has also stated to the undersigned that he so informed Mr. Bugliosi of this fact in subsequent phone conversations with Mr. Bugliosi in the fall of 1975. Subsequent investigation after the night of the assassination revealed that no bullet was ever found in the wood.

Finally, Mr. Bugliosi glosses over and seems to avoid the significant and overwhelming conclusions by the seven independent ballistics experts who, after a ten-day study and examination of all the bullets found on the night of the assassination and bullets from subsequent test firings of the Sirhan weapon, concluded that there was no demonstrable or substantive evidence to indicate that more than one gun was used to fire any of the bullets examined. It is a fact that because of the deteriorated condition of the Sirhan weapon, the original 1968 test-fired bullets, and the 1968 victim bullets, no bullet examined by the 1975 panel of experts could be matched exclusively to the Sirhan gun. However, five of the seven experts were able to positively match three bullets (removed from Senator Kennedy and victims Goldstein and Weisel) as having been fired from one gun and one gun only. When this conclusion is correlated with the eyewitness testimony at the night of the shooting and with the fact that victims Weisel and Goldstein were standing behind Senator Kennedy directly in the line of fire of Sirhan, such scientific and circumstantial evidence leads to the commonsense conclusion that Sirhan fired these three bullets. No eyewitnesses, contrary to what Mr. Bugliosi has suggested in the *Penthouse* interview, have ever stated that they saw another gun fired in the Ambassador Hotel that night.

My criticism of Mr. Bugliosi's statements should not be interpreted in any way to suggest that there were not any mistakes and unexplained actions by authorities, particularly the Los Angeles Police Department, in the past eight years. Although no materials or legal evidence ever presented before the trial court or before the grand jury was ever destroyed, there has been unexplained destruction of wood paneling and ceiling tiles (a fact that was never introduced at trial) which could very well have given a fuller insight into the events surrounding the assassination. Additionally, despite my own request that the ten-volume file summary conducted by the LAPD concerning the Robert Kennedy assassination be released for public inspection, the police department has still refused to honor this request. However, these mistakes and unexplained negli-



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Or, if you're already well into CB, use it to monitor a particular channel while you use your transceiver for the regular action. We also have a CB-11 converter which has the added feature of a 23 channel selector knob.

We make CB transceivers to fit your price range and needs. And whether it's one of our basic mobile rigs like our CB-1123, or a multi-featured base station like the CB-5000, they're all engineered with the same Sparkomatic know-how.

And once you've got a Sparkomatic transceiver, you should back it up with one of the many antennas we make for your specific application.

Like our SA-204. It gives you three full inches of whip adjustment for optimum tuning instead of being limited to the usual 3/4 inch. Other antennas can't give you the lowest SWR (standing wave ratio) like this one can. And because it's pre-wired with a plug-in connector for goof-proof installation, you know you'll get all the performance that's built into your CB radio.

Our motorized SA-301 is the retractable antenna that's completely retractable. It looks like a regular radio antenna so no one will know your car is CB equipped. Yet, it has everything going for it like lock-in tuning and efficient top loaded coil. And it's engineered for AM, FM and stereo, as well as CB.

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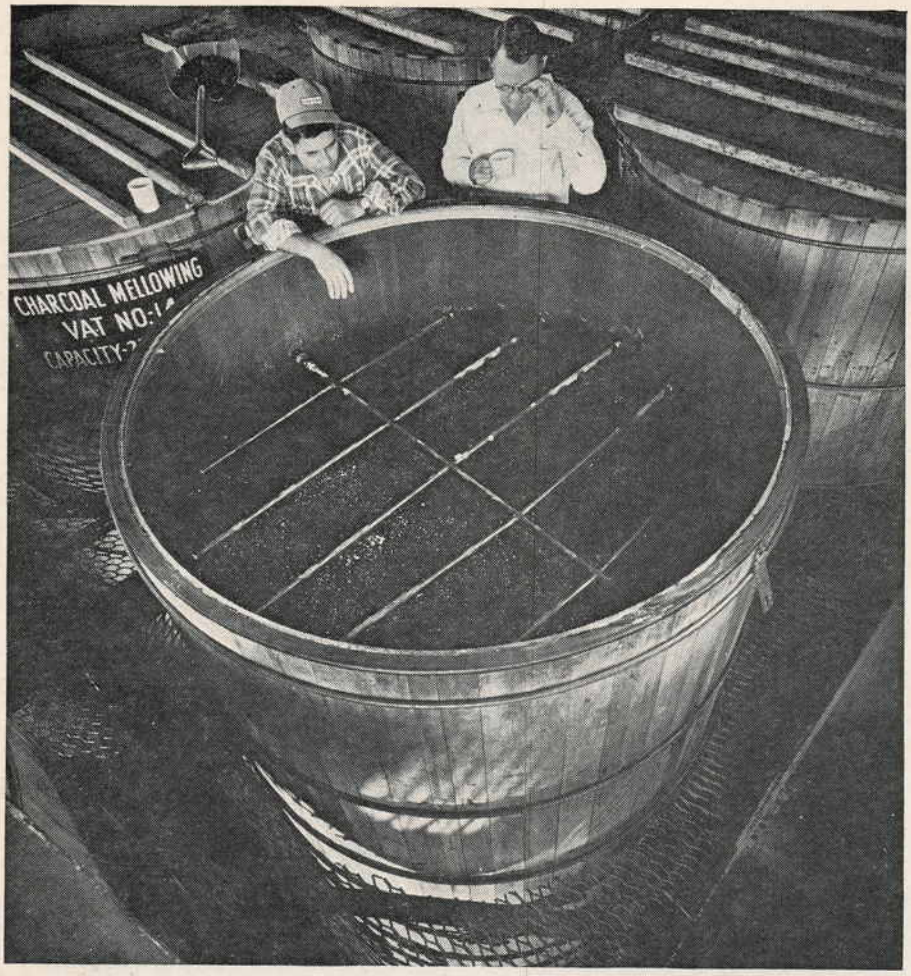

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gence all occurred after the fact of Sirhan's killing of Robert Kennedy and did not in any way negate the fact that Sirhan was responsible for the death of Senator Kennedy. The several critics of the official version of the Robert Kennedy assassination and the self-proclaimed advocates of the two gun theories, of which Mr. Bugliosi is an eloquent spokesman, often overlook or fail to mention all the facts and evidence which, when taken in a total perspective, point to a sole gunman on the night of the assassination.

I will add only that I have recently submitted a 250-page report of my own investigation to the office of the District Attorney for Los Angeles County and that this document is public domain.—*Thomas F. Kranz, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Mr. Bugliosi replies:

In response to Mr. Kranz's letter to *Penthouse*: My original and current objection to Mr. Kranz is that he has virtually no background or experience to serve as a special counsel in the reinvestigation into the facts surrounding the assassination of Sen. Robert F. Kennedy. The Kennedy assassination involves extremely complex issues; yet Mr. Kranz, to my knowledge, has never prosecuted one criminal case in his entire career, not even a petty theft or a drunk driving case, much less a murder case of these prodigious dimensions and far-reaching implications. When I asked Mr. Kranz privately one time why he had been appointed, he said he was somewhat surprised himself and then added that perhaps the fact that several close friends of his had recommended him was the reason.

Let's go, step by step, through Mr. Kranz's remarkable letter. He starts out by saying that several eyewitnesses placed Senator Kennedy in a position where he had turned his face to his left and was in the process of shaking hands with employees of the Ambassador Hotel when Sirhan fired at him. Mr. Kranz fails to mention just who these witnesses were. I could find only one witness, Frank Burns, on page 3396 of the trial transcript, who so testified. On page 173 of my *Penthouse* interview, I simply pointed out that there are other witnesses (Vincent Di Pierro and Karl Uecker) who testified at the trial that at the time Sirhan fired at Senator Kennedy, Kennedy had finished shaking hands, had resumed walking forward, and was facing Sirhan when Sirhan shot him. If this testimony is accurate, it creates a problem because Dr. Thomas Noguchi's autopsy report shows that all bullets which entered Senator Kennedy had a trajectory of *back to front*, right to left, and sharply upward. In any event, there is a conflict in the testimony in this area.

Mr. Kranz then states that I am incorrect when I say that not one witness at the trial placed the muzzle of Sirhan's gun closer than three feet from Senator Kennedy, when in point of fact, according to Kranz, several witnesses placed the muzzle from one to

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three feet from Senator Kennedy. Again, Mr. Kranz neglects to state just who these witnesses are. Since he wrote a rather long letter, it should have been a very easy task for him to furnish the names of witnesses. The closest distance I could find was Edward Minasian's testimony, on page 160 of the grand jury transcript, that the muzzle of Sirhan's gun was never closer than three feet from Senator Kennedy's body. Also, witness Vincent Di Pierro testified, on page 93 of the grand jury transcript, that Sirhan's gun was "four to six feet" from Senator Kennedy at the time of the shooting. Witness Valerie Schulte testified, on page 3426 of the trial transcript, that Sirhan's gun was "approximately three yards from the senator."

Even assuming arguendo that one of Mr. Kranz's phantom witnesses did testify that the muzzle of Sirhan's gun got within one foot of Senator Kennedy's body, an enormous problem still remains. Both De Wayne Wolfer, the LAPD firearm's expert and Dr. Noguchi, the coroner, testified at the trial that the muzzle of the murder weapon was between zero and one *inch*, (not one *foot*) from Senator Kennedy's body. The powder tatooing around Senator Kennedy's wounds was very confined, indicating "skin-contact" wounds. If the muzzle of the murder weapon had been one foot away, the powder tatooing would have been dispersed, not extremely confined the way it was.

Mr. Kranz also asserts that I seemed to avoid the significant conclusion of the seven firearms experts that there was no evidence of a second gun. On page 170 of my *Penthouse* interview, I do state this conclusion very clearly. But I also point out that the experts at no time concluded that there was no second gun, only that they found no *evidence* of a second gun. Obviously, there's much more than a semantic distinction between these two conclusions. Moreover, not one of the seven experts was able to conclusively connect any of the victim bullets with Sirhan's gun. Mr. Kranz attributes this to a deterioration of Sirhan's gun and the victim and test-fire bullets. Yet all seven experts testified at the November 1975 hearing that *no* deterioration of any of these exhibits had taken place. In fact, they further testified that such a finding by them was a prerequisite to their test-firing Sirhan's gun anew, since, they stated, if deterioration of these exhibits had taken place, no meaningful results could be obtained from a refiring of Sirhan's gun. Mr. Kranz goes on to say that five of the seven experts were able to positively match three bullets as having been fired from one gun only. The problem is that they were not able to positively identify Sirhan's gun as being the gun from which the subject bullets were fired. Even if Sirhan had fired these three bullets, this in no way precludes the notion that a second gun was responsible for one or more of the other bullets fired at the assassination scene.

For a point of information, although Mr.

Kranz refers to the experts as "ballistics" experts, they were not. They were firearms experts who attempted to match up victim bullets with test-fire bullets. Ballistics experts determine the flight path of the bullet from the moment it leaves the muzzle to its point of rest. These seven experts, only one of whom was a ballistics expert, never conducted a much-needed ballistics examination in this case. I requested that a ballistics test be conducted, and Mr. Kranz, in open court, curiously opposed my motion. Mr. Kranz also stated, "No eyewitnesses, contrary to what Mr. Bugliosi has suggested, have ever stated that they saw another gun fired in the Ambassador that night." Nowhere in my interview do I state or suggest that witnesses saw another gun *fired* at the Ambassador. On page 173, I simply state that another gun was present in the pantry at the time of the shooting. This is not even disputed by the LAPD.

Next we go to the main part of my *Penthouse* interview, in which I point out that in November and December of 1975, I secured signed statements from witnesses that additional bullets and bullet holes were present at the assassination scene. The starting point for this entire area of inquiry is the LAPD report dated July 8, 1968, in which the LAPD firearms expert, DeWayne Wolfer, concludes that of the eight bullets fired from Sirhan's gun, seven were recovered from the bodies of six of the victims and one was lost in the ceiling interspace. According to Wolfer, *no* bullets were recovered from the assassination scene, and there were *no* bullet holes found anywhere near the subject area. Obviously, if it can be proved that bullets were observed at the assassination scene in addition to the eight accounted for by the LAPD, or if it is established that there *were* bullet holes at the scene, this would be very powerful circumstantial evidence that there was a second gun. Mr. Kranz relies solely on the statement of one Richard Strobel to negate the contention of extra bullets or bullet holes. Strobel was merely the AP editor who wrote the caption on an AP photo "Bullet found near Kennedy shooting scene." Strobel never took the photo and wasn't even present at the scene. Therefore, no one, including me, is relying on Strobel to prove a second gun was firing on the evening in question. A blind man could see through Mr. Kranz's anemic effort to set up and then topple his own straw man. What is extremely relevant, of course, is the statements of the two LAPD officers who *were* present at the scene and who are depicted in the AP photo, Sgt. Robert Rozzi and Sgt. Chuck Wright. The photo shows Sergeant Wright pointing at the bullet with the blade of his pocket knife. In another LAPD photo, the two officers are measuring the diameter of the base of the bullet. Sergeant Rozzi gave me a signed statement on November 15, 1975, at the Hollywood Division of the LAPD, that he observed "what appeared to be a small-caliber bullet lodged in the

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hole" shown in the AP photo. Sergeant Wright told me on November 16, 1975, that there definitely was a bullet in the hole. Mr. Kranz quotes Mr. Strobel, as the basis of his conclusion, that no bullet was in the hole and totally ignores the statements of the two LAPD officers who were actually present at the scene.

I might point out that when I attempted to call these two officers to the witness stand to testify, under oath, as to their observations, Mr. Kranz, in open court, strenuously opposed the taking of their testimony, and these officers have not yet testified in any courtroom on this matter.

Unbelievably, Kranz also ignores the signed statement given to me by Angelo Di Pierro on December 1, 1975. Di Pierro was the maitre-d' at the hotel and was escorting Ethel Kennedy into the pantry at the time of the shooting. Di Pierro said in his signed statement that he observed *another* bullet in the center divider of the two swinging doors, about five feet eight or nine inches from the ground. Mr. Kranz also ignores the signed statement given to me on December 12, 1975, by Martin Patrusky, a waiter at the hotel, that a few days after the assassination, when the LAPD was attempting to reconstruct the assassination scene, the LAPD told Patrusky that they had "dug two bullets out of the center divider."

Mr. Kranz, by completely ignoring these signed statements which, I repeat, constituted the major part of my *Penthouse* interview, apparently felt that by so doing, they would somehow evaporate. Not only have they not evaporated, but also very recently, my findings, as set forth in these signed statements, have been confirmed by the FBI. In late May of this year, pursuant to the Freedom of Information Act, the FBI released 803 pages of its file on their investigation of the RFK assassination. On page 48 of their report dated June 9, 1968, they state, with supporting photographs and diagrams, that contrary to the official position of the LAPD, there *were* four bullet holes in the area of the two swinging doors. Two of the FBI captioned photographs correspond *identically* to the signed statements I obtained from the eyewitnesses referred to above.

I don't say that the signed statements I secured and the recent FBI revelations conclusively establish the existence of a second gun. What I do say is that conjunctively, they constitute more than enough credible evidence to justify reopening the investigation into the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy.

In closing, let me say that although Mr. Kranz may be woefully short on experience, he is not short on audacity. It takes some audacity to write a letter to *Penthouse*, a national magazine, purportedly to respond to my interview, and then very cavalierly, and I presume without even blushing, fail to address himself to the main part of said interview, namely, the extra bullets and bullet holes. It's the type of audacity I have never possessed, nor have I ever aspired to possess it.—*Vincent T. Bugliosi, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Toe-ing the line

Over the last year or so, there have been a few letters in Forum where readers write in telling of their various quirks regarding the female foot. I thought for some time of writing my letter but have held off until my wife told me to do so. Notice I say "told" me to, since I am her complete slave and am entirely at her beck and call—for any and all services (a position I absolutely love).

I have been married over ten years and enjoy a perfectly happy married life, both in and out of bed. My enslavement began the month after we returned from our honeymoon. We had been invited to attend a backyard barbeque with some of the people in my office and were getting dressed to leave, when my wife called me into the bedroom. She asked me if I would mind doing her a favor since we were running late. I told her I'd be glad to and asked what she wanted done. She told me she had to do her fingernails (put polish on them) and that while she did them, she wanted me to touch up the tips of her toenails with nail polish, since she was wearing sandals. At the time I had never done anything like this but agreed to do it. So while she sat at her vanity doing her fingernails, I sat on the floor and held her feet in my lap while I touched up the tips of her toenails.

On the way over to the party, she commented that I did such a good job for her that she'd let me do her nails all the time—a remark to which I paid little attention. The following weekend I was watching television while my wife was in the shower. When she came out, she called me to come into our bedroom. When I got there, she was sitting in a chaise lounge —with all her manicure stuff on a small table by her feet. She asked me if I was ready to do her toenails as she had told me I was going to do. I was a little taken back and told her I thought she had been kidding. To this she replied that she never kidded and that I was not being asked; I was being told. She told me how to insert wads of cotton between each of her toes, how to file the nails straight across, and how to apply the polish so it wouldn't smear. It took me quite a while to get the hang of it, but the final job was pretty good, and she seemed satisfied. Since that time I have taken on all of her beauty treatments—including shampooing and setting her hair, shaving her legs and underarms, giving her facials and body massages, manicuring her fingernails, and, of course, pedicuring her toenails. When you figure how much money I have saved by not having her go to a beauty parlor for the last nine years, you can see my servitude has been financially rewarding.

When we are out among our friends, my wife never gives the impression of being the domineering one in the family. But when we are behind closed doors, there is no doubt who rules the house. A few years ago, her domination took a twist that I did not expect. She now requires that I wear pantyhose under my street clothes, and I am also required to keep my toenails painted exactly the same color as hers. To anyone who may read this letter, I guess unless you are into female dominance to

"Escargot, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go . . ."

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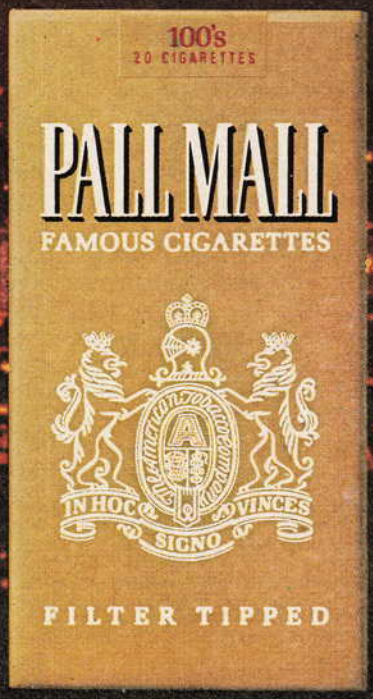

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some degree, our life sounds pretty weird; but to those of us that like this, it's a real turn-on. For some of you male readers who secretly have a hidden desire to be dominated but have never had the nerve to see if your wife or girl friend would go along, I suggest you try the following. Some evening, when you have the opportunity, offer to give her a pedicure, or if the occasion presents itself—say, for example, when she is barefoot at the beach, or getting dressed—playfully grasp her foot and kiss the toes or instep. If she likes it, believe me, she'll let you know; if not, you'll know that, too. Regardless of what happens, try it; you've got nothing to lose and everything to gain.—*Name and address withheld*

Except your teeth if she's a Black Belt.—The Editors

Toe-rid zone

After seeing the freedom and unabashed manner with which your readers write, I have decided to contribute this.

I have had this secret fetish ever since my last girl friend, who wore colored polish on her toenails. I have enjoyed fantasizing about her colored toenails while I masturbated. My current girl friend has nice-looking feet and especially beautiful toes.

Recently, I picked up some red nail polish and brought it with me to her apartment. I asked her to paint her toenails with it—not yet explaining my reasons. That night, after satisfying her with a good session of finger-fucking and sucking her hot and juicy love nest, I asked her if, instead of the usual fuck, she would masturbate me with her feet. She was reluctant at first, but after I explained to her that polished toenails really turn me on, she obliged.

First, I lubricated her feet with my saliva by slowly tongue kissing and nibbling her toes. This gave me a tremendous hard-on. Then she lubricated my cock with Vaseline. She slowly started to slide her big toes up and down my shaft. Soon she wrapped all her toes around my throbbing rod. This seemed to turn her on tremendously because she started masturbating herself violently. The sight of four of her fingers sliding in and out of her wet pussy, and her other hand massaging her clit, made me come on the spot. The sight of my semen shooting on her polished toenails was incredible! Then, as I massaged it onto and around her toes, she, too, had a surging, jerking orgasm herself. We both dropped to the bed, thoroughly exhausted.—*Name withheld, New York, N.Y.*

We've heard of a knee-jerk reaction, but a toe-jerk . . . ?—The Editors

Delectable collectibles

I am especially interested in the Forum letters concerning such topics as women's lingerie; I would like to believe, and do, that I have a collection with which no man can compete.

First, let me explain, I am a happily married, secure individual, and an ex-navy pilot who flew many sorties with my buddies while wearing my panties under my flight suit.

My liking for lingerie began in childhood about the age of seven years. I was often left in the care of an uncle while Mother was away. This uncle would wear panties himself. My fetish then lay dormant until the age of fifteen, when I began to take an interest in girls sexually, although at that age I didn't even know which end was up. I began to want to own the kind of underthings that women wore. I was still too young to buy these garments at a store, but every chance I had, while shopping with a girl or my mother, I would wander into the lingerie department to look at the beautiful things on the racks. I soon started visiting friends' homes and often while there I would excuse myself to go to the head. While I was in the head, my excitement grew (especially if my friend's mother or sister was a beautiful woman) as I reached into their hamper and often found a pair of panties. Knowing that I would not have the time to use the panties properly, I would stuff them into my pocket and go back into the room. Naturally, I took them home with me. I don't think of the many many homes I was in where the woman ever missed the panties, and if they did, they certainly wouldn't think one of her son's friends had taken them.

This is how my collection began. By the time I was twenty years of age I had enough panties and slips to dress a hundred women. I kept my things in a big sea chest, along with my camera equipment, next to my bed. It was always locked. Through the years I gained and discarded garments I no longer felt excitement for. Now at the age of thirty-nine, I have the old sea chest full again. Oddly enough, none of the garments of my wife excites me. She has never found out about my fetish as of yet. I have since added silk nightgowns, sheer nylons, garterbelts, and one pair of high-heeled shoes which I wear when alone for a few hours. The thrill these garments give me is hard to explain. But I feel relaxed and yet excited at the same time. I took to buying my wife the most expensive panties and nighties, which gives me much pleasure in looking at her in them. I often put on a garterbelt, nylons, and panties and go out to see friends and even to dinner. No one is ever aware that under my pants this masculine man and father is wearing his pretty panties.

I used to think that I was sick and a real nut. I no longer allow it to bother me, for I do believe that if a man is sure of himself, then he needn't prove that fact to anyone. I see nothing wrong with liking pretty underthings.

I do think I have a truly unique collection. Yet I often wonder about the future. What will my wife think if she opens the lock on my chest?

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I have often tried to stop. I have thrown away all my things a few times, but there is no end to it. The odd thing is, I never had the desire to dress fully or wear a wig, dress, or to go out in public. I have no desire to be a woman. I just like feminine things and see no harm in what I do in the privacy of my home since I hurt no one. I think if more men who have the same preferences that I do were to realize that their fetish is not harmful and learn to accept that we are all partly a mixture of both sexes, they would not have such hangups about their habits in private.—*D.W., Seattle, Wash.*

Uhhh . . . were those panties regulation blues or dress whites?—The Editors

Wearing the pantyhose in the family

I'm twenty-eight and have been married for six years. My wife, Carol, is twenty-seven, with small but beautiful breasts, long blond hair, and a delicious, hairy cunt. But her best feature is a wonderful ass and long, beautiful legs.

I've always been a leg-and-ass man, which I guess is the reason I like what I do. Pantyhose plays a big part in our play. The feel of nylon turns us both on. I've read letters in Forum about guys dressing in their sister's clothes and guys who like to wear panties. But never have I read anything about guys wearing pantyhose. Are my wife and I alone?

This is not something we do all the time, just once in a while for an extra turn-on. I've tried a garter belt and nylons, but nothing beats the feel of soft, sheer pantyhose around my ass and on my cock.

My wife says it looks real sexy to see my seven-inch cock in see-through nylon. I know she's in the mood for something different when she says she wants me and sends me to the bedroom, where there's a pair of pantyhose on the bed. I quickly slip into them, poking my cock down, and wait for her with a mammoth hard-on.

She slowly takes her clothes off and touches me. Working her way up from my toes, she massages first my thighs and then my cock, which is starting to throb. By then she has all her clothes off. Then she starts massaging and licking my dick through my pantyhose. Sucking me like that until I'm just about ready to come, by this time *she's* wet and ready. Then she rips them off me, and we both fuck.

For further variety sometimes we both wear pantyhose (hers crotchless for obvious reasons), and sometimes we both wear high heels. She looks great in pantyhose and high heels and nothing else. She says I do, too.—*Name and address withheld*

Just out of curiosity, with pantyhose does one dress right or left?—The Editors

College three-union

Here's an experience which is memorable as much for the fun of it as for the two long-term friendships which came from it. While

I was at a convention of college dramatics personnel a few years ago, two of my better coed actors who had graduated came to visit me. Since they had come from a fair distance, they had taken a room at my hotel, and what was to have been a simple dinner turned into something more.

The three of us went to a nearby Middle Eastern restaurant and had a feast of food and belly dancing. Later, back at the hotel, one girl excused herself to go to the bathroom, and I and the other found ourselves kissing and caressing each other. The scene soon reversed itself as this girl left the room and was replaced by the one who first went into the bathroom. When she returned, the pretenses dropped away and the three of us found ourselves on the bed, gently caressing each other until I remembered that I was wrinkling the only suit I had brought along. The lights were off by that time, and I (something of the prude) removed my outer clothes and rejoined the girls.

After about three minutes, one of my young friends knelt over me and gave me a blow-job while the other rested her head on my shoulder. After that I was so fired up that I turned to the other girl, pulled off her panties (as we were all still partially clothed), and with her ardent encouragement, found myself plunging into her *virgin* body. But while she was inexperienced, her instincts were outstanding.

The most surprising aspect of the evening was that we have never had sex *à trois* again, even though—or in spite of the fact—the three of us are the best of friends to this day.—*Name and address withheld*

Twister tail

My wife and I read Forum quite regularly; so we'd like to tell of this freaky incident.

It all goes back several years ago in Georgia in the spring—Friday the thirteenth, of all days.

This certain day there was foul weather, and that night, too. We had been drinking wine, and we decided that since it was such a piss-poor night we'd try sex for the rest of the evening. We stripped, and I performed oral sex on my wife, and she returned the favor. We were in our room with the door shut and lights off. After a lot of foreplay and panting and groaning and moaning, we finally got into the balling—and balling our asses off we did.

Little did we know what was in store for us, however. Just as we both built to a terrific climax, a tornado hit our house. It took the roof and the walls off of every room—except the bedroom.

After the noise and the wind had passed, we climbed out of bed and opened our bedroom door to find all the neighbors standing outside, thinking we had been trapped in the rubble. All I could see was parts of the walls still standing, but the roof and the rest of the house were completely gone. Whenever anybody asked where we had been to enable us to survive such destruction when the tornado hit, we could only say, in all honesty, "In bed."

We rebuilt the house, and whenever it looks rough out, me and the wife head for bed. I can't think of a better time to go than when you're between your wife's thighs.

We don't make love *only* when it's bad weather, but we do seem to climax better then.—*B.F., Oxford, Wis.*

Something tells us, Toto, that we're not in Kansas anymore.—The Editors

Hurricane Carol

Occasionally in the past I have read letters in your magazine about fighting females, and I would like to tell you about an afternoon I spent last spring.

My current girl friend's brothers are boxers, and when I stopped by her house, I saw a rope ring they had set up in the basement. I jokingly threw a couple of fake punches at Carol, which she didn't hesi-

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tate to counter. But she surprised me when she challenged me to a bout and tauntingly said I couldn't last two rounds with her. I accepted, and we agreed to box for three two-minute rounds. I stripped to my cutoffs, and Carol changed to some shorts and a halter top. We put on twelve-ounce gloves, got into the makeshift ring, set an egg timer, and began round one. Neither of us scored much, but I realized two things: I hesitated to punch a girl, even though Carol and I were nearly of equal height and weight, and her athletic ability made her my equal. But more important, her brothers had taught her to *box*.

Next round, Carol came charging out of her corner and connected immediately with two lefts that sent me back against the ropes. She pummeled me with lefts and rights, and one vicious body punch knocked most of my breath out. I staggered to the center of the ring. Carol chased me around the ring, but I managed to ward off most of her jabs and even connected with one of my own. Then, I blocked a left but never saw her right cross, which knocked me to the floor.

Determined to regain my pride, I did some serious punching of my own in round three. Carol was clearly going for a knockout and kept scoring with some combinations and her dynamite left hook, but I landed a number of my own, including a right that sent her against the ropes. The fighting became so furious that we continued to trade punches after the round ended. Then, exhausted and sore, we slept. Lovemaking later was dynamite and a continuation of the day's bout. We both found the experience exciting and highly erotic. —*J.K., Houston, Tex.*

Female forum . . .

I am a twenty-six-year-old woman, typical in many ways—career, husband, child.

My husband and I have been married for six years, and throughout most of it, I have been aware of his brief, extramarital sexual encounters. He's a disc jockey, and most of these girls were groupies who meant nothing to him. About a year ago, he began mentioning his friend Melanie, a twenty-five-year-old married woman.

One evening my husband let it slip that he and Melanie had been getting it on for some time. Even then I thought they were just into oral sex, which, for some reason, always seemed less "extramarital" to me. When I asked, though, he admitted that they had been fucking as well as sucking for most of their relationship.

He went on to say that Melanie was intrigued with me because of a generalization of her feelings toward him. He said that she was interested in a threesome. What a turn-around—my husband reveals that he is having an affair which he has no intention of ending and asks me if I want to join in. My initial reaction was that he had a lot of nerve, and I was appalled.

However, in the succeeding twenty-four hours, I couldn't get the thought out of my mind. We decided to invite Melanie over.

I was immediately attracted to her. She was the antithesis of me. I'm a dark, Mediterranean type, while she is fair and a natural blond. At first it was awkward, but as we relaxed it seemed natural to all three of us to make love.

I never realized what it could feel like to make love to a woman, totally unlike anything else I had ever known. During our initial meetings, we tried out manual and oral stimulation of each other—including my husband in most of our activities. Her tongue sent shivers down my spine.

Now my sex life is truly full and rich. In addition, I have made a close, new girl friend. My life has been enriched by the addition of this new person who was so easy to love. After all, my love for my husband is so great, and we are so much alike, that we frequently like the same people. So many marriages have been ruined by spouses shunning each other because of close friendships rather than sharing this friend as so many others have always done.—*F.M., Baltimore, Md.*

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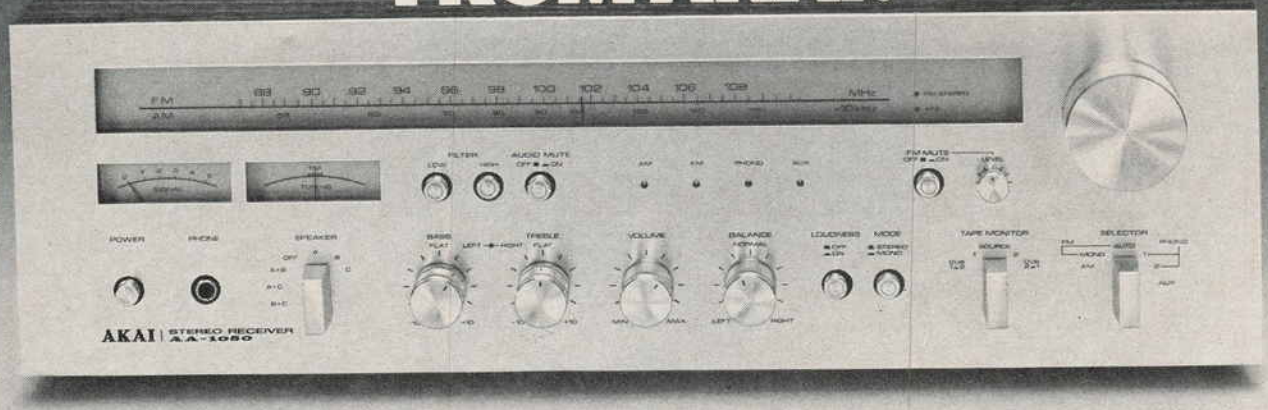

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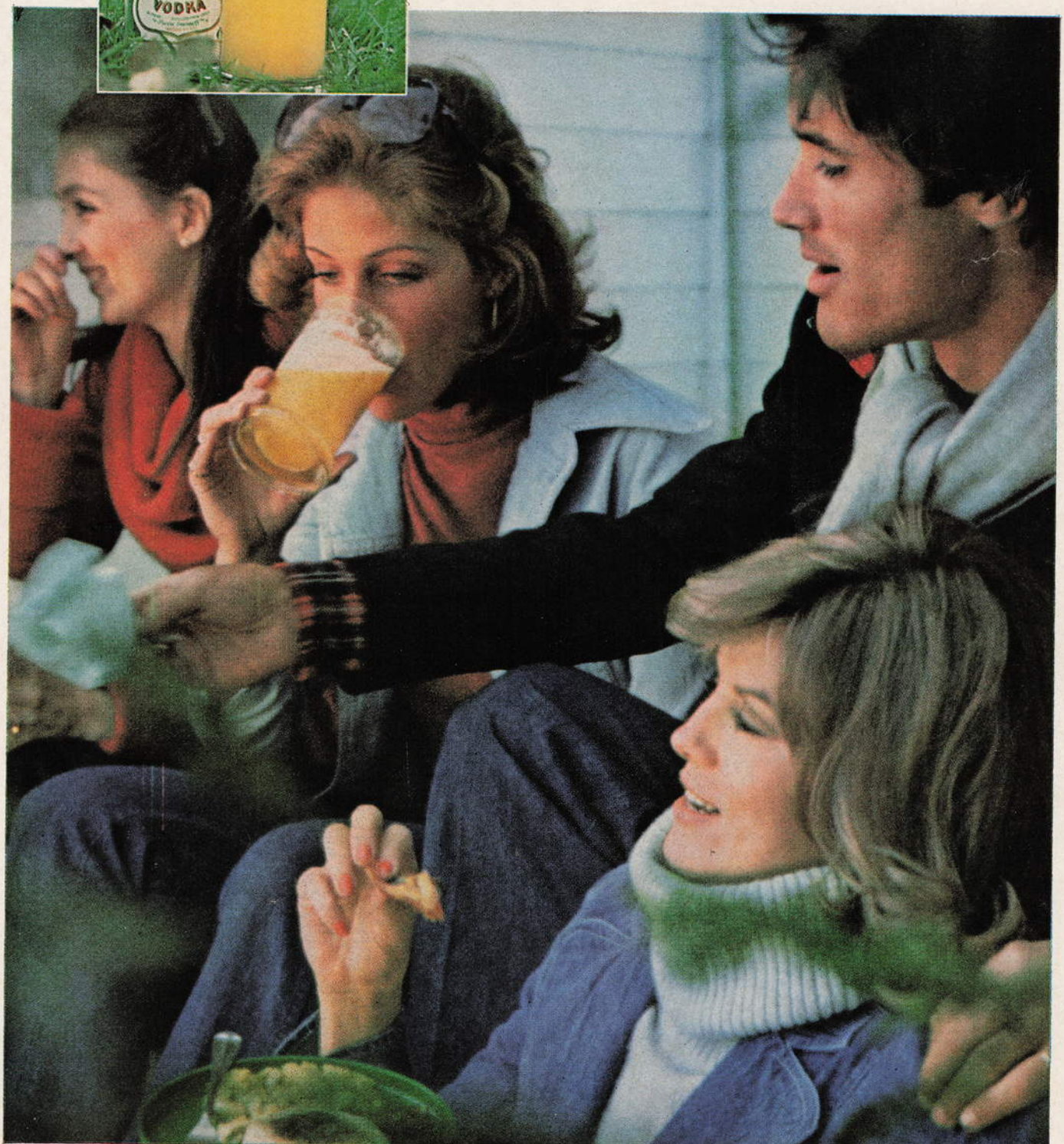

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"It's always seemed odd to me that while women make it together, men abide by a more strict code of sexual conduct."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

My boyfriend and I are presently involved in a "three-way" with this other guy. The sex is the greatest, only I have one small (well, perhaps not so small) request of my two men. The whole situation's got me stumped, and I thought you might be able to help. First, however, I'd like to tell you something of my background.

I'm nineteen years old. In spite of my young age, I consider myself an unusually experienced woman. You see, I first had sex at the age of eleven. At that age I could boast the largest boobs and the hairiest pussy in my class. When I was twelve years old, I was having sex regularly with my phys-ed teacher. A few years later I came to realize that I wouldn't mind making it with other girls. And so I did.

Two years ago I met the perfect mate, Mark. He's about fifteen years older than me, but our sex life has been absolutely perfect. We seem to be "atuned" in everything we do. Through him, I've realized that I'm not perverted—unless we both are. We've experienced every position and every nook of our bodies. When I told Mark about my teenage experiences with men, he was very adult about it. He told me these stories excited him a great deal, and he wanted to hear all about them. He wanted, in fact, to help me relive some of my experiences. Of course I told him, too, that other women turn me on; luckily, he understood. Now, when we are out and we see a pretty girl, we look at each other and smile.

I guess the word about my bisexuality has gotten around, because about a month ago I received a telephone call from a girl asking me to meet her at her shop. When I got there, she locked the front door, smiled, and showed me to the back of the shop. She told me to take off my jeans. I did. As I sat on a stool, I watched her taking off her jeans and blouse. She was very lean and small, and I became very excited at the sight of her bra and matching bikini panties. She walked over to me, and I didn't waste any time. I got on my knees and pulled off her panties. I can't describe what I felt when I saw her brown pubic hair so close to my mouth! I wrapped my arms around her soft ass and began sucking her pussy. She started moaning and groaning, and her pussy hair was soon drenched with warm wetness. I ran my fingers into her ass hole, and looking up at her, I could see her eyes half-closed and that look of extreme pleasure. I continued licking her pussy, faster and faster, filling every little pore of her velvety, succulent vagina.

Then I felt her hands undoing my own blouse and bra. Her hands were soon on my boobs, pushing and pulling my nipples. I felt her trembling and heard her give out a deep, deep sigh as she came in my mouth. She then pulled me up and started kissing my lips as only girls know how to do. Then she worked her way down my belly until she reached my pussy. Inserting her tongue deep into my hole, she sucked my clit in a most delightful way. I exploded! I must confess that I've never enjoyed being eaten as much as I did that lazy but incredibly passionate afternoon inside a boutique.

But about two weeks ago, the best ever of my sexcapades took place. I've always wanted to make it in a three-way, and my prayers were finally answered. I was at Mark's house, and I wasn't feeling my best. Dave, Mark's very close friend, dropped in for a drink. I was in the bedroom on the bed, and they were in the kitchen. Feeling lonely and left out, I asked Mark to keep me company in the bedroom. He sat by me on the bed and began feeling my boobs. Then I had a sudden urge to pull the sweater over my bra. As Mark began rubbing my tits, with his hand inside my bra, Dave walked in. Neither Mark nor I attempted to "cover

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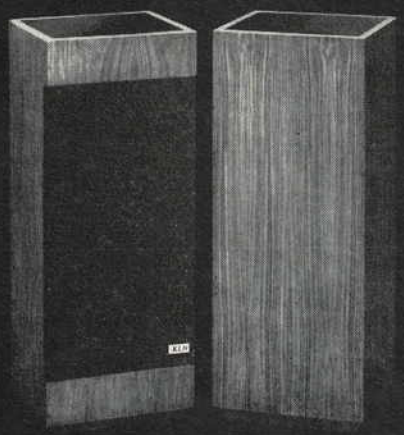
The Baron



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up," so Dave was quite surprised. Feeling a bit embarrassed for Dave, I looked up at Mark and saw a condescending smile on his face. I could also see that he had a hard-on. Before I knew what was happening, Mark pulled the bra up, above my boobs, and resumed feeling my naked nipples. I saw Dave's eyes get as big as saucers at the sight of my soft skin and pink nipples. With a half-choked voice, Dave said, "I guess I'd better go. You two want some privacy." Before I could say anything, Mark shouted, "Dave, we want you to join in!"

That did it. In a matter of seconds, I had Mark sucking my left boob and Dave stroking my right one. It was heavenly. They were both really going at it with all their passion. Mark got up and took off my bra and the rest of my clothes. Then he undressed, and his prick looked the hardest and biggest I'd ever seen it. Dave followed suit—birthday suit, that is—and there we were, all three of us, bare-assed.

Mark started kissing my belly, and soon he was sucking my pussy while Dave was licking my neck, ears, and tits. I was in heaven. The feeling of having two men all over her is something that every woman should experience at least once or twice in her life. I felt like a thousand fingers were touching every part of my body. I felt very wicked—and I loved the feeling! Then I heard Mark shout excitedly to Dave, "Let's swap ends."

In an instant I had Mark's prick in my mouth and Dave's tongue up my cunt. Mark's prick felt big, smooth, and wet moving between my lips. Dave's touch was gentle and yet so very deep inside my wet vagina. When Mark turned around and put his ass hole over my mouth, I began licking it, something I'd never done before. I enjoyed it! Then I heard Mark say, "Dave, fuck her now. Fuck her pussy!"

But Dave couldn't. Because of the mind-wilting excitement of the scene, I guess, he could not get a hard-on. So, Mark left his "station" and inserted his big prick—so familiar to me—into my pussy. He fucked me long and deep. After a few delightful moments, he exploded inside me. I felt all his molten juices filling me up and overflowing, streaming down my legs and ass.

We all lay there for a while, completely exhausted. No words were spoken. I was on my stomach and my two men were on either side of me. In a little while, I felt Dave's apologetic fingers feeling my ass and then my pussy. I started to moan and groan, and with Mark watching us, I grabbed Dave's flaccid prick with my left hand. I started pulling and pushing on his soft cock until it was as hard as a rock. Mark pushed Dave aside and shoved his hard prick in my pussy from behind. Then he shouted, "Dave, put your prick in her mouth. Let her suck your big shaft!"

As Mark was pumping me, I took Dave's prick into my mouth. It now seemed as big as Mark's. Mark fucked my pussy for a few more moments and again he exploded in-

side of me. After Mark pulled his prick out of my pussy, Dave withdrew from my hungry mouth, turned me over on the bed, and shoved his big organ deep inside my wet and sticky vagina. It was so large and long that it completely filled my hole. He pumped me hard and long and I could hear the slushy sounds of my pussy juices as he thrust away at me. Mark just sat down beside me and said, "It's okay, baby, it's okay. Enjoy it. I love you, and I want you to have all the pleasures you can."

I guess Mark said those things because I had a guilty look on my face. Also, he really loves me. I felt like crying. The pleasure combined with the tenderness of these two men was overwhelming! I knew then that my man really loved me.

Back to my original dilemma. I recently confessed to Mark that I would like to see him go down on Dave. At first he hesitated. Later he said that given the right circumstances, he might do it just for me. Xaviera, how do we create the right circumstances? I don't want to compromise Mark and Dave's friendship. Do you suggest the explicit, direct approach or the subtle suggestion?—Mobile

Since you've only been making it in this three-way for about two weeks, I'd suggest you not rush this blowjob. I can't imagine, judging from the enthusiasm of this letter, that you'd care to jeopardize such a nice "working" relationship as this one. It's like the goose that laid the golden egg; if you demand everything, you may wind up with nothing at all. After all, it's just a little old blowjob!

Don't get me wrong. It's always seemed odd to me that while it's perfectly acceptable for women in a swinging relationship to make it together, men are supposed to abide by a more strict code of sexual conduct. Why swing if you're going to have double-standard rules? Nevertheless, male homosexuality—or at least specific acts of male homosexuality—is nothing to take lightly, and the repercussions can be pretty heavy if you force the issue. And I wouldn't want you to miss out on any of your trisexualism. The subtle suggestion is best in this case. Obviously, Mark and Dave must touch each other once in a while as they fuck you. Eventually, it will be obvious to both you and Mark whether or not Dave's into having his cock sucked by his close buddy. It's best to just let nature take its course.

ALL SCREWED UP

I have a problem that I imagine most women would like to have. I've been married for ten months and I feel I've been fucked out. My husband—who is hung like a stallion, with a nine-by-six-inch cock—is screwing me to an early grave. I'm twenty-seven and he's thirty-one, and all he wants to do is screw—any place, anywhere, and anytime. He gets very mad at me when I try to stall him long enough for me to heal. Yes, heal: it hurts when I walk, sit, move in any way. Every time we fuck, it feels like he's tearing my genitals and stomach open.

Yesterday we screwed five times. He gets his rocks off every time, not to mention two or three times via masturbation in between all of these fucks. I noticed yesterday that on his withdrawal strokes, it looked like he was turning me inside out. I swear to God, it looked like he was pulling my guts out! I love him very, very much, but I feel he's too much for me to handle. What in the hell can I do? I've heard girls talk about hot-blooded, well-hung men, but my husband could give them all some lessons.

While I'm trying to write this letter, he's walking around with a hard-on and a towel draped over it like a cape on a matador's sword. We've already gone at it twice today, and there's still the night ahead of us. All I can say is, HELP!—J.C.

While many newlyweds enjoy frequent sessions of intercourse, I'd say your husband is overdoing it. While he has certain needs to meet, I doubt if you'd enjoy walking around with a sore crotch the rest of your life. Compromises, compromises! Ah, sweet life.

Have you considered swinging? I believe you've answered your own problem within the first sentence of this letter. Many women fantasize about the supposed glories of big cocks. Within a swinging situation with other married couples, your husband might just be a real star. It would at least give him the opportunity to work his rocks off on somebody else for a while. After a few wild orgies, he might just be exhausted enough to appreciate the quiet bliss of conventional married life.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 195

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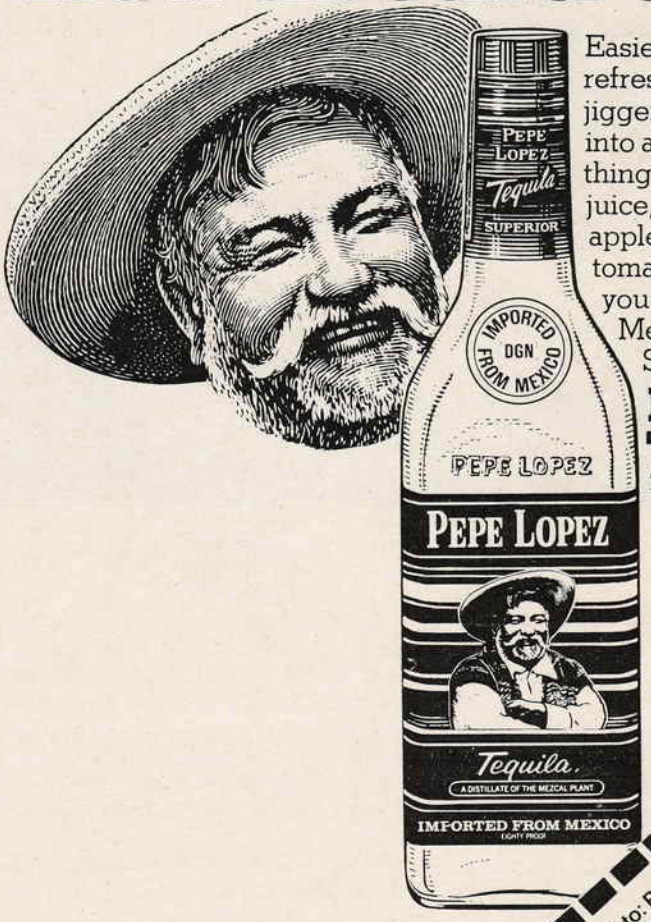

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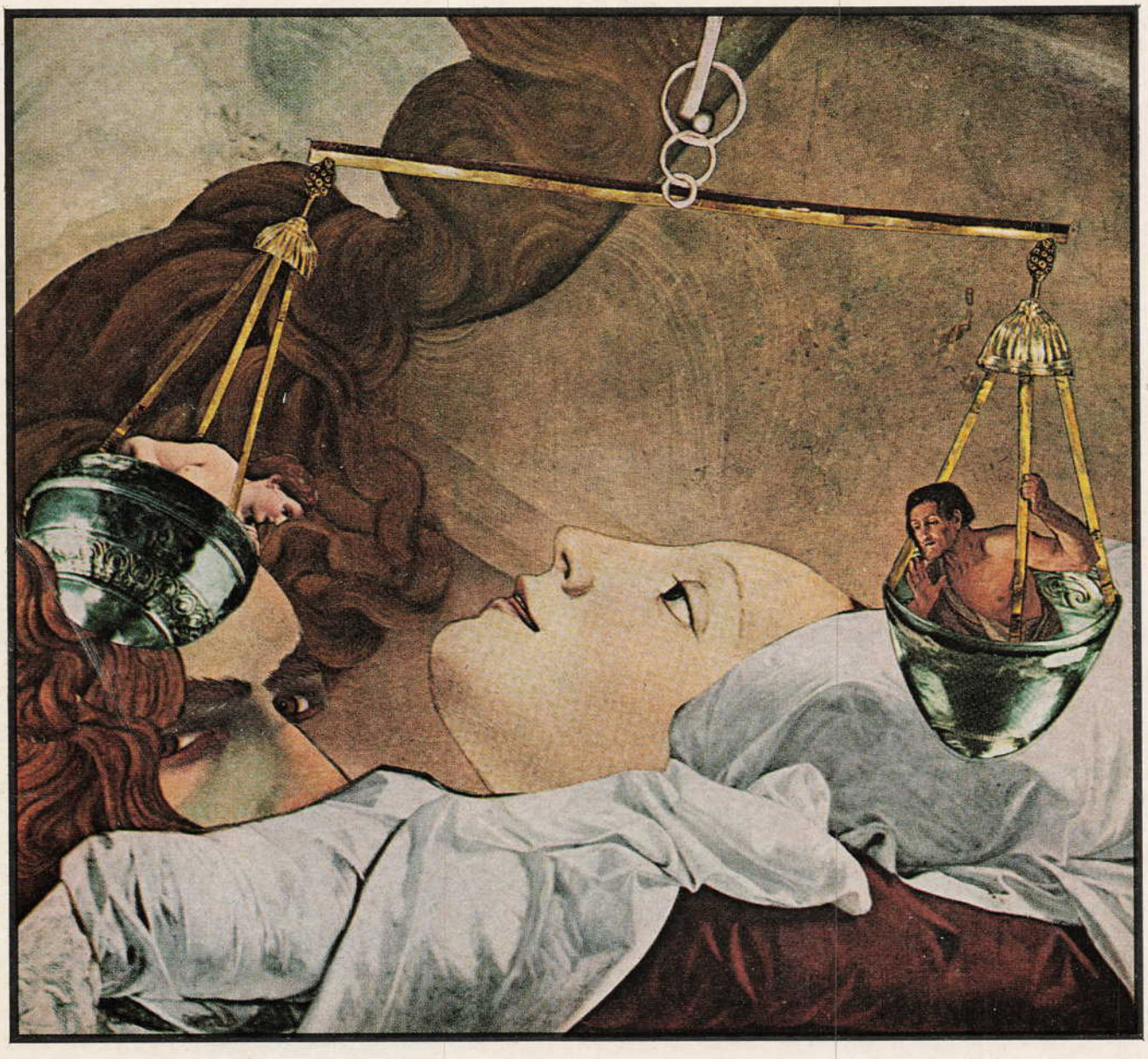

SEPTEMBER 23 **LIBRA** OCTOBER 22

THE LIBRA MALE

You're looking for the perfect woman to love you, appreciate you—and understand you. In medieval times you'd probably have joined in the ceaseless search for the Holy Grail.

But each time that you're disappointed, it's not your own overly romantic ideals that seem to you to be the cause. You put the blame on *her*. It's much easier for you to believe your "dream princess" simply couldn't handle her role than to admit you're looking for a woman from the mythical kingdom of Never Was. The trouble with dream princesses is that you don't find them anywhere *except* in dreams.

Women are important to you, though, and any woman you become interested in will get the royal treatment. You aren't the kind to forget bouquets, her favorite perfume, or other material tokens and charms. You remember birthdays or anniversaries as well. In sum, you'll be as generous as your bank balance will allow.

Personally, you are easygoing and undemanding, willing to follow the pace set by others. But you are not a born leader, and although you have superb instincts, you don't trust them. You prefer to weigh a decision carefully, balancing pro with con, advantage with disadvantage, risk with gain. As a result, you can appear to be indecisive, afraid to commit yourself. Your desire for balance, for a painstaking examination of any question, remains a dominant trait. Libran males make wonderful judges, for they have a strong sense of justice and become furious when they see anyone being treated unfairly.

Loathing quarrels, you will go a long way to avoid them. You'll tease somebody out of a surly mood rather than confront him. You are always able to get angrier in correspondence than in person. You'd rather spill ink than blood.

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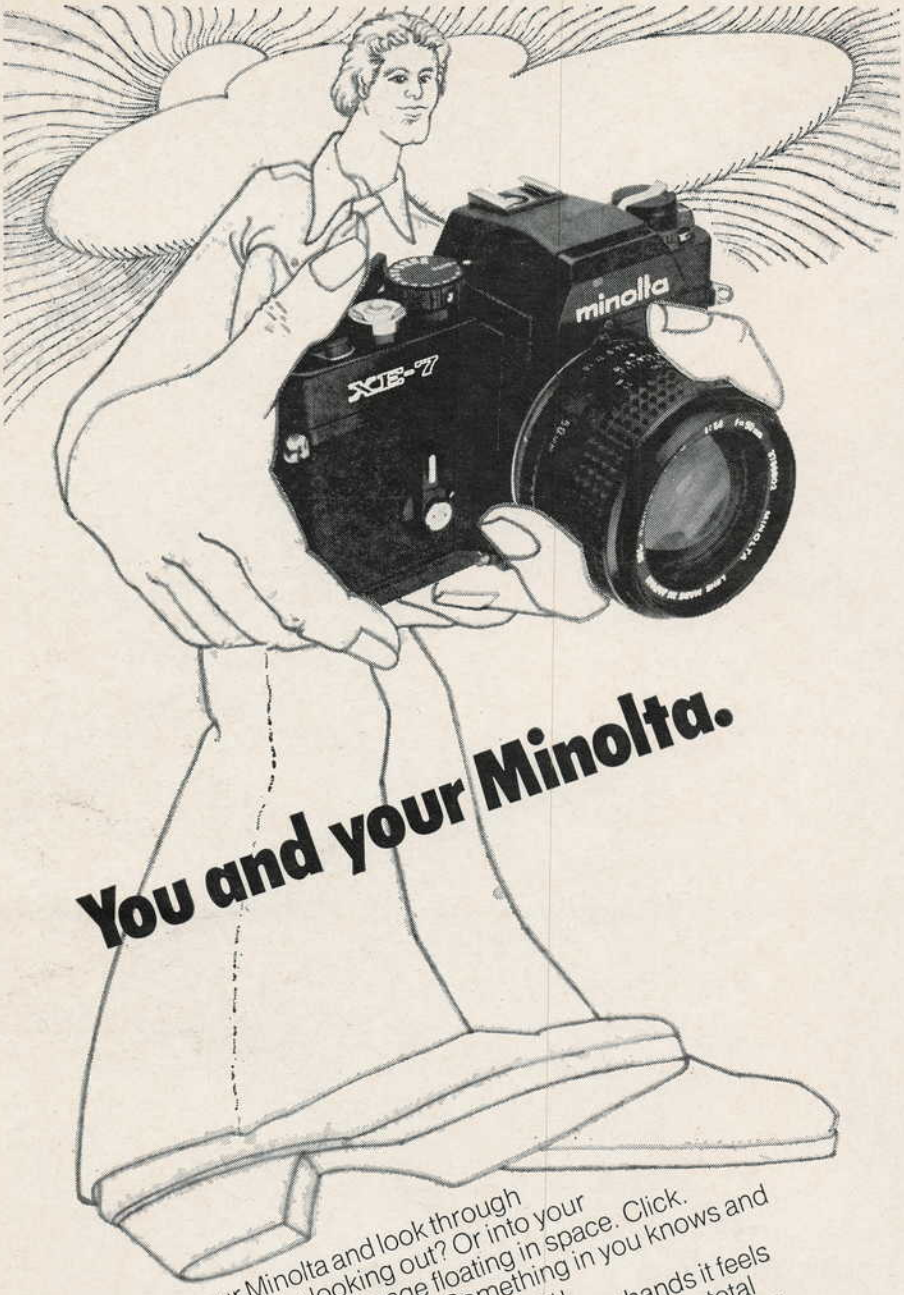

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subordinates, since you know they can't argue back—that wouldn't be fair. Libra executives, while they will always safeguard their prerogative of veto, don't use it often. They would rather reason the opposition away than banish it.

You love hard work—as long as someone else is doing it. You don't go along with the idea that to have something done well, one must do it oneself. In a given instance, you'd rather hire someone who really knows what he's doing.

You want a stable, long-term relationship with friends, and especially with women. "Without a woman in the house," a Libran man once told me, "there's a poor breakfast in the morning and nothing much to do at night."

All in all you're well liked—and for good reason. Anyone who tries so hard to be liked deserves to be.

LIBRA AS A LOVER

Between the sheets, you are eager to please, and there's almost nothing you won't do to win the approval of your playmate. One Libran male, to please a rather domineering lady, put on her wig, makeup, bra, and stockings, and then donned her black lace panties—with a split crotch, which was supposed to allow entry into her vagina. Instead, it ziplessly liberated his erect penis. She always assumed the top position. Now, who could ask a man to be more accommodating than that?

You don't like to be rushed while making love. You relish the whole experience, from the first caress to the slow undressing, from the subtle delights of foreplay to the final climax. Your intimate, intuitive knowledge of female anatomy gives you a very active erotic imagination. One of your favorite techniques is to nibble at the perineal area, between the vulva and anus. If a woman objects at first to anal contact, you warm her up by massaging the area first with your fingers, lightly touching the vulva and the anus, gently running fingers through hair without touching the flesh. Any woman who isn't aroused by this is in the first stages of rigor mortis.

As a lover you have two faults—and both stem from the indecisiveness that plagues all Librans. You may keep at foreplay so long that your partner begins to wonder if the main event is *ever* going to start. (Impatience has no place in the erotic pantheon.) The other fault is that you can be easily diverted from the main target. One woman told me that she introduced her Libran lover to the pleasures of fetishism. She appeared naked before him, wearing only a mink stole, then used the fur to tickle his penis until he got an erection. So fur, so good. But then he got into the habit of using the mink stole to masturbate when she wasn't around. "I wouldn't mind so much," she said, "except the cleaning bills are astronomical. But what *really* bothers me is that my mink stole is getting fucked more regularly than I am!"

At times, Libran males can be exasperating people.

A WORD OF ADVICE FOR LIBRAS

Learn to trust your intuitions. Follow your instincts. You'll get quicker results with women as well as the world. *Procrastination is not the easier way.*

THE LIBRA FEMALE (WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW)

She lives through her senses. She is a child of Venus, a disciple of love; a precious jewel, the true Tiffany's article, not the kind you find tucked away among miscellaneous items in Woolworth's.

Libra is tactful about getting what she wants. She won't haggle or argue or make a scene. One reason is that she isn't sure she really wants anything—or anybody—badly enough to fight for it. She isn't aggressive. She will try to guide a man, but she won't try to dominate him.

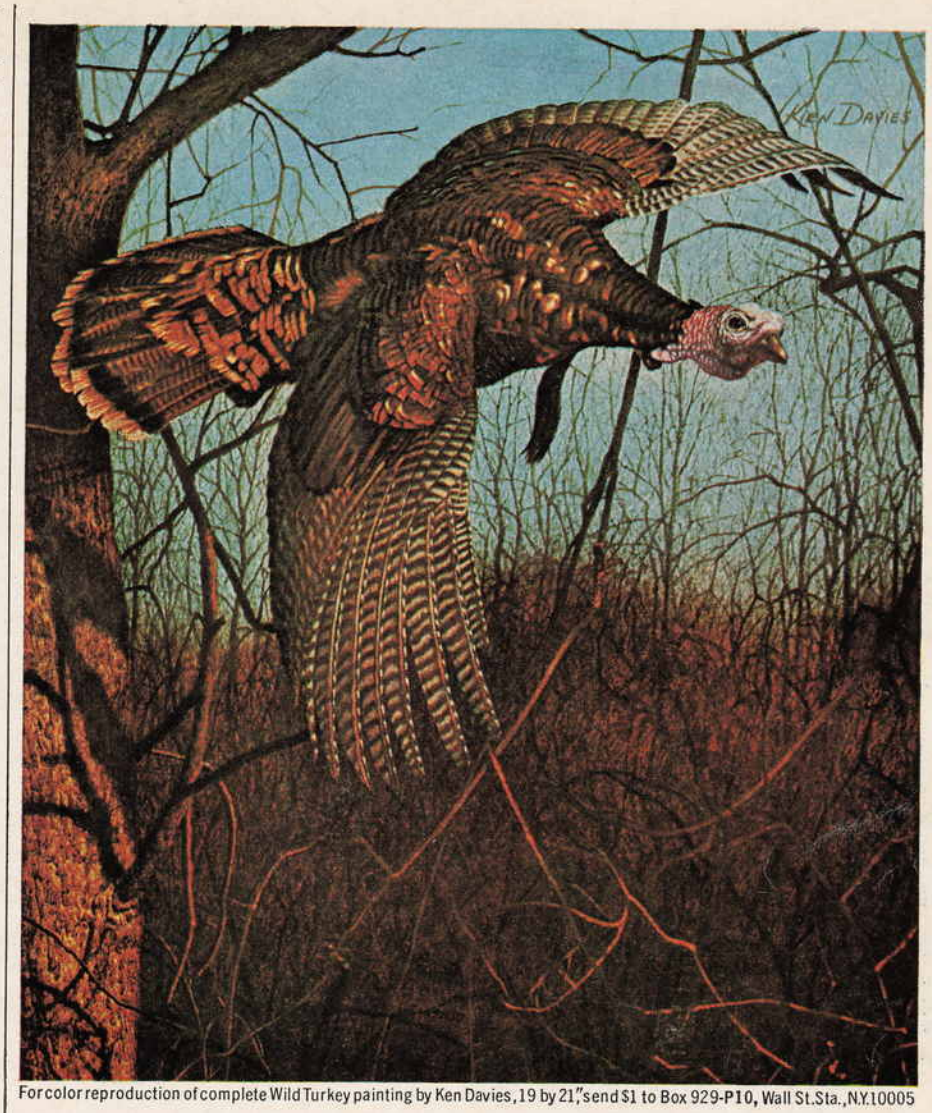
Nevertheless, Libra women have more divorces than those of any other sign because, like their male counterparts, they are always looking for the ideal lover. The Libra female is always "in love with love" and thrives on constant attention. Her flirtatiousness is exercised mostly to prove her attractiveness. Once she settles down with a man, she isn't likely to encourage intimacies from other men; she wants them to admire her, but a conquest isn't really a conquest if she finds that she has to give up too much to attain it.

She is content to be an underachiever and is essentially a dilettante, enjoying the comforts of life, from good wine and good food to good music and good art. She likes music, but her desire for pleasant, romantic harmonies usually inclines her to the kind of music heard in elevators.

In sexual matters, experimentation is not her milieu. She won't get off on the imaginative lover unless she's convinced he's as interested in her as in her erogenous zones. There is sometimes a fine enough balance in her desires that she is attracted to women as well as to men; and she can easily become a practicing bisexual or even a lesbian.

The Libra female isn't too fond of sports, but she will participate in them if her man really expects it of her. Then she will try to develop his interest in the less strenuously competitive games, like golf. Don't expect her to excel at more masculine sports—she's far too feminine. It would be as silly as asking Raquel Welch to play the Hunchback of Notre Dame.

She is an uncomplicated personality. Some people mistakenly think her secretive, but she appears that way only because she has very few secrets to tell. Her absorbing interest is in herself. She has a memory like a computer for any compliment ever paid to her. She always strives to look her best. Whereas Oliver Cromwell, the famed ruler of England, once told an artist to "Paint me as I am, warts and all," the Libra woman is much more likely to say, "Paint me as I am, dimples and all." To understand her, you don't need to read



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tea leaves or goat entrails. Self-interest is the key. She dotes on herself like an old lady fussing over a miniature poodle.

The Libra woman likes to make love in a luxurious setting. I knew one such female who wouldn't go to bed in her lover's bedroom because the view was ugly—it looked out on a fire escape and a condemned building across the way. She claimed the view inhibited her enjoyment. Even when the window shades were drawn, she was upset, just "knowing" what was out there.

LIBRA'S GUIDE TO SEXUAL COMPATIBILITY

LIBRA AND ARIES You look for peace and quiet, while the restless, passionate energy of Aries aggressively seeks new outlets. Sex will be good for a while—but then what?

LIBRA AND TAURUS Taurus is jealous of your romantic and fickle nature, and this can cause trouble. You are physically in tune, but when the song is ended, the malady lingers on.

LIBRA AND GEMINI Sexually, this is a lively partnership. You are both curious, vivacious, and passionate. There's fun-and-games in the bedroom and compatibility in the other rooms.

LIBRA AND CANCER You can't make up your mind, and Cancer is too cautious to press. You'll probably have to wait a long time before getting down to basics. And the wait isn't worth it.

LIBRA AND LEO You'll supply all of Leo's passionate requirements, and that's a long step toward reaching the harmony you crave. Tact is needed to deal with Leo's ego, but that's a virtue you've got.

LIBRA AND VIRGO You're too affectionate and frivolous for emotionally inhibited Virgo, who takes the responsibilities of an affair more seriously. In this instance, love has a short season.

LIBRA AND LIBRA With each of you being equally demonstrative, you should have an interesting liaison. There is much in common, but you should think twice about marriage—that requires more practical wisdom and maturity.

LIBRA AND SCORPIO Your casual attitude toward sex infuriates highly sensual Scorpio, who will become steadily more jealous and demanding. Here you must submit—or depart.

LIBRA AND SAGITTARIUS You should be stimulated by Sagittarius's eagerness for sexual adventure. Sex is rarely boring. But you'll want to settle down before flighty Sagittarius does.

LIBRA AND CAPRICORN You're strongly drawn to Capricorn, and physical vibes are good. But many personality conflicts arise over the long term. A short romance can be fun, though.

LIBRA AND AQUARIUS Enjoy Aquarius's bold and imaginative approach to lovemaking. This is sure to excite your own, somewhat lazier responses. A fine time will be had all around.

LIBRA AND PISCES Unless you dig gentle, sensitive lovemaking—a little on the weird side—Pisces is not your dish. You must take the lead in most encounters. That will also annoy you. The pits.

PASSIONATE PORTENTS

ARIES (March 21–April 19) You begin a love affair, during the first week of October, with someone you've known before. But any agreement you make during this period has to overcome emotional problems. You are tempted into a buying spree to please your playmate; don't yield, unless you know exactly how to pay for your purchases. Better financial vibes after October 23. There are also some pleasant social surprises in store for you later in the month. One relationship, in particular, carries with it special auguries of joy. *Sexually Potent Days:* Oct. 2, 7, 16, 25, 31.

TAURUS (April 20–May 20) You hope to take a somewhat touch-and-go journey with someone in whom you're sexually interested. There will be a lot of ups and downs before this plan reaches any kind of fruition. Jupiter, the planet of good luck, returns to your sign on October 17. Meanwhile, you will be better off concentrating your thoughts and energies in other directions. Play the field. An opportunity arises for employment in the area of public affairs, but the verdict from here is unpromising. Avoid it. *Sexually Potent Days:* Oct. 1, 9-10, 14, 27.

> Between the sheets, Libra is eager to please, and there's almost nothing he won't do to win the approval of his pet.

GEMINI (May 21–June 20) A passionate affair that began earlier in the year is beginning to vex you. You foresaw the problems, but now you aren't sure how to cope. The way to come out on top is to let your marvelous, quick imagination take over and devise solutions. Practice perseverance—not usually one of your stronger qualities. An introduction to a stranger results in a bold proposition. Study the offer from all angles, for some hitherto unrevealed facets will come to light. In any case, don't let anger get the better of you; you and this person may still have a promising future together. *Sexually Potent Days:* Oct. 3, 8, 12, 19, 24.

CANCER (June 21–July 22) You are carried away by desire for someone who has you thinking seriously about the delights of hearth and home. It's possible, however, that your emotions are deceiving you; and on or around October 8, when Mars enters your fifth house (the sex house), you will gain a clearer perspective. An older person who adopts a benevolent attitude toward you offers advice that seems wrong to you at first, but it will prove helpful in the long run. Make yourself available to new sexual experiences—you won't regret it. *Sexually Potent Days:* Oct. 5, 8, 15, 20-21.

LEO (July 23–August 22) During the next few weeks, you bask in the limelight of a new love. (And there's no one like you when it comes to basking!) A trip you're planning marks the beginning of a new, triumphant phase. Women find you very glamorous just now, and many would like to share in your achievements. But if you try to score too many conquests, you will only dissipate your redoubtable amorous energies. Around October 20 (when Venus moves into your house of love), you meet someone who really matters. *Sexually Potent Days:* Oct. 6, 13, 17, 26, 30.

VIRGO (August 23–September 22) Last month's exciting new affair continues to flourish through October. You begin to wonder if this might be the great romance of your life. A good Moon-Jupiter aspect favors joint travel plans of some kind. After October 23, however, the first signs of fatigue or anticlimax develop in your affair. This might be a mere temporary setback, or it might be The Beginning Of The End. A trial separation will prove decisive. Either you both realize it was all a mistake or mutual loneliness and second thoughts bring you together again. *Sexually Potent Days:* Oct. 4, 9, 10, 19, 24.

LIBRA (September 23–October 22) Unquiet moments will disturb what has been a loving relationship, as simmering discords are slowly coming to the boiling point. Vindictiveness on someone's part is the most dangerous aspect. Swift action is necessary if you hope to get back on the familiar ground of trust and confidence. Your lover wants to be in the driver's seat. Until now, your tendency to put off difficult decisions has worked in your favor; but the time has come when you must either yield or stand firm. Emotions will reach fever pitch between October 13 and 23. *Sexually Potent Days:* Oct. 6, 13, 15, 21-22, 27.

SCORPIO (October 23–November 21) You cross the bridge to a new love and find that an old attachment bars the way. Your anger—always quick to show itself under pressure—flares. Sit back and try to evaluate the situation calmly. Your impatience means you are not facing up to the real concern you still feel for a cast-off love; perhaps you are being too impulsive or willful. Get to know yourself better; then the problem will not appear so baffling—or

inflammatory. At the end of the month Mars departs from your sun sign, and you become less combative—and wiser. *Sexually Potent Days:* Oct. 5, 11, 23-24, 31.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22–December 21) There will be an upswing in your love life during the first few days of October. The weekend of October 2-3 you meet someone who can spark all your sexual energies. She is abundantly responsive, but a dilemma involving a forgotten promise makes you hesitate. The influence of the full moon on October 7 should push you over the brink. There will be challenging, exciting times ahead for this affair, but the long-term outlook is not too good. Love it up, while you can. *Sexually Potent Days:* Oct. 8, 12, 25, 29.

CAPRICORN (December 22–January 19) Get ready for a dynamic month, one exciting enough to make your head (if not your body) spin. You are going to have to guard against too many temptations to display your sexual prowess. Nothing succeeds like excess, they say, but a guy *does* need his rest! An adventurous Sagittarian provides memorable moments—and a technique of lovemaking that's definitely out of the ordinary. You wonder why she likes your direct physical approach when she could have lovers with more finesse. (But some women do prefer brut to the conventionally dry bubbly.) She's not looking a gift horse in the mouth, so why should you? *Sexually Potent Days:* Oct. 1, 9, 11, 20, 27-28.

AQUARIUS (January 20–February 18) A fresh amour shows you that there's always something to be learned about love. During the first three weeks of October, you are able to perform prodigious feats. You are in a come-one-come-all, come-with me state of mind. Then you become aware that your sexual preoccupation is alienating you from other friends and costing you too much in your career. A hard choice impends, but you have the courage to make it. Tread lightly where your family ties are involved, however, and give love the benefit of the doubt. *Sexually Potent Days:* October 2, 7, 13, 23, 30.

PISCES (February 19–March 20) You are strongly tempted to help an attractive young woman who seems to be crying over spilt milk. But some people cry over spilt milk in the hope that others will come by and offer them a drink. Don't let yourself be used for this person's selfish ends for she is milking you for her own ego trip. Avoid doing anything that will endanger your own happiness, which you have an absolute right to protect. On an important decision, it might be wise to share responsibility. Around October 24 you meet an amusing playmate, who alleviates your slightly depressed mood. Auguries are favorable for a long-term relationship if a religious or political difference can be resolved. *Sexually Potent Days:* Oct. 5, 10, 14, 18, 31.

You've earned your stripe

...when you'd rather play touch football than watch the Super Bowl.

...when you leave your car in the garage and walk the three blocks to the drugstore.

...because you've actually walked across the street to throw your Almond Joy wrapper in the litter basket.

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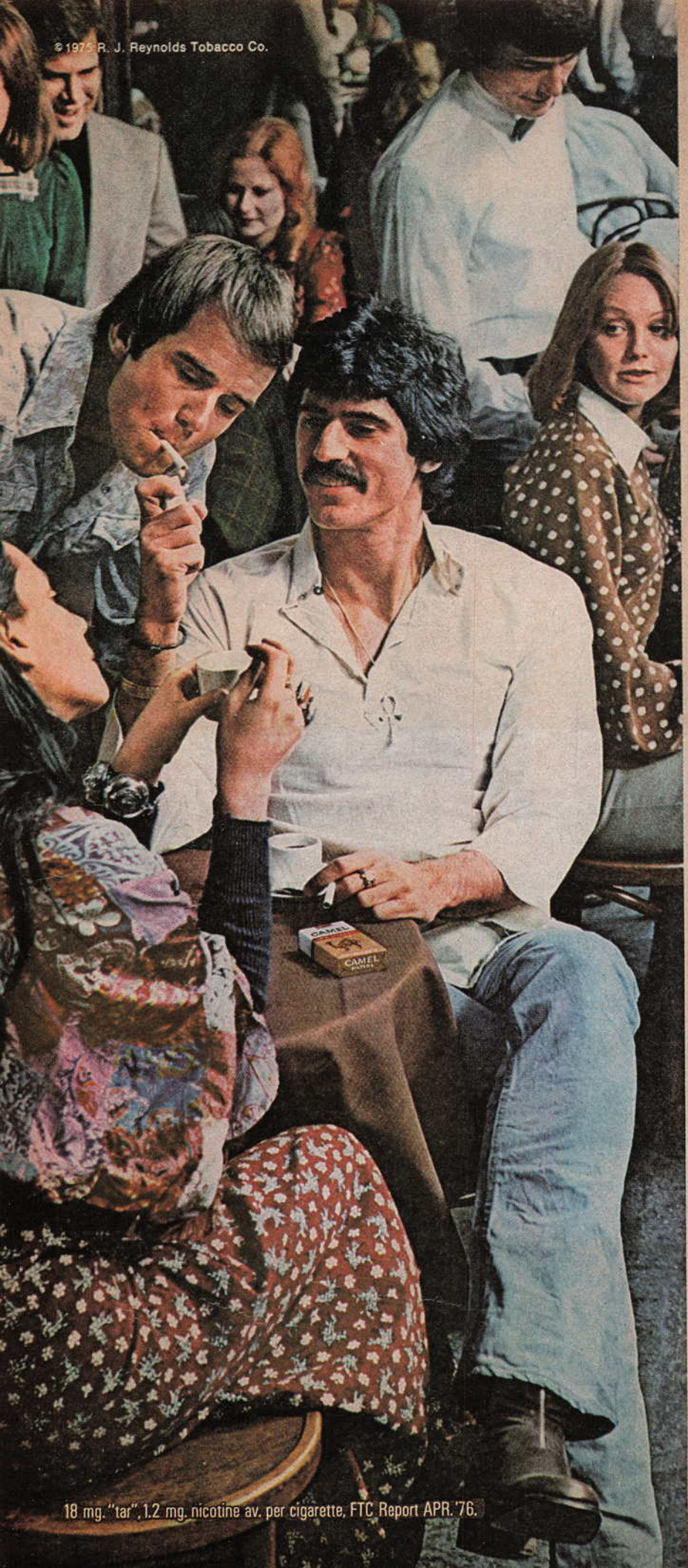

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Do you?

Turkish and Domestic Blend

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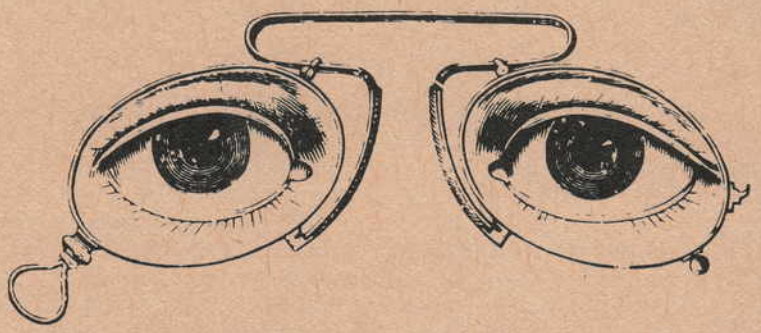


VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE CALL TO VANITY

Will vanity be to the seventies what political activism was to the sixties?

Now that the insurrection of our immediate past has become a faint remembrance of old failures, we find that our social consciousness has been supplanted by a more deeply instilled self-consciousness. The major concern of the seventies isn't ecology or social equality (much less the banishing of the bomb), but rather the indulging of one's own sweet ego. No longer need you feel a pang of guilt for improving your appearance with expensive cosmetic surgery. Shame need no more flush your cheeks when you lavish a deluxe diet on your pet Doberman.

Now, if you've got it, flaunt it. The status-conscious have always been label-conscious when it comes to clothes, but when in history did a people go so far as to actually wear the designers' labels for all to see? For instance, note the popular Gucci "G" (shoes, $165), the Louis Vuitton "LV" (vinyl wallet, $45), the Pierre Cardin "PC" (belt, $35), and the Calvin Klein-monogrammed line of clothes (t-shirt, $12). The time has come when all free men can refuse to buy Earth Shoes for one reason and one reason only: they make your feet look ugly.

In the affluent sixties, money and social status were generally viewed as being tools of the oppressor, commodities acquired at the expense of others less fortunate. Today, however, what with high unemployment and tight money, perquisites such as lush expense accounts, executive job titles, and chic residential addresses are considered tokens of accomplishment and—above all—of one's own, hard-earned survival in a hostile economy. Indeed potent consumer magazines, including *New York* and *New West*, are offering tips on redecorating one's office to maximize executive power, while popular books tell us—well, the titles say it all: *A Great New Way to Make Money, Power, How to Win Through Intimidation . . .*

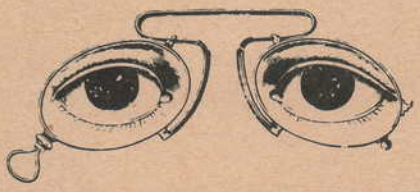
Power is the new sport; not the pretense of political power for improving the country, but personal power for improving one's own status. Americans are tired of feeling guilty, and they don't mind voicing the assumption that their own opinions are best. In repeated displays of ego-massage, people are falling back on the tried, the true, and the safe. The rise of political conservatism is one index of this trend; the death of avant-gardism in the arts is another. In a recent essay in the Sunday *New York Times*, "A Yearning for 'Normalcy'—The Current Backlash in the Arts," critic Hilton Kramer notes that today's audiences have a taste for ". . . glamour, romance and the instantly comprehensible, for empathy rather than entropy—for art that is a pleasure rather than a moral contest."

Movie remakes are so big in Hollywood that the sequels are being filmed consecutively, as with Dino de Laurentiis's *King Kong* and *King Kong in Africa* and Alexander Salkind's *Superman, Parts I and II*. In the theater, the innovative drama of the sixties that shocked and outraged much of the public has been buried under an avalanche of revivals, known quantities that compliment conventional tastes. How telling, in this vain age of youth and good-looks, that classical ballet—with its super-beautiful dancers and romantic, escapist plot lines—has the fastest growing audience of all the arts.

Gone are the serious songs of the sixties that grew out of political demonstrations. Forget the black artists who sparked clamors for revolution. On her milk-toast lecture circuit, pop poet Nikki Giovanni has dropped her militant brand of black power that was once so popular. Six years ago Marvin Gaye's activist album, *What's Going On?*, with its hit single, "Save the Children," was his most popular work. Would it sell today? Perhaps, but even Gaye isn't taking any chances with his latest album, the orgasmic *I Want You*.

In a *Newsweek* profile last year, Gil-Scott Heron bemoaned the "sex and love" orientation of today's soul music; yet his seventies' brand of black militancy, despite favorable reviews, has not found a wide audience. Obviously, Heron is right. Love and sex and affluency are the major selling points of today's biggest music craze: disco. And disco is what seventies' vanity is all about. Songs such as "You're Just the Right Size," "Do It 'Til You're Satisfied," and "Love to Love You, Baby" top the charts, promoting those popular, old-fashioned concepts of "making it," "going Hollywood," and "being a star." In New York City, $600 will buy you a year's membership to hear such music at the town's hottest spot, Regine's, a Park Avenue disco recently remodeled for over half-a-million dollars. Beautiful people watching themselves on mirrored surfaces as they dance to mindless, lushly orchestrated disco tracks—is this the image most likely to endure as a cultural symbol of the seventies?

How foolish male chauvinists



Wide World Photos

Mary Quant: makeup for men.

once were to think that vanity was the exclusive stronghold of the female psyche. In today's ads, male sports stars claim to use everything from cologne to hair blowers and hair transplants. English designer Mary Quant—the woman who gave us the mini-skirt—is introducing a Bicentennial line of cosmetics for the American man. "Men have come to use all the tricks," says a Quant spokesman, "so why not male makeup?" Her economy line of cosmetics for the common man supplies lip gloss, blusher, mascara, and base—all for only twelve dollars.

Have we joined those other civilizations that became so self-involved they never noticed their own decline? Certainly millionaires now spend their money like millionaires, celebrities brag of their cosmetic surgery on nationwide television, and people reread Vance Packard's *The Status Seekers* as a how-to-book.

But strangely enough, there's a peculiar honesty to these open displays of vanity. After all, who ever really believed in any of those "radicals" who jetted off to the latest march on Washington? Our puritanical forefathers forbade indulging one's ego; maybe we are only making up for lost time. They would have said we've lost our soul, when in fact, we've simply found our mirrors.
—Henry Post, Robert Hofler

SCENES

A NEW KIND OF SEXISM

Sexism has acquired a new meaning in today's supposedly liberated but puritanically rooted society. The new sexism, rather than being opposed to women's rights in general, is directed specifically against the erotic arts. As virtually the only socially condoned form of prejudice, the new sex discrimination is attacking those artists, performers, educators, and producers who are attempting to elevate eroticism from mere obscenity to the status of the popular and "fine" arts.

The new sexism manifests itself in many ways, from unfair taxation and harassment by local government officials to public abuse heaped on business people engaged in the erotic visual and performing arts. At its worst, the new sex discrimination nibbles away at civil liberties, notably freedom of speech and equal-opportunity rights.

The International Museum of Erotic Arts in San Francisco was one of the more notable casualties of the new sexism. The reason that this pioneering institution survived for only three years (1972–1975) was "because it was very much the victim of discrimination." So declared Dr. Eberhard Kronhausen, the well-known sexologist, in a recent interview at his Malibu, California, home. He cited anti-erotic-arts bias, not only from the museum's potential suppliers but from municipal officials.

Kronhausen had, to be sure, a personal stake in the museum's success or failure. Although the National Sex Forum organized and sponsored the museum, it was Kronhausen and his wife, sexologist Dr. Phyllis Kronhausen, who provided the institution with its entire erotic-art collection. Spanning centuries, from the Renaissance to contemporary times, this extensive selection of paintings, engravings, scrolls, and prints drew from the erotic heritage of Japan, China, India, and Europe.

Initially, the museum's organizers tried to rent exhibition space in New York City. "There was a lot of real estate going begging then in 1972," Kronhausen reflected. "We had the backing to pay several thousand dollars a month rent; yet real estate owners and managers would slam the phone down on us when I said it was for erotic art."

Unable to lease museum space in New York, the organizers decided to move the project to San Francisco. There, too, the museum organizers encountered stiff opposition. "We were turned down again and again when we tried to rent space," Kronhausen recalled. "We found out we were white niggers. When the real estate men found out what we wanted the space for, they'd say it was gone." Ultimately, however, a three-story building in central San Francisco was secured for the museum.

After the International Museum of Erotic Arts was opened in late 1972, the San Francisco media shunned the subject, while the city fathers showed their displeasure with the museum and the National Sex Forum in more concrete ways. The street in front of the museum was dug up for no discernible reason.

The museum's death knell was sounded when the city of San Francisco levied a crippling property tax on the museum. Kronhausen maintains that the tax was unjustified and discriminatory: "In California, there was a property tax on anything that was used commercially. The National Sex Forum was recognized by the federal government

Mark Gabor

Art dealer Edie Solow with a Rhett Delford Brown tapestry.

Let My People Come: *no liquor for the paying customers.*

as a bona fide nonprofit organization. Nobody was making a penny off the museum; they were losing money. The San Francisco city tax board recommended that the city accept the Internal Revenue Service ruling that this was a beneficial institution and not for profit. But the head of the tax board overruled this recommendation, because he disagreed with it."

The assessed property tax on the museum amounted to over $30,000 annually. After three years, the National Sex Forum could no longer absorb this tax deficit, and the world's first and only international erotic arts museum was disbanded.

Around the time the museum folded in San Francisco, Edie Solow, a young, former department-store buyer, was opening Erotics, her shop-qua-gallery of sexually charged arts and crafts, in New York's Greenwich Village.

"I grew up in Oklahoma. If anybody ever told me I'd grow up and have an erotic store, I'd have said, 'Insanity!'" Edie Solow laughed, but in the light of her experiences with the new sex discrimination, there was a ring or prophesy to that childhood disbelief. Unlike the organizers of the International Museum of Erotic Arts, Solow didn't encounter trouble in renting showroom space. But she and partner Doug John, an erotic artist, did face discrimination on nearly every other level: denial of credit card affiliations and insurance coverage, harassment from disapproving neighbors and browsers, and financial discrimination against their Erotics enterprise.

Even trying to metal-cast the erotic artist's jewelry designs led to antisexual prejudice. "I was 'discouraged' by several metal-casting houses or else quoted higher prices," Edie Solow reported. "One casting house told me they wouldn't deal with things of an erotic nature because it slowed down production! And then there were men jewelry polishers who wouldn't polish our stuff because their wives worked along with them."

Recently, a nearby shopkeeper started a petition to have Erotics closed, because the store offended her. "She used to come and stand in front of my window for half an hour each day," Solow says. "I think what did it was that in the window I had a wood-carved sculpture of a penis, made out of cedar, and a pillow with a naked man on it—nicely done. So one summer afternoon, three weeks after I opened, the cops walked in." Over at the station house, Solow and the police checked the city statutes. The police won, to Solow's regret. "One statute says that you can't have body parts displayed in a window."

While both Edie Solow and the International Museum of Erotic Arts suffered substantially from discrimination against serious eroticism, Art D'Lugoff decided to fight the new sexism in court. D'Lugoff is co-owner of New York's Village Gate, a famed night spot.

D'Lugoff's sex discrimination problems didn't start until the sexual musical, *Let My People Come*, opened in the Gate's Downstairs theater in January, 1974.

The Village Gate management not only got theater rental fees from the musical, but also had the lucrative concession to sell drinks to customers at their tables during the performances. The New York State Liquor Authority (N.Y.S.L.A.), however, required D'Lugoff, as a condition for being granted his license, to change the musical's contents to conform with their moral standards. D'Lugoff didn't—he wasn't the show's producer. And, he notes, "I thought the show was innocent enough."

D'Lugoff's hearings before the N.Y.S.L.A. and his appeals consumed almost two years, two lawyers' services, and one thousand pages of testimony. The cost to Art D'Lugoff? "Way over $50,000." And he's still rankled at what he considers arbitrary rulings in his case. D'Lugoff was eager to fight in a higher court for complete restitution of his theater's liquor license, but he backed off. "My attorney told me reprinting of my hearing record alone would cost me over $6,000. It would have cost me $200,000 to win. The catch is that the agency doesn't have to win. They can just continue to harass in the interim."

After D'Lugoff's defeat in court, *Let My People Come* moved to a Broadway theater. Art D'Lugoff feels he will now have no problem obtaining a new license. Still, when D'Lugoff considers his run-in with the powerful forces of the new sexism, he can only shake his head and sigh. "It's been a saga, a real saga."—*Meridee Merzer*

FILMS

MILD WEST SHOWS

The baby-blue sky might have come off a picture postcard; the palm trees, too, so tall and regular along that peaceful Los Angeles street. Not a sound disturbs the scene's tranquillity, not even when the little yellow sports car swings into view. The three cheerful, loquacious men crammed into the car's two seats don't make a sound either. Naturally: there is no sound. This is Mel Brooks's ***Silent Movie***, and for the first minute or so it is just as silent as the title says.

After that it gets noisy enough, what with stylized sound effects and, for background music, a nonstop, all-purpose marching tune that—slower or faster, sadder or jauntier—serves for every mood in the film. But the *idea* of silence has been established. And establishing certain ideas seems a major preoccupation in *Silent Movie*.

Indeed, the film is about an idea. Screen director Mel Funn (Brooks), a Hollywood has-been currently attempting a comeback, has the idea of doing a silent movie—idiocy for this day and age. But with his skinny pal, Eggs (Marty Feldman), and his fat pal, Bell (Dom DeLuise), he sets off to sell the idea. Fortunately, Big Pictures Studios is on the verge of collapse, with the studio chief (Sid Caesar) facing imminent take-over by the New York conglomerate, Engulf and Devour. And so Funn is given a hearing: if he can get the stars, he'll be allowed to make the picture. "Getting the stars" develops as another plot idea and, with a series of quite ambitious cameos—by the likes of Paul Newman, Lisa Minnelli, James Caan, Anne Bancroft, and Marcel Marceau—becomes the central action of the movie.

Of course, there is more: Engulf and Devour's devilish plan to unhinge poor Funn through the enticements of Ms. Vilma Kaplan (Bernadette Peters); the

Bernadette Peters and Mel Brooks: in honor of silent movies.

voluptuous Vilma's subsequent succumbing to poor Funn; a breakneck car chase to recover the picture print from Engulf and Devour; the agony and the ecstasy of the first sneak preview, etc. But each part is a traditional set piece, hauled out for admiration and display.

Silent Movie keeps offering demonstration in place of drama. And within the demonstration, for all its expertise, there are simply no surprises. Thus, when a two-story-tall man (Funn, standing on Egg, standing on Bell—all wrapped up in a lengthy greatcoat) presents himself at Burt Reynolds's front door with the innocent request, on silent-movie title cards, "Hi! I have a terrible glandular condition. May I use your phone?", we understand not only that a star will be seduced into the big picture, but also that a crossing-of-paths will inevitably be arranged between that unusual human length and the steam roller that we saw, just minutes earlier, lumbering up the hill. It happens all right, expertly, but certainly not unexpectedly—just one of the best in a movie full of gags that we seem to have seen before, even when we haven't. It is as if they had preexisted somewhere in our dreams.

That's really the strangest thing about *Silent Movie*. Not the gags that don't quite work, or go on too long, or seem too elaborately set up for what they yield; but the dreamlike quality that settles in with that bright blue sky at the beginning and a dislocation in time that pervades the film even when it is being very specifically funny. The "silence" may be part of it (although, compared with some recent semi-silent film comedy—notably Jacques Tati's great *Playtime* and *Traffic*—Brooks's movie, with all its title cards, is downright talkative). *Silent Movie* is also curiously removed from us neither like anything new nor especially like anything old, neither imitation Chaplin or Keaton or Lloyd (all of whom made better films than this) nor a modern replacement for them. So it has a somewhat historical feeling without being really historical—which doesn't work to its advantage.

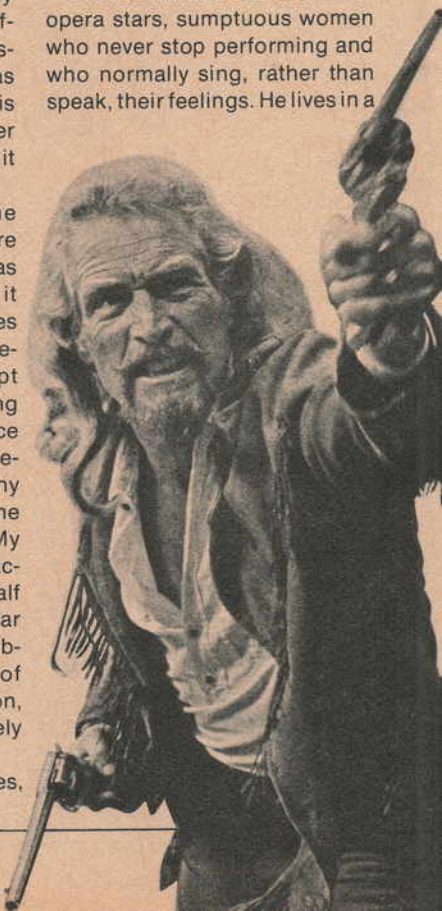
There is a general point to be made about Brooks's film comedies. In *Blazing Saddles* and *Young Frankenstein*, and now in *Silent Movie*, he shows a respect for what he is dealing with that amounts almost to a moral virtue. He parodies genres—Westerns, horror films, old comedies—but with such affection and care that the parody becomes a kind of tribute, gentle rather than strident, and suffused with a spirit of pleasantness that may even get in the way of the humor. A lot of *Silent Movie* goes to honoring the idea of the silent movie. What comes back is an affirmation of personal decency that may, in the long run, mean more for Brooks than a few lost laughs.

There are, in fact, some sight gags in Robert Altman's ***Buffalo Bill and the Indians*** that, potentially at least, are funnier than anything in *Silent Movie*. Take, for example, the way Buffalo Bill (Paul Newman) makes his entrance each time, on a white charger that he frankly can't handle, the horse making a nervous little rearing motion that is the most perfect put-down of all the reckless horsemanship that his Wild West Show is partially about. The gag is utterly offhand, usually seen in the distance. Much of *Buffalo Bill* has this kind of casual humor. It is typical of Altman, but whether really typical of this film, I find it rather hard to say.

One critic I know saw the movie at least four times before it opened, and each version was so differently weighted that it was like seeing different movies from essentially the same material. Apparently Altman kept changing his mind in attempting to get what he felt his audience (or his producer) wanted; sometimes he came up with a funny movie, and sometimes with one that was serious as hell. My friend thinks the version that actually opened this summer—half funny and half serious—is by far the best. But I think the distributed version shows signs of desperate directorial indecision, and by any standards it surely isn't good enough.

As with most Altman movies, you face the problem of what it is about. I suspect it means to be about history, but it seems to be about show business as well—and the connections it wants to make between the two never quite come off. It opens with a very real-seeming Western homestead being brutally attacked by marauding Indians—all of which, homestead and Indians, turn out to be properties and performers from Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. The film closes with a thoroughly unreal conflict staged between Bill and an actor playing Chief Sitting Bull, in which Bill kills the Indian, and stands triumphant in the middle of his own arena in a gesture that would be pure theater if it weren't for the crazy look in his eye—as if he believed in the truth of his sham victory. Life becomes theater; theater becomes life; national psychoses create myth, which replaces history . . . It all sounds like the most profitable kind of confusion. But ultimately there is a lot more confusion than profit.

Bill lives with a succession of opera stars, sumptuous women who never stop performing and who normally sing, rather than speak, their feelings. He lives in a



Paul Newman as Buffalo Bill.

structure that looks to me like a stage set, being fashioned out of penetrable walls and fluid space. And he puts on his show in an improbable outdoor arena, enclosed by canvas backdrops painted more or less to resemble the wilderness that actually exists just outside them. He is haunted by two specters: Ned Buntline (Burt Lancaster), the dime novelist whose imagination, in fact, invented him; and Sitting Bull (Frank Kaquitts), who remains intractable even after he dies, and whose ghost Buffalo Bil! seems destined to spend the rest of his life trying to lay to rest.

Behind all this ingenuity, I think you can detect some fairly simple, didactic purposes, having to do with glorious American myth and guilty American history. In this respect *Buffalo Bill* resembles Altman's previous—and much better—movie, *Nashville*. It also resembles *Nashville* (and other Altman films—*M.A.S.H.*, *Brewster McCloud*, *California Split*)—in living mainly around the edges of its story. The large stock company of actors, with several of them back again here, the throwaway performances caught as if in passing, the penchant for show-biz as setting, the very prodigality of shooting so much footage that four or five different movies can be constructed from the same thematic material—all these are as much a part of Altman as the ostensible subject of any one of the films he makes.

Buffalo Bill fails, though it is full of marvelous things, including most of the performances and at least half of the incidental business it works up in order to fill the time between its major statements. But those statements do come along, and they turn the movie into a kind of preaching—a dull sermon, and one without enough of the impromptu activity that, in perhaps every two out of three of his movies, provides Robert Altman with his vitality and his saving grace.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

BOOKS ABOUT REEL LIFE

With all the books on movies now available, one could well conclude that people are actually more interested in reading about films than in seeing them. After all, movie attendance is down in 1976 from the last three years, and today it is the few, big blockbusters on which the film studios count for their profits. And yet, some people must be going to the movies—if for no other reason than to write all those books.

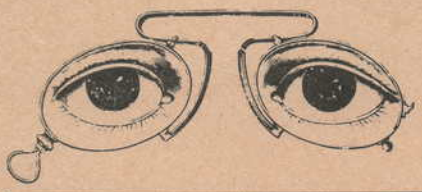
Author Jon Tuska is a movie maven, known for having screened over 8,000 Westerns (among other movies). About his unique moviegoing experience, he has written: "I wouldn't recommend that anyone else do it. There has been no appreciable change in my personality or temperament as a consequence. My moral convictions—or utter lack of them—remain unassailed." Rather deadpan, and rather hard to believe. After assuring us in the introduction to his book, ***The Filming of the West*** (Doubleday, $14.95), that all these films had little effect on his life, Tuska spends over 600 pages recounting the who, what, how, and why of our Westerns, America's great national cinematic heritage.

Somewhat garbled, impossibly long, Tuska's book is perhaps best for trivia freaks (it has an excellent index)—it is certainly not meant for one sitting. But almost in spite of itself, Tuska's book gives an unmistakable sense of the American West. Not just the West of those cowboys and their love affairs with the land, of the hard living, the hard drinking, the sinewy sentiment, and moral severity; but the West of the film-makers, those Hollywood pioneers, the men who built fortunes on the pioneering spirit of others. Rich in accurate detail and photographs, happily free of nostalgia, Tuska's book is the ultimate volume on Westerns—whether or not movies affect your perception and morals.

An even stronger re-creation of Hollywood in its heyday, however, is Roland Flamini's ***Scarlett, Rhett and a Cast of Thousands*** (Macmillan, $13.95). Focusing on "the picture which filled more newspaper columns than the debate on the Neutrality Act," Flamini brings to life the talent, nerve, and extraordinary luck that went into the making of *Gone With The Wind*. Gable's caprices, Leigh's professionalism, and Selznick's egomania serve as microcosms, springboards for tales that eventually embrace all of Hollywood. Once again "the system" is unveiled, this time—in contrast to Tuska's book, where the dust from his archives clung to him and confused him—with a strong, swift-paced candor and a touch of irony, making this history almost as readable as *Gone With The Wind*.

Some Time In The Sun, by Tom Dardis (Scribner's, $10), is the least successful of these three recently released Hollywood period pieces. Spanning the 1930s, 1940s, and the first years of the 1950s, this introduction-cum-five-essays looks at the Hollywood years of Fitzgerald, Faulkner, Nathanael West, Aldous Huxley, and James Agee. It attempts to dispel old clichés of writers "besotted by California languor," and to paint Los Angeles during their respective stays there as "a town as lively and stimulating as Paris in the 20's." It fails. As devoid of anecdotes and adventures, parlor

Victor Mature in My Darling Clementine; *from Jon Tuska's book,* The Filming of the West.



chatter, and paternity suits as *The Filming of the West* and *Scarlett, Rhett* are full of them, Dardis's book is also thin on scholarly information. Despite his long reading list/bibliography, Dardis's prose sounds like a rehash of old research, with a few unconvincing speculations thrown in for good measure. His subject writers sound as uninspired by Hollywood as Hollywood was by them.

A totally different look at the Hollywood Dream Factory is James Baldwin's ***The Devil Finds Work*** (Dial, $6.95). Still residing in France, this once-revolutionary writer—whose *Notes of a Native Son* concluded with the memorable "This world is white no longer and will never be white again . . ."—has centered his latest essay on the black experience of American film. While Jon Tuska found films to have little effect on his own character or personality, Baldwin rages—most articulately—at the manipulation of minds that was devised in Hollywood. From *Birth of a Nation* ("an elaborate justification of mass murder") to *Lady Sings the Blues* ("empty as a banana peel and just as treacherous"), Baldwin cites examples of film-makers' appalling distance from reality. Heroes are white, and streets are never as funky or as dangerous as blacks know them. The blacks themselves are most often "dreadful and improbable creatures, related to each other only by their envy of white people."

Baldwin's own assumptions are not inaccurate—nor are they unpredictable. Somehow his meditations on his strangeness as a boy and his political ramblings are just what would be expected. Somehow Baldwin's fire has paled. Then again, can one object to the predictable when produced in such a conscience-stabbing cause? Near the end of his essay, Baldwin writes: "Neither of us can live without the other." Can one object to a message ending in peace?—*Karen Thorsen*

SOUNDS

ARTIST AS GANGSTER

Three years ago, **Boz Scaggs** strolled onstage in San Francisco, resplendent in his Franchot Tone tuxedo, and brought "elegance" to white rock. Compared to Boz and his band, macho-languid in their Jazz Age threads, latecomers such as Roxy Music were Teutonic headwaiters; and Bowie was a provincial schoolmaster in a rent-it-all, late for his sister's wedding. And it made sense: post-camp, faded Deco lent itself well to Scaggs's glossy blend of high-energy rock and blue-eyed soul. Single-handedly, he brought back the potted palm, the hip flask, the gardenia in the lapel, and *tristesse*.

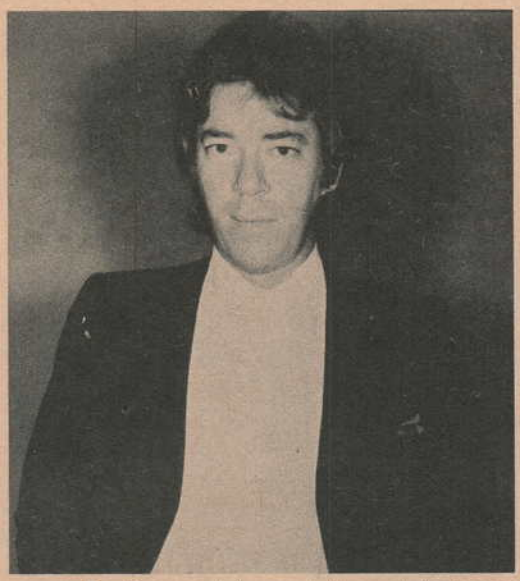
Boz grew up in the land of dreams, among the fierce green lawns, designer brick driveways, and turquoise pools of suburban north Dallas. Like most dreams, this land's surface is much more elegant than the original. If they remade the movie of *The Great Gatsby* correctly, it would take place in north Dallas, and Gatsby would be a black cocaine dealer rather than a Jewish bootlegger; and Boz Scaggs's album, *Silk Degrees*, would be the sound track, because the music is a synthesis of all the musical forms Scaggs grew up with and subsequently mastered, as evident on his first five albums. With Joe Wissert's classy Malibu-Motown production providing the glue, *Silk Degrees* puts it all together in a driving, seamless set: the sleek, air-conditioned FM of north Dallas, the bitter funk of Deep Elm, and the feedback boogie of the highway juke joints. "Blue-eyed soul," perhaps; beautiful boogie, for sure. It may not be the "future of rock 'n' roll," but it's one of the best possible futures for popular music: *the return of pure style*.

Boz Scaggs greets me at the door of his Manhattan suite, wearing an open-necked white shirt, gray slacks, a beige bush jacket, and brown loafers—looking like nothing so much as a respectable product of suburban Dallas. And since I still have *Gatsby* on my mind, I can't help recalling Fitzgerald's observation of how mightily we labor to discard the content of our youths, only to duplicate its style in another medium.

I ask Boz if it annoys him when critics accuse him of abandoning rock music and "going MOR (middle-of-the-road)."

"Not really," he says, "because I *haven't* gone MOR. It does annoy me when critics attack me, on principle, for doing "disco," because no *kind* of music is bad on principle. There are just good and bad examples. Personally, I *like* disco. It's bright, major-key music. I like to try to write good lyrics to it. Also, disco is a natural outgrowth of Motown and Philly music, which means a lot to me. It showed me how to move on from rock and blues and keep *all* the stuff I liked. I wanted to keep the *energy*, you know, and the freedom rock gives you with lyrics. I remember thinking when I heard an early Supremes track: shit, it *rocks!* And it's *melodic!* And it's got *words!* It was those long chord progressions over a kick-ass rhythm track. You could write a *melody*, you know?"

In the midst of a generation of white singer-songwriters who are—from Kristofferson to Patti Smith—obsessed with self-dramatization, Boz has chosen to express himself with considerable indirectness, nearly always speaking through a fictional character singing a certain genre of song. This patrician reserve, which many people interpret as coldness, has allowed



Boz Scaggs, before and after: out of deference to the music establishment's denim ambience.

him, however, to approach and interpret black music more individually than any white artist that I know.

For his first album, *Boz Scaggs*, he brought to Muscle Shoals a group of songs drawn equally (almost) from his diverse roots in Texas blues, R&B, and country music, and became one of the first white artists to take advantage of the legendary Muscle Shoal rhythm section (and the then-unknown guitar talents of Duane Allman). Then, having assembled his own band for his second and third albums (*Moments* and *Boz Scaggs & Band*), he enlisted the services of Glyn Johns, the greatest "band" producer in rock 'n' roll (*Stones*, *Faces*, *Eagles* etc.), and concentrated on diversifying his song-writing. Boz was so successful that the albums became virtual spring bouquets of song formats, ranging from blues to rock to pop to soul to R&B with so much facility that he began to feel that his own voice was being diluted in the sheer multiplicity of idiom. And so, in search of stylistic unity, he returned to Muscle Shoals for his fourth album, *My Time*, but this time with Roy Hallee, whose sound wizardry on Simon & Garfunkle's albums had modulated the diversity of Paul Simon's eclectic songs. He also brought with him the example of singer-songwriter-producer ("Lady Marmalade") Allen Toussaint of New Orleans, in whose songs he sensed a kindred spirit—professional, eclectic, expressive (but diffident), and—most of all—serious about making supposedly frivolous music.

"... Toussaint is just as serious about making a good dance tune as he is about making a political statement," Boz is saying, "and that's the secret, because he can do both. I mean, he's one of the few people who makes *real* political songs, in the larger sense, songs like "Freedom for the Stallion" and "Victims of the Darkness. . . ."

The telephone rings and he picks it up. For the next twenty minutes, a slightly disconsolate Boz sits virtually silent, holding the phone four inches from his ear, so that we both can hear the disembodied cajolery booming from the receiver:

". . . we know it's not an easy decision, Boz. And certainly no one in this office has anything against formal wear, but when in Rome, Boz, when in Rome. . . ."

As the voice goes on, Boz rolls his eyes. It's obvious that he's already deferred to his petitioner's wishes and is only waiting for an opening.

". . . and even Allen Toussaint made the same decision last year. And I know how much you respect Allen. . . ."

"Okay," Boz says, quietly.

He hangs up and gives me a quizzical grin. It seems he has just been cajoled into appearing with he and his band wearing street clothes, out of deference to the self-conscious, grit-and-denim ambience of New York's music establishment.

"Too bad," I say.

Boz just shrugs and flips his hands up in an Astaire what-the-hell gesture. "What the hell," he says, "the Beacon is the first I've worked that had a dress-code since Stevie Miller and I played at St. Mark's High School, back in Dallas."

"What're you gonna wear tonight?"

"Does *this* look too studied?" he asks, fingering his bush jacket. Then he says, "Did Toussaint really wear street clothes?"

"Yeah," I say. "But he was opening for Little Feat. Have you ever met Toussaint?"

"No. I think I must have subconsciously avoided it," Boz says. "What's he like?"

I pause for a minute and recall the first time I saw Toussaint standing, as always, slightly apart, in the midst of a sweating, frenetic concert crowd in New Orleans. Cool and self-possessed in his tangerine tuxedo, he was carefully adjusting the cuffs of his ruffled dress shirt so they exposed exactly the right amount of linen below the cuff of his jacket.

"Romance under total control, I say to him. "The artist as gangster."

"Toussaint is like Gatsby," I say, and Boz laughs.

"Hell, ain't we all," he says.—*Dave Hickey*

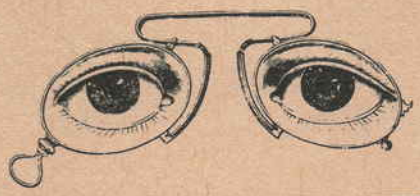
Allen Toussaint as Gatsby: romance under total control.

THE TRANCE MASTERS

La Monte Young, a forty-year-old Midwesterner with long, tangled hair, a flowing beard, and a compact figure that seems tailor-made for the loose-fitting Indian garment he's wearing, sits at a piano in a concert hall in Bremen, Germany. He has arduously re-tuned the instrument during the preceding two weeks, so that it conforms to his own demanding pitch system; and when he begins to play it, his audience utters an audible gasp. At first it sounds like a lyre, then like an orchestra of zithers, then like mandolins, then like a choir. It doesn't sound anything like a piano. Young executes a series of permutating rhythm figures, which resonate against each other and occasionally seem to bend, like refracting rays of light in a summer haze. They go on and on and on.

Steve Reich and his seventeen musicians, who are dressed identically in white shirts or blouses and dark slacks or skirts, file onto the stage of New York's Town Hall with the precision of a military drill team. Some sit at pianos; others station themselves in front of percussion instruments; and others take up reeds or stringed instruments, or position themselves behind microphones. Reich nods, and the music begins. It doesn't sound anything like pianos, reeds, strings, or voices. It's a shimmering, unearthly radiance that washes up against the regular rhythms of the percussion instruments. It seems to change, but ever so slowly. It goes on and on and on.

Young, Reich, **Terry Riley, Philip Glass,** and the younger American composers they have influenced are writing and performing a new music that questions some of the basic assumptions of the European classical tradition. Their compositions have simple harmonies—or none at all—and transparent, self-revealing structures. Instead of building variations on themes, or building pieces out of



diverse individual events in the manner of the European post-serialists, they repeat simple phrases, over and over, or chain them end to end. Sometimes they simply sustain a single tone or chord for a very long time. The approaches vary, but they all involve some sort of stasis or repetition, and their ends are the same. "My own feeling," says Young, "is that if people aren't carried away to heaven, I'm failing." Riley is more specific. "I want to create a kind of concentration on a musical idea," he says, "so that people can go inside themselves and comfortably follow the development, until they slowly rise up and disappear into the clouds."

What these musicians are after is, in a word, trance, a euphoric state of psychological dissociation which may culminate in ecstasy, that which "lifts one out of oneself." At its simplest, trance music involves the rhythmic stimulation of motor and sensory areas of the brain. In folk cultures, thunderous, repetitive trance drumming becomes a kind of biological pacemaker, regulating brain-wave rhythms and breathing patterns, and sometimes occasioning the sort of biochemical changes scientists have associated with psychedelic experiences. Reich's *Drumming*, a composition which builds up a mesmerizing chain of overlapping rhythmic phrases over a period of some ninety minutes, approaches the percussive complexity of Indonesian or North African trance music. But Reich's latest musical compositions are more concerned with pitch relationships, and Young maintains that "as interesting and exciting as drumming can be, it's difficult for it to deal with the spiritual truths one can experience when very profound pitch relationships are executed perfectly in tune."

Young, whose "role as father figure for the younger avant-garde is surpassed only by John Cage," according to the *New York Times*, began working with long, continuous sounds in 1958. His "Trio for Strings," which had its premiere that year, took five minutes to present only four notes. In 1965 Young became attracted to the steady hum of an aquarium motor, amplified it with a contact microphone, and began structuring most of his instrumental music around it. Now he performs in "dream houses," specially constructed environments where steady pitches are maintained at brain-numbing volume by electronic sine-wave generators. "Actually," he explains, "the sine waves are just the resonators." The instrument that Young is really playing is the listener's ear, with its delicate internal structure of basilar membrane and auditory neurons leading to the cerebral cortex.

The surface of the basilar membrane, in the inner ear, is acutely pitch-sensitive, with different areas of the surface responding to different pitches. If perfectly-in-tune pitches are repeated in strict sequence, the same area of the membrane will be rhythmically "massaged," again and again; and the same sets of auditory neurons will fire impulses toward the same spots in the cerebral cortex in the same, hypnotically repeating pattern. "The Indian tradition of modal music has always been concerned with the repetition of limited groups of specific frequencies," Young says. "When these frequencies are continuous, as in my music, we can conceive even more easily how, if part of our circuitry is performing the same operation continuously, this could be considered to be or to stimulate a psychological state." What kind of state? "People have said that they have come in depressed and left fantastically elated. They should be moved to strong spiritual feeling."

Young has inspired a number of important musicians—and not just those within avant-garde circles. Terry Riley, whose "In C" and "A Rainbow in Curved Air" were recorded by Columbia Masterworks during the 1960s, first performed in New York as a member of one of Young's instrumental groups. Another member was John Cale, who later helped found New York's most celebrated underground rock group, The Velvet Underground. The Velvet's Lou Reed and Nico, and more recently Roxy Music's Eno and the group known as Soft Machine, have been influenced, directly or indirectly, by Young.

In Europe—and increasingly in the U.S.—Young, Reich, Riley, and Glass are recognized as the brightest and most original of the younger American composers. They are performing their music before more and more people, but recordings are still the only way for most potential appreciators to experience their sound alchemy. Some of their albums are available only through a few specialty shops or by mail, but where else can one go for music offering the listener (who is so inclined) a direct experience of the ineffable?

Riley's *In C* (Columbia) is widely regarded as the orchestral masterwork of the trance music movement; his *A Rainbow in Curved Air* (Columbia) includes two semi-improvised pieces for keyboards, soprano saxophone, and electronic instruments. Reich's major composition, *Drumming—Music for Mallet Instruments, Voices, and Organ—Six Pianos* (Deutsche Grammophon), is a deluxe, three-record, boxed set, recorded with incomparable clarity. These albums are available in most stores offering large selections of contemporary and classical music.

Young's and Glass's albums, and Riley's more recent works, are somewhat more difficult to find. Through a new recording process, Young has been able to cram some forty minutes of dream house music onto a single side of his *The Theatre of Eternal Music* (Shandar); the other side is devoted to a so-called drift study for sine-wave generators. Riley's *Persian Surgery Dervishes* (Shanti), a double-disc set, documents two performances of an improvisational piece for electronic organ with tape delay. Both albums are available by mail ($12 for the Young, $14 for the Riley) from Dia Art Foundation, 141 Wooster Street, New York, N.Y. 10012.

Glass's *Music in Similar Motion and Music in Fifths* and *Music with Changing Parts* (Chatham Square) are available by mail, at five dollars and nine dollars, respectively, from New Music Distribution Service, 6 West 95th Street, New York, N.Y. 10027. Add fifty cents postage for the first record in an order and ten cents for each additional record.—*Robert Palmer*

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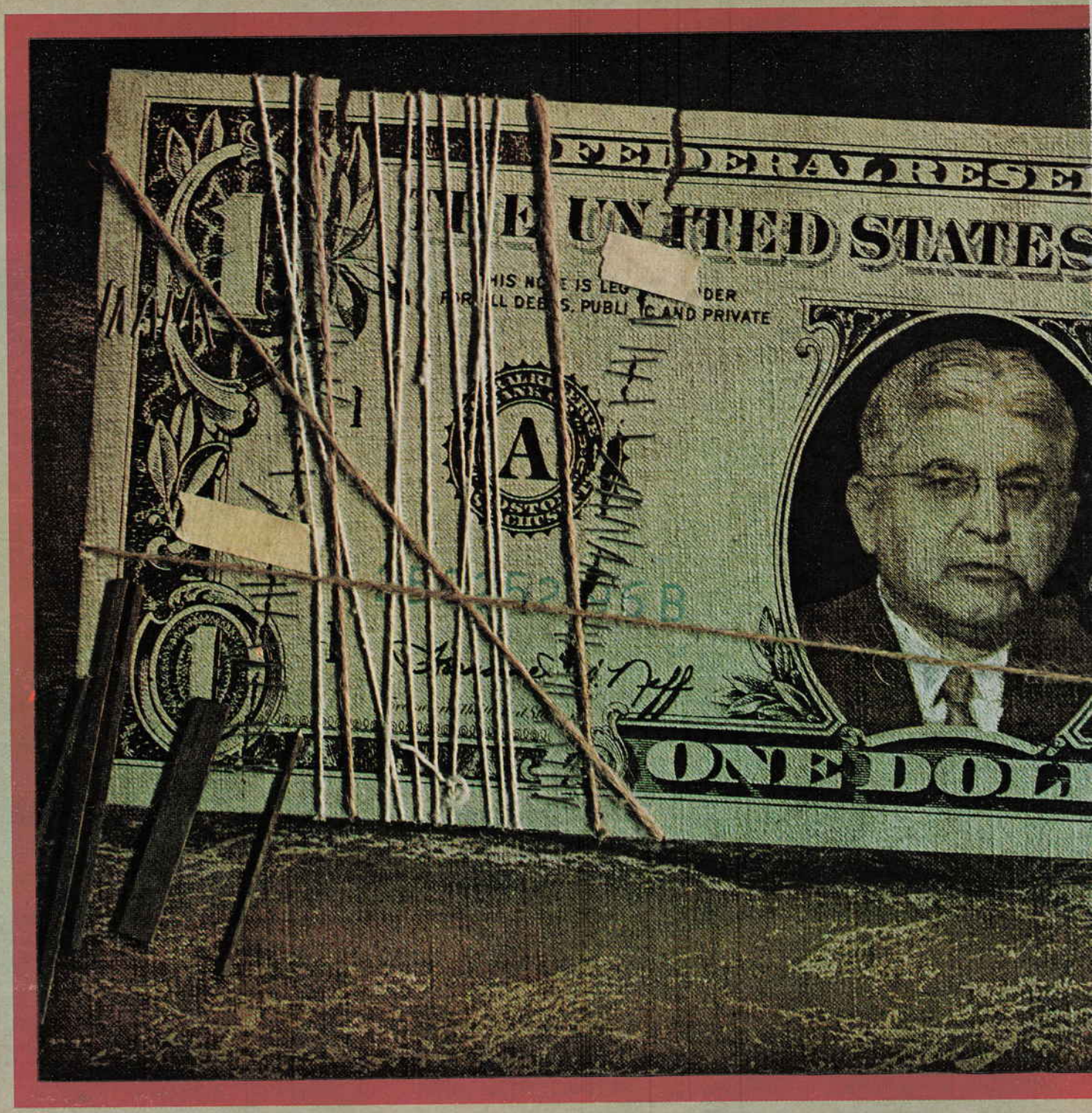
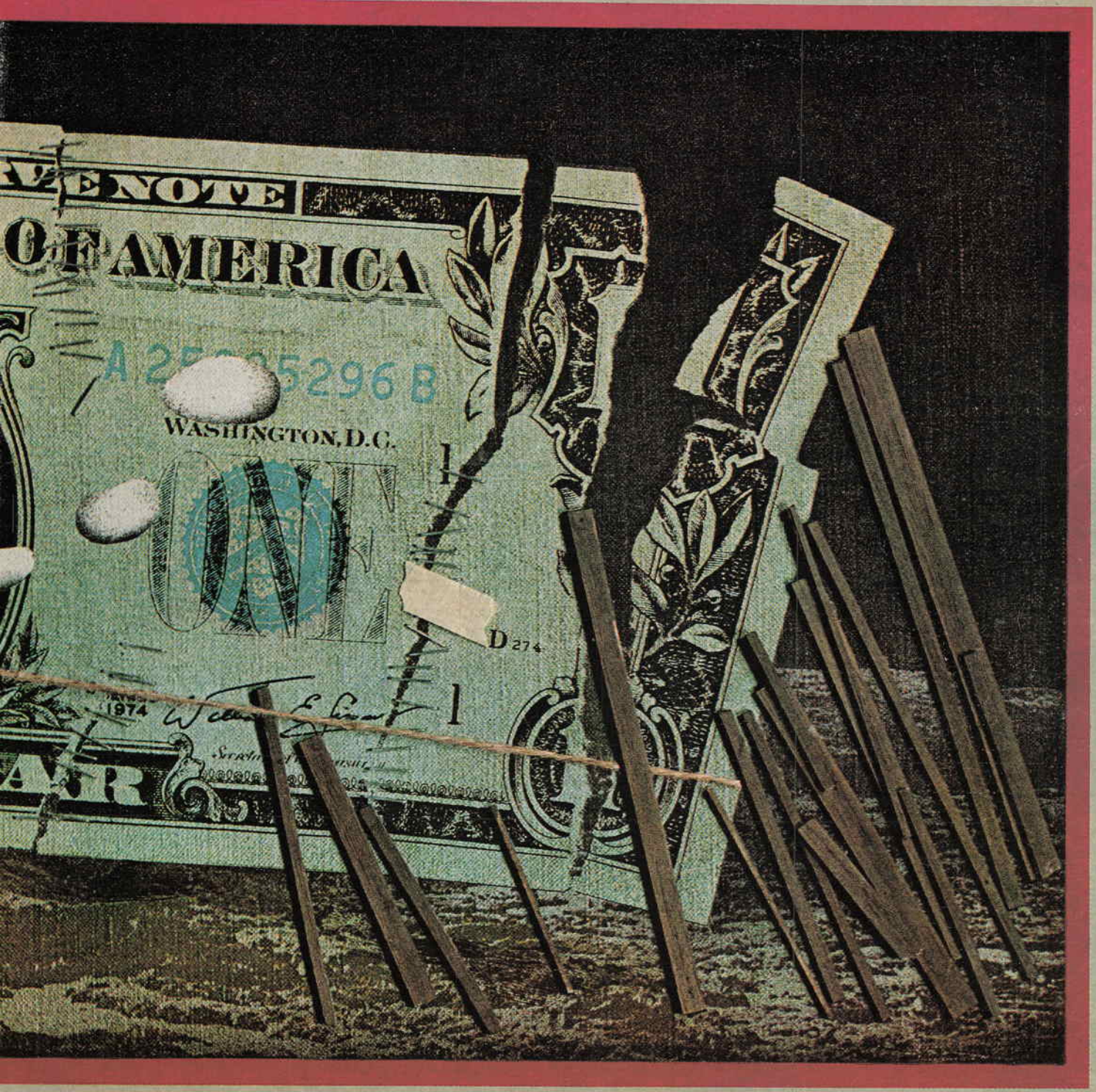


The inside story of the Federal Reserve Bank— the most powerful secret government agency— which defies both the President and Congress with impunity.

DON'T BANK ON IT

BY LEE BERTON



Carl Mintz, Jr., a thirty-three-year-old statistician in Washington, D.C., has worked for both the Defense Intelligence Agency and the Federal Reserve System. "They're both equally secretive, but there's no question which of the two is the more powerful," says Mintz as he slowly scans computer reports on bank-loan data. "It's the Fed, far and away."

With the nation's intelligence agencies monopolizing the headlines during recent months, it's surprising that anyone should fret about the Fed. It is, after all, simply the central bank of the United States, and hardly a stodgier and more colorless institution could be imagined.

But the Fed is no wallflower, content to keep its own counsel in the corridors of official Washington. Instead, it is probably the most powerful agency in our government, and it has enough clout to defy both our country's legislature and the president. It is fearful to behold the consistency with which the public's money and savings are mangled by the Fed, which can print as many greenbacks as it wants "in the basement of the Treasury."

House Banking Committee Chairman Henry Reuss calls the Fed "a citadel of secrecy" and says that it is the nearest thing to a closed government autocracy. Senate Budget Committee Chairman Edmund Muskie charges that it has been working at cross-purposes with Congress by sabotaging national economic objectives. Actually, the Fed has been botching its two main jobs—cushioning the nation against the excesses of inflation and recession, and controlling the banking system so that it doesn't become the victim of these excesses. The one-two punch of runaway prices and high unemployment has John Q.

Illustration by Fred Otnes

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Citizen on his knees. And the banking system itself has come very close to taking the count of ten.

A growing body of critics among economists, businessmen, legislators, and even former Fed governors seriously wonders whether the Fed—because it basically answers to no one—could not help pushing us, when business begins to fall off again, into another big depression, maintaining all the way to the crash that it is "fine-tuning" the business cycles.

After a series of declines in the late 1800s and the early 1900s, Congress created the Fed to bring some order to the nation's banking system. The Fed, through its twelve regional central banks, is supposed to exercise control over the growth of the nation's money supply and over the direction in which interest rates go. It does so by a series of regulations and "secret" securities' market activities (described later), the effects of which are debated even among Fed officials. Arthur Burns—the burly, pipe-smoking, close-to-the-vest chairman of the Fed and the most recent architect of its not-often-understood policies—is known among some Washingtonians as "Third-Degree Burns" for the brush fires he has set in sectors of the economy. But the reign of Burns is only one in a line of Fed fiefdoms that have defied the will of the majority.

Before the Fed came on the scene, the central bank of the United States had a potential for power portentous enough to frighten some of our nation's early leaders. President Thomas Jefferson thus wrote: "It is the greatest duty we owe to the safety of our Constitution to bring this power energy to a perfect subordination under its authorities" before it penetrates "by its branches every part of the Union." Henry Clay described the central bank as a "splendid association of favored individuals invested with exemptions and surrounded by immunities and privileges." And in 1841, President Andrew Jackson, who had no love for central bankers, withdrew federal funding from the institution, causing it to collapse, but it was soon brought back to life.

In more recent history the Fed has gained some of its potential for power. Before Burns, the chairman of the Fed was William McChesney Martin, a man who was credited with upsetting the economic policies of at least two presidents, Lyndon Johnson and Harry Truman, and with helping to cause the recessions in the years of the Eisenhower presidency. Nixon had the cooperation of Burns, who had been his political adviser and was appointed by him to head the Fed—so much cooperation, some critics say, that Burns may have tried to get Nixon elected in 1972 by spurring rapid growth in the money supply to induce "good times." But when the power of the presidency went into limbo after the Watergate scandal, the Fed emerged from Nixon's shadow to reassert its power and privilege over all other branches of government. Since then there has been little stopping it.

Let's first tick off some of the Fed's more recent overt "sins"—to which the Fed itself virtually admits—to show how it can push its weight around and who gets crushed in the aftermath:

From 1972 to early 1974, as credit demands from consumers and industry were escalating, the Fed increased the money supply so rapidly that the embers of inflation flared into a forest fire.

Late in 1974, as the fire was subsiding, the Fed moved to beat out the flames by shutting off the money supply so vigorously that the fire turned into an explosion. The prime rate—the interest paid by top-drawer customers of banks—soared to almost 12 percent. As a result, the housing and real-estate markets collapsed. The banking system, which was loaded with loans in these areas, was hit by dry rot. Consumer confidence was eroded, and the nation was plunged into its worst recession since the big decline of the 1930s.

It's true that we seem to be emerging from the economic doldrums now and that the Fed recently has been trying to stick more to a policy of "stable growth" and generally "accommodative credit" with some tightening of credit developing in midyear. But unemployment still remains high; and if business conditions again be-

come unsettled, the Fed will doubtless repeat the massive mistakes of the past that all of us pay for with rapidly shrinking paychecks and savings.

Alluding to the 1974 recession, Robert Weintraub, a former university economics professor who is now on the staff of the House Banking Committee, said, "There's no question that the Fed is the number-one villain in letting our economy go down the drain. It has traditionally been devoted to controlling interest rates, and this has led it into increasing the money supply too rapidly during the periods of inflation, trying to keep interest rates from rising, and into tightening up the money supply too quickly in periods of recession. . . . Unfortunately, this alternating opening and closing of the spigot first fans the fires of inflation, as in 1972 and 1973, and then causes or exacerbates recessions, as in 1974. What the Fed should have done in both cases was to act less precipitously, allowing interest rates to rise a bit in early 1972 and sticking to moderate money-supply growth late in 1974."

If Weintraub was only blaming the Fed, in hindsight, for overreaction—a "sin" we've all committed during hard and easy times—the case against it would hardly be worth mentioning. But Weintraub, in concert with a number of economic experts who have made the Fed a life study, accuses it of much more: "The Fed is steeped in a tradition which makes it overly attentive to the short-run money-market movements rather than to longer-run economic trends. . . . Being so attentive is not always in the interest of the public. And nothing in the Fed itself, or in its relationships with the president and Congress, provides any penalties for mistakes or any corrective feedback." Weintraub ought to know. As staff economist for the House Committee on Banking and Currency, in 1973 and 1974, he interviewed the twelve Reserve Bank presidents and five of the seven members of the Fed's Board of Governors in an effort to determine the Fed's role in feeding inflation.

The interviews amounted mostly to word plays in semantics, in which the governors used such esoteric terms as "demand-pull inflation" and "GNP deflators" to defend the Fed's policies. But it is interesting that one governor did agree with Weintraub that the Fed was doing a lousy job overall and that a few others did admit occasional "failures in judgment." The one Fed critic within the system to offer little defense was Andrew Brimmer, the only black ever to sit on the Board of Governors (he quit in August 1974). "In my view, many policy actions [of the Fed] taken during much of 1972 were improper, and rather than fighting inflation they were adding to it," Brimmer told Weintraub. A Harvard professor now, Brimmer continues to hurl brickbats at the Fed. But the public pays little attention, because the issues he discusses are so complex—they relate to fiscal, monetary, and income policies—that they boggle the mind.

Indeed, the Fed and the way it operates are so complicated that the many congressmen who occasionally attack it often throw up their hands and give up. There is no evidence that officials of the Fed sit around and conspire to victimize the public. They do not receive under-the-table payoffs. People whom they benefit do not open hidden bank accounts for them, nor are they rewarded with plush weekends in Acapulco. Indeed, their gain is essentially in power—enormous power—which is unresponsive to almost all the normal checks and balances that are supposedly built into the American governmental process.

Somehow, because no out-and-out fraud or malfeasance of office is evident, the Fed has managed to escape the wrath of the press and the alerting of the public to its mistakes, as happened in the case of the CIA or the FBI. Nevertheless, Burns rarely holds formal press conferences, and when he does, he generally ducks any questions on domestic policies relating to credit and interest rates or on the efficiency with which he and his agency are doing the job.

In fact, Burns, a seventy-two-year-old, Austrian-born economist who parts his shock of white hair in the middle and confesses to friends that he is old-fashioned, is, like Henry Kissinger, considered quite

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a raconteur in Washington circles. He is an excellent dancer (he likes to fox-trot) despite fallen arches and is much in demand at parties. Although his nasal twang makes him sound like W. C. Fields, he has been known to charm the most ardent of his critics at private breakfasts at the Fed headquarters, a rather forbidding marble mausoleum not far from Foggy Bottom in Washington. And he is a wizard at expounding economic statistics and arcane business-cycle theories that would—and do—dizzy most legislators.

But in recent years a few of the Fed's most active critics in Congress have been able to chip away enough of its white facade to show that beneath the seeming insouciance of its staff and its chairman to criticism lies a much more devastating lack of concern for the public. The most outspoken for the longest time had been the late Wright Patman, the Democratic congressman from Texas, who died at the age of eighty-two earlier this year. Last year Patman yielded his chairmanship of the House Banking Committee to Reuss.

Patman's feud with the Fed began in 1936, when Congress passed a bonus bill for veterans only to have the Fed suddenly cut back the money supply sharply. This action counteracted the beneficial effect on the economy that had been expected from the bonus payments. It also convinced Patman that the Fed was linked to the interests of the banks, which had opposed the bonus payments, rather than to the interests of the public.

It took Patman thirty years to get to read the minutes of the Fed's powerful Open Market Committee, which buys and sells government and other securities, and therefore controls our money supply. (When the Fed sells securities, it soaks up money, thus dampening the supply, and vice versa.)

This year, under pressure from an adverse ruling in a Freedom of Information lawsuit, Burns began releasing summaries of the Open Market Committee meetings thirty days after they occurred. The Fed had been publishing fuller accounts of the meetings with a *five-year* lag, but Burns discontinued that practice, noting that these minutes had not been "consulted with any frequency" by newsmen and had "not proved very useful." No wonder. As Jake Lewis, who is a professional staff member of the House Banking and Currency Committee and a long-time Patman aide, noted, "Whatever we get is so sanitized and meaningless . . . that we cannot relate it to issues that affect the public."

Despite the fact that the Fed seems to be getting the credit for an improved economy this year, assuaging some of its critics, Lewis and many other Fed observers remain convinced that enormous reforms in the Fed's structure are needed. No matter which way the economy goes, Lewis maintains, the Fed with its power left intact will remain an intensely arrogant government agency, one that is mired in secrecy, often inept, responsible to no one, not above altering history, and dedicated to helping powerful, entrenched interests rather than the public.

Lewis's former boss, Patman, unfortunately, seems to have been unique. Although other congressmen sometimes openly criticize the Fed, they generally shy away from direct confrontation with Burns. "Before Burns appears on the Hill, they tell me they're going to tear him apart, but Arthur comes up there, lights up one of his seventy-five pipes, talks about things they don't understand, and their opposition crumbles," observes Lewis, a veteran observer of Washington's foibles.

Nonetheless, a few legislators continue to take potshots at Burns. Sen. Birch Bayh, the Indiana Democrat, calls him "the fearless champion of the overdog." When New York City was on the verge of default, Burns said that he would protect the liquidity of the banks, but he expressed little concern for the people who held New York City and New York State securities or for the ranks of the unemployed that were swelled by city cutbacks.

Burns, for his part, in testimony before Congress, has expressed the opinion that the Fed is trying to do the best job it can and that the Fed was designed to protect the banking system (which it would do). Moreover, he questions whether any other government agency or entity (including the president and Congress) is doing a better job. Congressmen have replied that they are continuously frustrated in trying to get Burns to relate the Fed's goals for monetary growth to the real world. One of them fumes: "He'll talk about the growth of M1, checking accounts plus currency, and M2, which is M1 plus time deposits, until you turn blue in the face, but try to get him to tell you how many jobs this means for people without work." Congressmen also note that Burns is vigorously opposed to releasing from the Fed data to help the average consumer in credit matters.

Statistician Mintz, in fact, was forced to leave the Fed last year because he released to Consumers Union comparative credit data that the Fed receives from banks. Consumers Union published the data in its *Consumer Reports* under the title, "How to Shop for Credit: Loans and Credit Cards." The data, published in March 1975, actually weren't of much help to most families because they were extremely late; they had been reported to the Fed the previous November.

Mintz leaked the data because he had heard that Consumers Union won the right to obtain the information in a U.S. District Court. Because the U.S. Court of Appeals had sent the case back to the lower court, urging the judge to obtain more specifics to support his ruling, the case was dragging on and Mintz became fed up. "I felt the people had the right to know where to get the best loan; so I worked up my own

"Sure I'm sterile. Too much TV radiation as a kid."

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computer program and got the data myself," he says. The list, which appeared in a consumer magazine that had a circulation of 2 million people, showed variations of as much as five percentage points in the interest rates that different banks charged for auto, personal, and consumer loans.

Since then the courts have required the Fed, under the Freedom of Information Act, to release the data to people who ask for the information. But it wasn't until February of this year that a House subcommittee began making the comparative information available to the press. Ironically, the man gathering the data for the subcommittee is none other than Mintz.

Actually, Burns's initial reaction to the leak shed as much light on his fetish for secrecy in everything the Fed handles as it did on the Fed's long-term policy to keep the dirty linen of the banks out of the public eye. It was only in recent months that enterprising newspapers were able to obtain the Fed's list of "problem" banks plagued by sick foreign loans, deteriorating business loans, and impending bankruptcy. In each of the past three years, a major bank has failed, and neither the Fed nor any other government banking regulatory agency issued any "early warnings."

As Mintz tells it, when the Fed learned through a contact at Consumers Union that the leaked data were to be published, Burns hit the roof. He called the CU editors and warned them not to publish the information. He said that it would imperil the Fed's receipt of more credit information from the banks—although under the law the Fed may always require banks to divulge interest statistics on loans made for autos, for consumer goods, and for personal reasons.

When the magazine was published with the data, Burns called in the FBI and a full-scale investigation was launched. As the FBI agents grew closer to Mintz's trail, he called in a lawyer and resigned, avoiding prosecution in return for a "confession." A *Washington Post* reporter, Ronald Kessler, heard of the FBI probe and wrote a front-page article about it. As Jim Pierce, who was associate director of research at the Fed from 1966 until mid-1975, explains, "the fit really hit the shan." Two congressional subcommittees announced that they would look into the Fed's response to the leak of statistics. One, of course, was chaired by Patman; the other, the Government Operations Subcommittee, by Congressman Benjamin Rosenthal, a New York Democrat and a long-time champion of consumer's rights.

Burns, who took something of a verbal drubbing during the hearings, was extremely self-righteous in explaining why he had called in the FBI. "I was brought up to respect the Ten Commandments, and the Eighth Commandment is, 'Thou shalt not steal,'" he told Rosenthal. "If I have a dishonest employee in my shop, I want to track him down." Even *Business Week* magazine, which has treated Burns relatively kindly, began to question whether there was "dissension" at the Fed and a possible staff revolt. Burns, the magazine stated, "is a private man, and it is difficult to know what he thinks. But he is as long on ego as he is on professional credentials. He is also a loner and a man who has always gotten a big kick out of criticizing major opinion in the economic profession."

Congressman Rosenthal, who has a brusque, straight-to-the-chin style, insists that he was not awed by the Fed's chairman, and it is known that he privately told his staff he was out to get Burns. But Burns took the bull by the horns and invited Rosenthal to have breakfast at the Fed. As Peter Barish, staff director of Rosenthal's subcommittee, relates it, "Coming into the Fed in the morning reminds you of a real spooky spy-type operation. The man who met Rosenthal was holding a walkie-talkie, saying, 'This is Red Number One calling Blue Number Two.' The conversations between Burns and Rosenthal were very strange."

Rosenthal today would rather not get into too many details. "During the hearing we had strong differences of opinion," he recalls. "So Burns invited me over to show that he wasn't such an ogre person-to-person. He's kind of a friendly guy intrinsically, conservative and in a sense old-fashioned. But he's actually a nice, amiable gentleman, and he knows everyone personally."

Pierce explains the surfeit of security at the Fed during Burns's reign as a reaction to outside threats. "When Burns came to the Fed in 1970, replacing Martin, the Fed had been known for years to have almost no security. Most of the guards were doddering retirees. But Burns's life was threatened many times by nuts who ranted against the Jewish banking conspiracy [Burns is a Jew]. We had many bomb scares, and we kept having to escalate the security. I think Burns personally hates it, but I know that a bodyguard accompanies him home to the Watergate apartments, where he lives with his wife."

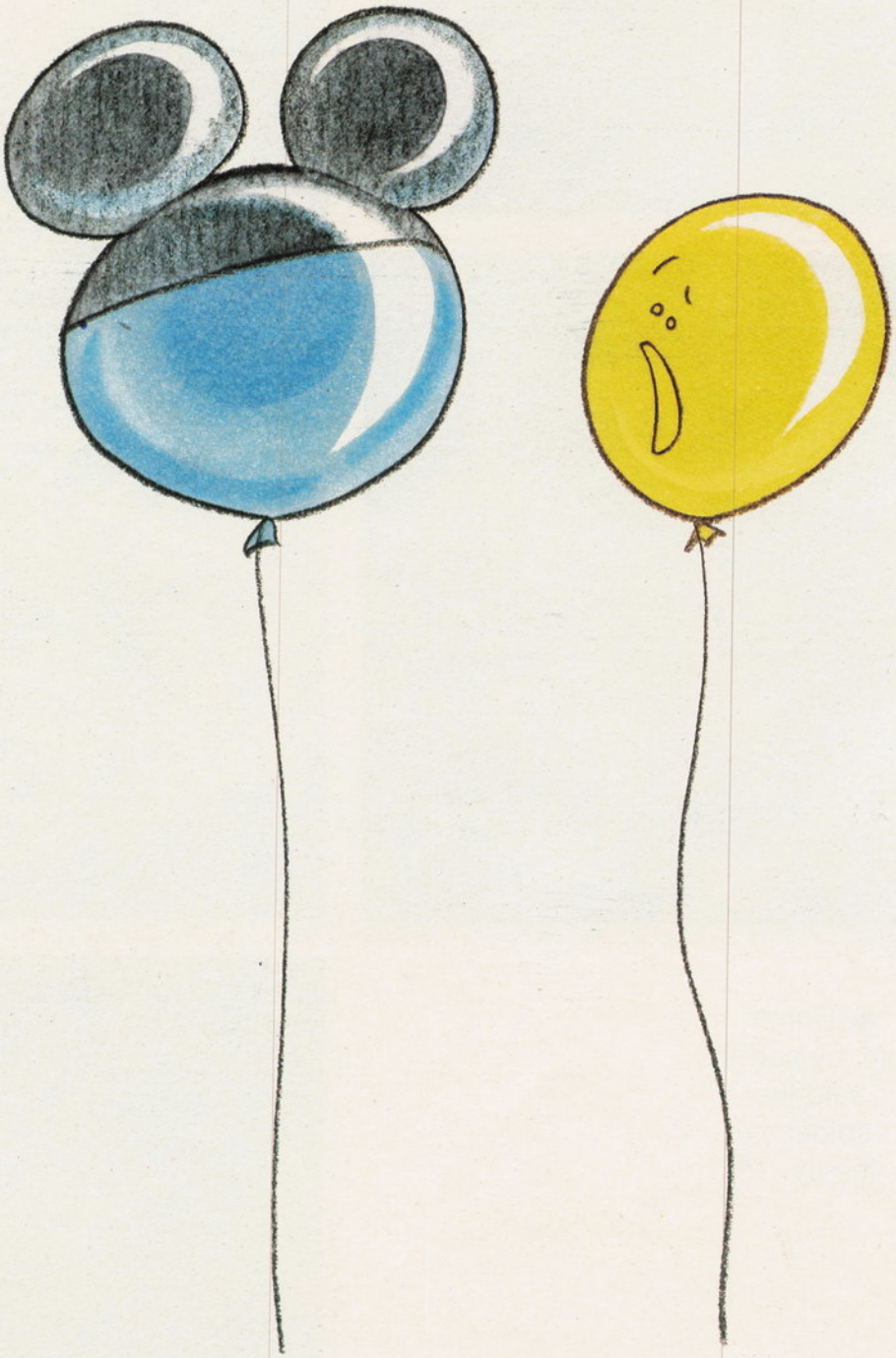
Has Burns ever actually been attacked? "Not to my knowledge," says Pierce. "But it's only been since he came on the scene that people have to sign into the building. Given the many threats, Burns would hate to have the building blown up and Congress come there and ask whether there was any security."

Actually, whatever Burns does, he tends to do it with intensity. Bill Safire, the house conservative columnist at the *New York Times*, who worked as a speech writer for Nixon and is a close friend of Burns (the Fed chairman attended a seder on Passover at Safire's home), tells of one very revealing incident when Burns was a student at Columbia University. In his book *Before the Fall*, Safire relates that Burns found the physical-education course at school very difficult. "But to graduate, he had to climb a rope and vault a bar," writes Safire. "The young Burns spent hours every day for two months jumping over that bar until he seriously injured his arches,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Mister Farswot, as your analyst, I strongly advise that you join a little more adult club."

'Come
into my parlor,'
said the
spider to
the fly...'

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

My, my, my, spider's snared a fly...who jumped right ahead in the web. We always suspected there was more to insect sexuality than preying and stinging. As revealed by the probing lens of microphotography, this bit of business looks particularly intriguing. One might observe that the victim fly is not all that unhappy about being trapped. In fact, as she wheels against the web, she seems to be enjoying her sticky predicament. Nor is the spider disappointed that she has nailed a very female fly.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

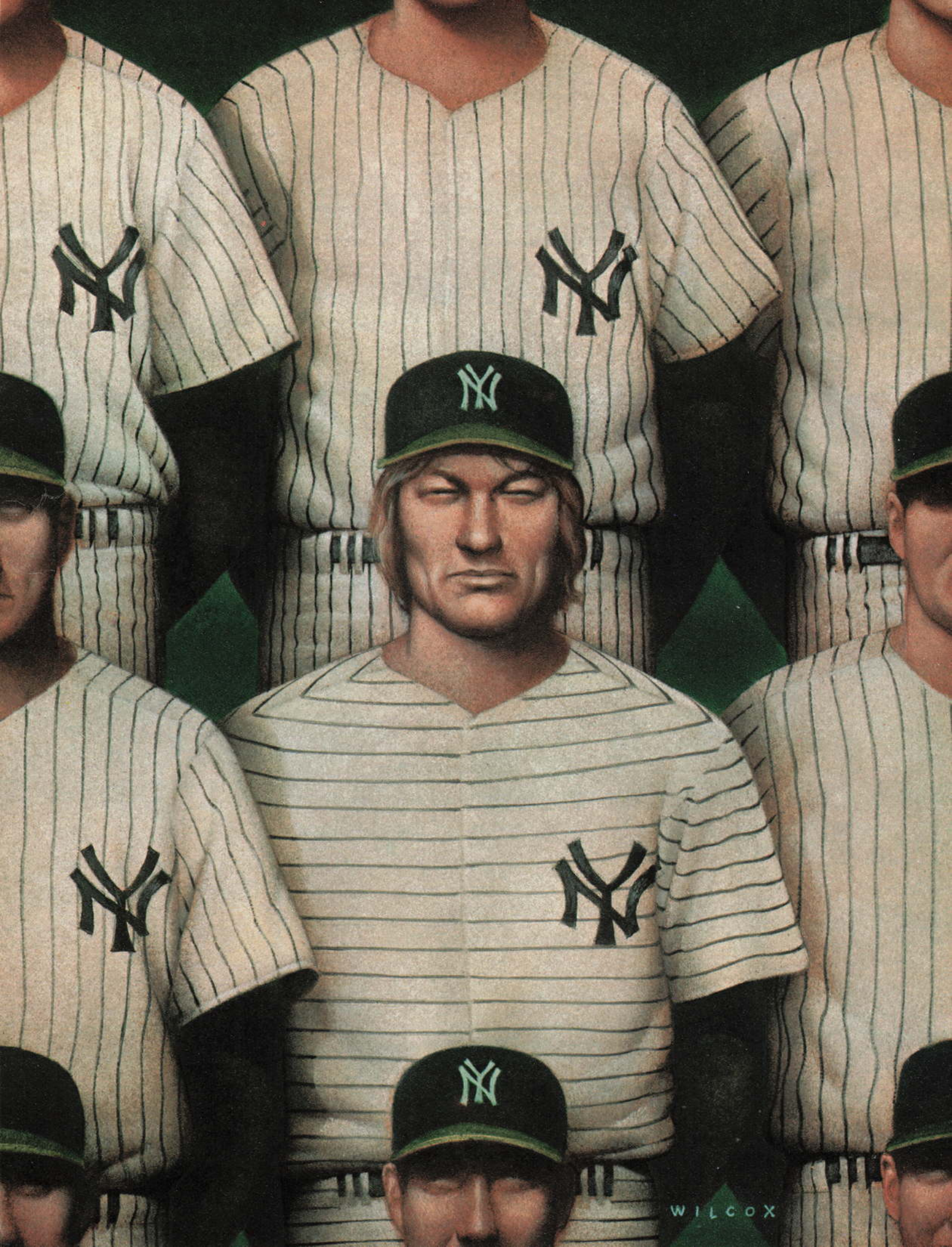
Set Design and Wardrobe by Walter Prosper, Los Angeles

Obviously, the spider has spun this plan out well before. She's woven the webbing especially for her visitor. Our spider is a lady of many moods, while our fly is a bold adventuress. Together they just buzz with excitement. The spider's full of playful twistings within the bed. First she dances

Hairstyles by Peter Vargo, Los Angeles; Jewelry by The Unusual Jeweler, Sherman Oaks, Calif.

enticingly beneath the fly's gossamer wings. Then the spider throws new-spun webbing across the fly's back, plucking her wings in the process. Only after the fly has been bedded down does the spider do the slow, carnal dance of the victorious lover.

But do not pity our friend, the fly. Nay, not for a moment. She gets to be wooed, to be loved, to be worshiped as a glittering, though ephemeral, object. And then comes that moist, climactic moment when there is nothing left but sweet surrender, when her body can move only in response to the devouring desire of her captor. It is a defeat worth savoring, a killing passion that bridges the gap between rival species.


WILCOX

JIM BOUTON, MAVERICK

Can this baby-faced *bête noire* of the Baseball Establishment find happiness as the star of TV's newest sitcom?

"There's this guy near Harriman State Park in upstate New York who owns his own mountain, and that's just not fair," Jim Bouton said. "Well, maybe it's not a whole mountain," he conceded to his wife's skepticism. "But it's a hell of a big hill—too big for one person to own. The house on top looks like Rapunzel's castle, with a fucking tower and mean guard dogs all over the place . . ."

Could this be the weird opening scene for a Columbo, perhaps, or a Cannon episode? If a few points were stretched, it might be the introduction to "Ball Four," a new CBS situation comedy starring Jim Bouton and based on *Ball Four*, the 1970 best-seller by pitcher Jim Bouton, which suggested that big-league baseball players, those neat guys on the bubble-gum cards, drink and screw around and even pop a green pill or two, now and then. And all of this to be dramatized during the family hour, too.

All of that super-security around Rapunzel's hill rankles the free spirit of Jim Bouton. But what really turns him on to activism is those goddamn signs. "Like how exclusive can you get? 'Keep out,' 'No trespassing,'" Bouton singsonged. "How redundant can you get? 'Private property,' 'A $500 fine.' Nyah, nyah: you can't play in my yard!"

"As soon as he sees a sign that says keep out," explained Bouton's wife, Bobbie, "he's got to drive in. A manic compulsion, isn't it?"

"The kids love it," Bouton said, "but Bobbie's chicken."

"I just say there are other places to go," Bobbie said, continuing to balance the family checkbook.

"I believe in private property," said Bouton, who was denounced as a Bolshevik by baseball hard-helmets even when he was still a card-carrying Yankee. "But I tend to agree with the Indian concept that we're all renters, all squatters.

"I'd like to go up there [to Rapunzel's fief] on a Friday in the summer, the peak of tourist time. . ."

"Wait till you hear this," Bobbie said.

". . . and take down all those 'no' signs. Then put up signs right at the entrance: 'Welcome . . . Garage Sale . . . free corn on the cob, free sourdough bread, cider,' any goddamn thing. Then come around the next day to watch what happens."

To dismiss this game plan as frivolous fantasy is not to know Jim Bouton, who is being solemnly sued by Alex Webster, coach of the New York Giants football team for $1.5 million. As sportscaster on ABC's eleven-o'clock news in 1972, Bouton ran a taped interview of Webster explaining his team's remarkable lack of success. An engineer had inadvertently played it backward for Bouton, who intentionally used it that way.

The Giants protested before they fired Webster—and they insisted after—that their coach had been subjected to public ridicule. ABC's corporate lawyers may prove as humorless about the matter as did the Giants' management. Alas, Bouton's course should have been to play the tape *forward* and let the defense rest.

It wasn't that kind of boat-rocking that got Bouton "discontinued" from New York's Channel 7; it was another kind. He did not expend enough of his news time blurbing such ABC's sports "specials" as the climacterical derrings-do of Bobby Riggs. This insubordination reportedly incurred the displeasure of Roone Arledge, who was later to be principally responsible for *Howard Cosell Live* for a few Saturday nights.

But where did Bouton first go wrong, this clear-eyed, right-handed child of twenty who came to pitch for the excruciatingly organized Yankee organization in 1959, "ready to love the baseball establishment"? The quote is from the fourth page of *Ball Four*, the diurnal journal of a 1969 season in which Bouton's fast ball and his first career were behind him. The book, which "revealed" among other things that some baseball players chase broads and vice versa (and that they frequently catch each other), was co-written (not ghosted, not just edited) by the late Leonard Shecter, the most—if not the first—irreverent baseball writer in New York.

The book had diversified impacts. On the one hand, it made Bouton and Shecter about $150,000, which they split (despite the publisher's "ripoff" they detailed in the sequel). On the other, it got Bouton summoned before Commissioner Bowie Kuhn for a sort of captain's mast that ended in a warning "against future writings of this character." In ball players' patois the book was pronounced "horseshit" (bad) by many players and "bullshit" (false) by none—and actually *read* by very few.

Finally, if there can be any finality about it, *Ball Four* has resulted in "Ball Four," a half-hour sitcom that can be viewed on CBS at 8:30 on Wednesday nights, beginning September 22. The situation is the clubhouse of the Washington Americans, a not-so-mythical baseball team that has a veteran right-handed pitcher named Jim Barton. The Americans have a large, slowly perceiving catcher nicknamed Rhino ("don't be scared," a teammate warns, "he can smell it"), played by Ben Davidson, who

BY JACK MANN

used to assault Joe Namath and others for the Oakland Raiders. Its cast is baseballically authentic, with a crabby coach and a pragmatic manager, who says some things that sound markedly Stengelian: "It ain't the things you do at night that hurt you; it's stayin' up all night doin' 'em."

The dramatis personae is also ethnically and socially balanced. Under Manager Cappagrosso there are Travis, black; Plunkett, red-neck; and Lopez, Hispanic. The clubhouse, if the segment gets past the worriers at CBS, will be shaken up by a connubial visitation from Lopez's wife, the logical implementation of their planned-parenthood program.

The comedy basically consists of one-line ripostes. Somebody, for example, will have to build a script around male chauvinist pig Plunkett's retort to a woman: "You realize if you broads were guys we wouldn't even talk to you?" It was a real-life curtain line by a newsman on the brink of divorce, and it broke Bouton up when he heard it.

Where, the question was, did a nice kid like Bouton go wrong—get anti-organization notions and begin the progressive deterioration toward social leprosy? Maybe it was in the spring of 1965. The year before he had led the Yankees with eighteen victories, making a two-year total of thirty-nine, and won two games in the World Series. Having worked for $18,500—Catfish Hunter's tip money—as a twenty-one-game winner, Bouton haggled for weeks, agent-less, to get $30,000. Paternalistic general manager Ralph Houk said okay, as long as Bouton didn't tell anybody. Bouton told everybody.

"He believes in full disclosure," his résumé says and discloses that he is an inept businessman: "He has averaged $16,000 as a baseball player and $33,000 as a sportscaster," and there went half his life.

When Bouton blabbed his salary to the press, the Yankee brass knew that they had a bad apple—what Casey Stengel called "a Bolshevik on the club." They knew by then that Bouton also leaked other things, such as his opinions, to the press. And they were aware that he talked to that Goddamned Shecter, that Lenny the Ripper. "A rip," it has been written, and quoted frequently by Bouton, "is any fact about [a professional athlete] that his clergyman would not include in a funeral eulogy to his family and friends." Shecter, who was then with the *New York Post*, was notorious for exposing such newsworthy items as Tony Kubek's regularly accepting money for Webster cigar ads even though Kubek, in fact, did not smoke. Baptist Bobby Richardson, the team's resident religionist and now a candidate for Congress as a South Carolina Republican a notch to the right of Strom Thurmond, excommunicated himself from Shecter for this revelation. That it was true, Richardson insisted, was irrelevant; it was a rip. He wouldn't say "horseshit," but that's what he meant.

Prior censorship did not go out with The First Yankee Dynasty. At CBS this year, while *Ball Four* was being made funny, the worriers suggested that Bouton be careful about interviews. One magazine writer was shut out by the publicity staff before he ever reached Bouton. Anything like a profile in one of those skin magazines, Bouton was told, would scarcely help the Family Hour image.

"I decided fuck 'em," was the conclusion Bouton reached. "It reminded me of the stuff the Yankees gave me: 'Especially don't talk to that Shecter.'

"Where the hell would I be now if I'd never talked to Lenny Shecter?

"Whatever *Ball Four* was, it was a reporting job, and I learned reporting from Lenny and other guys who cared about the truth. Lenny knew the truth was more interesting than anything you could make up.

"But I learned a lot more from Len Shecter. I learned about courage and how to be a man."

Jim Bouton walked out at about the midpoint of *The Towering Inferno*. "David," he asked his eleven-year-old son, "would you like to go for a walk?" That suggestion was partly device. "My stomach was churning," Bouton explained, "from that unremitting agony, people suffering and dying. It's hard for me to be dispassionate."

> "Whenever Jim sees a sign that says keep out," Bouton's wife says, "he's got to drive in. A manic compulsion, isn't it?"

Bouton saw *Bang the Drum Slowly* twice and cried twice, beginning at the line about the catcher with terminal cancer: "I guess people would always be nice to everybody if they knew they were dying."

Leonard Shecter, his friends did not find out until much too late in his forty-seven-year life, had been dying for a long time—of an inexorable kind of leukemia.

As an irreverent Yankee and as he reported in the pages of *Ball Four*, Bouton (and, concomitantly, Shecter) rendered unto Mickey that which was Mantle's—the long-suffering, low-humor Mantle who, limping in from center field one night in 1964, between bandaged Tom Tresh from the left and bandaged Roger Maris from the right, said: "All we need is a little boy with a fuckin' drum."

"We admired Mickey so much," Bouton said, "because he was hurting and he never said anything about it. But Lenny was dying, and he never said anything about it."

"Yah, schmuck," Shecter would have said as number fifty-six warmed up for the Clifton Tigers on a darkling plain in Moonachie, N.J., on June 2, 1976. The absurdity of a relief pitcher striding to the mound in a sandlot game in a place called Red Neck Field in full telegenic makeup would have delighted Shecter. He would have understood why Jim Bouton, in his thirty-eighth summer, had to be pitching in the Metropolitan League ("New Jersey's TOP Amateur Baseball League") or elsewhere.

Bouton's excuses to miss that game might have confounded Ralph Houk. By 5:00 P.M. he had to rip himself away from conferences with scriptwriters at the CBS studio on West Fifty-seventh Street ("no, *I* am not going to the baseball game," producer Don Segall said, "because I do not think I am still twelve years old!") and—so that he could participate in the taping of "To Tell the Truth"—be taken to NBC, by a cab driver who thought that he had said ABC.

Bouton was to introduce The Real Pete Sheehy, clubhouse man for the Yankees since Babe Ruth. First Bouton had to shampoo his Prince Valiant–length hair ("I used to laugh at Pepitone with his hair dryer"). Then he had to persuade emcee Garry Moore—which he did easily—to ditch the prepared script and let him say what mattered about Sheehy: "Rookies and stars, he treated us all alike."

"Yah, schmuck," Bouton muttered from the wings as F. Lee Bailey, guest panelist, asked one of the purported Sheehys a piercing question. "That's why you're no good in court: you fuck around with this kind of stuff too much."

"Big Pete" identified, Bouton taxied to where his station wagon was garaged and then tailgated over the bridge to his Bergen County home. By then it was almost 7:00 o'clock, and his team was at least an inning into combat with the Moonachie Braves, a half hour away "even the way he drives," wife Bobbie said.

Bobbie was sorry, but she needed the station wagon so that she could go to a ballet meeting. On the wild ride to Moonachie, Michael Bouton, twelve, would explain how, after two years as Fritz in the *Nutcracker*, he was going to become the Prince: "Forevermore, I guess, until I get old enough so that I can lift girls over my head, and then I can be a cavalier and lift up Snowflake."

"They say, 'If you're Jim Bouton's kid, you must be a ball player,' " Jim said later. "Mike says, 'No, I take ballet.' He takes some ribbing about it, but not too much. He's got a lot of guts. Ballet has given him self-confidence and poise. He's had enough baseball so that he can play it when he feels like it. He can handle his body. That's good enough."

At the CBS studio the next day, Bouton went over script outlines with producer Segall and the co-creator of *"Ball Four,"* *Newsday* television critic Marvin Kitman

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(Vic Ziegel, former *New York Post* baseball reporter, is the other). Most of the outlines were pretty bad, and time was getting short. One had a fairly funny bit about Jim Barton, the pitcher, taking notes as if he were writing a book and his teammates getting uptight about his doing so. A slope-brow confiscates the notes, which say: "bunch carrots, loaf bread, half-a-dozen eggs." Such bait was offered by Jim Bouton, the pitcher, on page 312 of *Ball Four*, the book. "Funny coincidence," Bouton said.

In the outer office Helene Taub, the secretary-factotum, was caught between other creative forces. The Clifton Tigers having won without Bouton's relief-pitching the night before, he was scheduled to start against Ridgefield that evening. Someone from Publicity said that this department wanted to get some action shots of Bouton in his Washington Americans uniform. But another person from Wardrobe observed that it was the only uniform of its kind in existence and wondered what would happen if Bouton had to slide and ripped it all up. "Let him have the uniform," said producer Segall, in the tone of a man who had weightier things to think about.

For some reason known only to people who light television stage sets, the lone uniform on *Ball Four* had been rendered dingy, as if it had just returned from a long road trip in the Carolina League, where Jim Bouton rode the buses and became a winner when he was one-and-twenty.

"It looks like the Seattle Pilots," said Michael, referring to the penultimate nadir of his father's career. "That's one reason why that team couldn't play."

"Really," Michael said after his father had gone down the left-field line to begin warming up, "he couldn't pitch any more by then." Really, he couldn't. CBS Wardrobe's cap began to fall off as Bouton began to throw harder. Standing nearby, you could hear the grunt. It was a sound that was familiar to anyone who ever heard Jim Bouton trying to wrench heavyweight power out of a middleweight body, whether the cap falling off was the Yankees', Seattle's, the Houston Astros', the Oklahoma City Eighty-Niners', or—in the last few years—the Ridgewood Barons', the Teaneck Blues', the Englewood Rangers'.

This time it was the Clifton Tigers' cap worn by a Bouton weighing only 160 pounds, now that he didn't have to steak-and-milk-shake himself up to 180 and equivocate about five more, to make himself credible to the big-league flesh merchants. It is the beautiful, minimal body of a strong swimmer, which among many things Jim Bouton is. But it does not "bring" the humming fast ball nor any longer presume to, as it did in those two glorious years with the Yankees.

The last Baseball Register that carried Bouton's name still appended the nickname "Bulldog." Nobody ever used it, but nobody ever took it away from him. And now, this evening, in a park in Bergen County, he was a Clifton Tiger.

"But Christ," Bouton asked, "isn't this *baseball*? Isn't this fun? Why the hell do people keep asking me *why* I play? It's summer, we're playing baseball, and what other reason do you need?

"This is competitive enough for me," said Bouton. "I can't mow these kids down." This was the Jim Bouton who gave it to himself straight in the McCurdy Hotel, "in Evansville goddamn Indiana," in August 1970, a couple of days after he had his ass kicked for six runs in the first inning by such worthies as Ron Theobald and Jay Ward of the Indianapolis Indians. This was Jim Bouton, thirty-one, recognizing intellectually what his six-year-old son might already have figured out: that he really couldn't pitch any more, that the knuckle ball was an artificial device to keep his career going five years after it had ended, and that it was time to pull the plug on the heroic equipment and let the beautiful, tired dream die.

It hadn't been easy, of course, since . . . when? Perhaps his last exhausted inning of 1964, when he pitched the dregs of the Yankee Dynasty as far as they could go in their twenty-ninth and last World Series. Or the next "spring," when he pitched on opening day in Minneapolis, with piles of dirty, frozen snow in the parking lots. Maybe that was where he left the fast ball.

Wherever the fast ball had gone, Bouton instantly recovered it in the sixth inning in Clifton, N.J., as he got his third strikeout with what would prove to be his last silver bullet of the evening. Elated, he joined his family on the wooden benches and drew a Pepsi from the cooler.

Don Hoak, Bouton said, gave the most effective clubhouse speech he had ever heard about. In 1969 Hoak was managing Columbus, Ohio, in the International League, one echelon below the majors, and the team was in a dreary slump. "I want to remind you of something, boys," Hoak told his team, and he held his thumb and index finger about a quarter-inch apart. "You're only about this far away from major-league pussy."

Always a good story, Jim, but what brought it up? "Well, I'm only about two feet away from it right now," Bouton said. "You had better believe it," said Bobbie Bouton, without missing a stitch in the sampler she was sewing. "The winning pitcher," Bouton said, "deserves his reward." And having said that, he went out and threw a home-run ball to the first batter of the seventh inning.

Some of the still-falling fallout from the 1970 book *Ball Four*, it would seem, must have landed in the Bouton ménage. One anecdote seemed to shake up more people than any of the other anecdotes among the 398 pages: Nan Bell, wife of Cleveland pitcher Gary Bell, calls his hotel at 4:30 A.M., roommate Woody Held says that Gary is out playing golf. Perhaps most indignant was Joe Falls, establishmentarian colum-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

"You've spelled the word shit *wrong."*

Oh, the disadvantages of our long cigarette.

Benson & Hedges 100's

Regular and Menthol
in soft and hard pack

17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette—hard pack, by FTC Method;
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av. per cigarette—soft pack, FTC Report, Apr. '76.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

THE MASQUERADE BALL

You are cordially invited to attend a gala costume orgy...

I live down a country lane, at the edge of a lake in the mountains of New England, and every afternoon I jog to the road where the mailboxes are so that I can see who is trying to enrich me, compliment me, annoy me, or sell me something on that particular day. The more mail there is, the happier I am. (One day they're going to drive a semi-trailer down to my house and start off-loading mail bags with a forklift, and I'll be in electrified ecstasy.) So on this one day, as always, I opened my mailbox to the usual multifarious input from the world's stamp-lickers and—one letter.

In the words of the immortal Jackie Susann, once is not enough. So if it's going to be one letter, it had goddamn better well be the right letter. It it's not, get me to a wall so I can start punching.

I reached in, pulled out the lone letter, and tore it open. It wasn't even a letter. It was an invitation. There was some scribbling on the back. I turned it to the front. It read: "Friends of *Masque* Magazine Cordially Invite You to a Gala Orgy. . . ."

Another orgy? I ground my teeth. One letter, and it had to be an invitation to yet another orgy. I'd gotten six orgy invitations in the past week. So it was going to be one of *those* days . . .

But wait! *Masque* magazine—wasn't that the costume-freak magazine I'd seen at my kinky professor-friend Pete's house in Cambridge? The one with the cover showing a guy dressed as Mickey Mouse fucking a girl dressed as Minnie Mouse up the ass? And a centerfold of a group grope in which all twenty-five or so participants—male, female, and none of the above—were made up to look like Jackie Onassis? And fourteen pages of little photos of people in rabbit costumes, with their addresses, phone numbers, and either "passive male" or "dominant female" printed underneath?

With that in mind, I read the invitation over again, a little more carefully:

"Friends of *Masque* Magazine Cordially Invite You To A Gala Orgy in Honor of *Masque's* First Anniversary, for the Benefit of the Massachusetts Venereal Disease Foundation. Central Plaza Hotel, Boston. Tickets $75. Couples $100. Dress: Costume of Your Choice."

At the bottom was scribbled the single word "(over)," and on the other side was a handwritten note from my friend Pete: "I'm on the Prize Committee, and wonder if you'd like to judge this zoo? Could you give us a hand? Please let us know either way. Cheers, Pete."

Well, I didn't see how I could pass on that. What the hell, why not be a sport and judge the ball? Fourteen pages of ready-and-willing rabbits, hmmm . . .

In the anteroom of the Grand Ballroom of the Central Plaza, there was a long table set up. Seated on one side of it, an ancient-Egyptian queen, a chipmunk, and Mr. Peanut were taking tickets and checking names against lists. Pete had told me to ask for him. The chipmunk, in a squeaky voice like a 33⅓ record played at 45, said he'd be right out.

I stood there watching the arrivals, whose outfits fell somewhere between Walpurgisnacht and Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade. One couple presenting their tickets at the table were having words with Mr. Peanut. The woman was more than six feet tall, wearing the highest platform boots with the highest spike heels I'd ever seen. She had a huge mane of teased, lacquered platinum hair and was wearing red-lace panties, a black garter belt, and a lace-up black leather corset that pushed her tits up about even with her chin. She was carrying a cat-o'-nine-tails and holding a leash, at the other end of which was a middle-aged man clad only in boxer shorts, black wing-tip shoes, and lisle knee socks held up by garters. He was on his hands and knees, wearing the kind of harness you might see on a Great Dane—one of those huge, studded dog collars with a grotesque muzzle attached.

"I don't care what you say," said Mr. Peanut, adjusting his monocle. "Bondage is *not* costume. It says very clearly on the invitation, 'Costume.' Please—try to understand. If we let you in, we'd have to let in every rubber freak in the Northeast!"

"What about that pair of scuba divers I saw walk in?" the dominatrix objected. "Isn't *that* rubber? What could be more rubber than a *wet* suit?"

"Neither of those people are the slightest bit into rubber," insisted Mr. P. "They're pure costume people. Their costume role is as skin divers, and skin divers happen to wear rubber. If they were into rubber, we wouldn't let them in, because then wet suits wouldn't be costume. Understand?"

"But neither of us is into bondage!" the lady protested. "We're as straight as straight can be. Aren't I right, Phil?"

She yanked the leash hard, and the guy jumped up.

"Of course, she is!" he barked. "We thought it would be funny to dress up as a bondage couple; that's all. It's not real bondage—it's a *costume*. Who in real bondage would wear bright red panties, for God's sake?"

At that point Smokey the Bear came out of the ballroom. He walked up to me and offered a claw. "You're here," he growled. Damned if it wasn't my friend Pete. "But look at you! Where the hell's your costume? This isn't a formal."

I'd worn a rather snappy tux—black mohair with satin-peaked lapels—and a black grosgrain vest, ruffled white silk shirt, black-velvet batwing bow tie, patent leather court pumps, the works. I thought fast. "I figured I'd come as Paul Anka," I offered stoutly.

"Oh—in that case, you look great!" said my friend Smokey.

Inside the ballroom, the scene looked like Billy Graham's worst nightmare. Every conceivable variety of entity was dancing and fucking with every other conceivable variety of entity. It made the Old French Quarter during Mardi Gras look like nuns at chapel. We started to make our way through the crowd, but it wasn't easy pushing past the dancers, stepping around and over the fuckers. A male Planet-of-the-Apes-type ape and a female Planet-of-the-Apes-type ape were doing the Latin hustle, with his thing inside hers. The White Knight was getting a blow job from a Cher while sucking a second Cher's tit—there must have been at least two dozen Chers

BY CRAIG S. KARPEL

R·GIUSTI

of all sexes in the room. A boy dressed as Janis Joplin was humping a girl dressed as Jimi Hendrix. Popeye the Sailor Man was fucking a six-foot-tall Zippo lighter in the hole where you replace the flint, a scene I couldn't remember having seen before in my various and sundry travels.

"A lot of these people are on heavy fantasy trips," Pete explained. "They come to what we call 'costume balls' dressed like their fantasy, looking for the partner or partners to complete their fantasy.

"Now, take those two—the King and Queen," Pete continued. They've got their costumes piled near that pillar there—see the crowns? Those are people who like to proceed with the fantasy to the point where they behave like they would if they actually were a king and queen. A real king and queen would take their clothes off to ball, right? They like to go through the whole bit of meeting each other in character; then, if they want to fuck, they get naked. But in their heads they're still in character. See, there's a bishop and a nun—the one with the acne on his back, over there. See his mitre on the floor? Right, that one. They don't like to be in costume when they actually ball, understand? But they're still in their role, even with their clothes off. Staying in costume to fuck we call 'going all the way.' When you meet someone, they'll say, 'Do you go all the way?' And you might say yes or no or 'It don't matter to me.' "

We finally made it across the room so that Pete could introduce me as prize-awarding judge to Frankenstein—that is, to Charles Kazan, Editor of *Masque*..

"We're having an incredible evening here," Kazan said. "Some really touching things have happened. For instance, you see those two gorillas over there doing the monkey? It's a guy and a girl who'd been going together for two years. Well, all of a sudden the guy couldn't get it up any more. They decided to take a vacation from each other, and they both started getting into costume and going to parties as gorillas. So tonight—meeting as strangers—they started fucking each other here with their costumes on, neither knowing who was inside the other ape fur. When they climaxed together, they unconsciously called out each other's names. Realizing who they were fucking, these were two overjoyed gorillas. Isn't that sweet?

"Look at that," Frankenstein said, pointing disgustedly to a Roman soldier who was leaning against a pillar, masturbating. "There's *nothing* I hate more than people who come to a costume ball and beat off. It's so *parasitical*. The only thing worse is Nazis. We've got a rule in *Masque*—absolutely no Nazis whatsoever. We've got this one kook, a lady who dresses up as Adolf Hitler. So we refused to publish her picture in the magazine, and she's *suing* us. Can you imagine? This is after she wrote her congressman and complained, '*Masque* magazine discriminates against women.' Can you beat that? So I wrote back to the congressman and told him the day we put a *male* Nazi in our magazine, Lady Hitler can have equal time. Which will be never. Anybody who wants to dress up as a Nazi to have sex is sick, sick, sick. I won't even let a biker in the book if he sends in a picture with a swastika on his colors. Fuck 'em! Let them hang out in bars, where they belong! I tell you, there's an awful lot of perverts out there in the woodwork.

"Actually, we've had just one unfortunate scene tonight. A husband and wife came as George and Martha Washington—heavy on the Bicentennial themes this year, you know. Well, the wife says she feels a littled flushed and she's going to the ladies' room to lie down for a while. When she gets there, she puts on this other costume she brought on the sly—a very slinky and plush Dynel cat suit, with face mask and long whiskers. She comes back into the ballroom and makes straight for George. 'I've had my eye on you all night,' et cetera et cetera. Now, this guy happens to be a terrific fur fetishist. So he tells Miss Pussy that his wife's in the girls' room and that it's getting so he can't stand her anymore, so let's grab a quickie before she gets back. So they ball, and he's sniffing her fur, and she's meowing and purring and clawing and everything. Then she disappears and returns as Martha, and she asks him what he was up to while she was away. 'Oh, just eyeballing your competition,' cool George says.

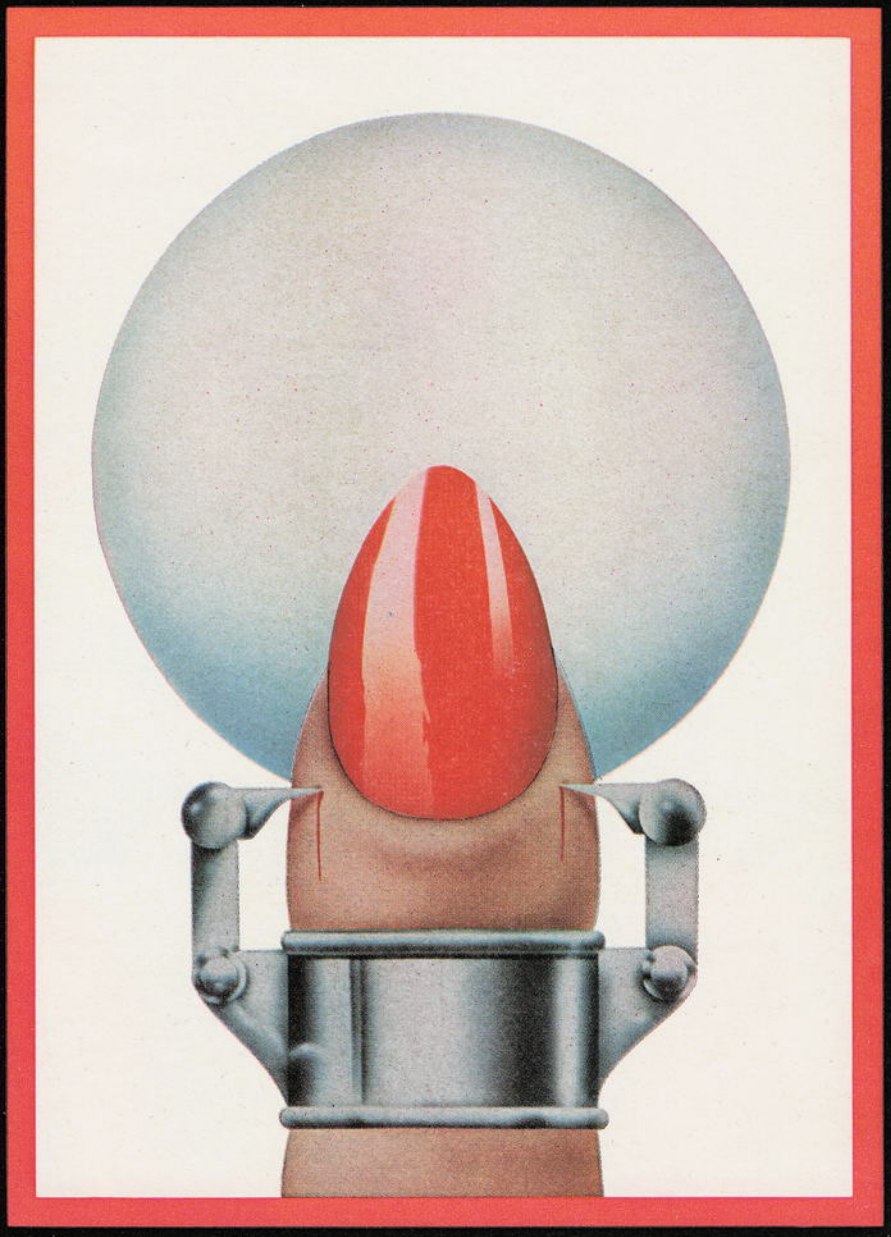
" 'You son-of-a-bitch, bastard motherfucker,' she hisses, and she pulls off the Martha wig and starts swatting him with it. 'Can't stand me any more, huh? Sticking your fat dick in some alley cat, were you?' And she chases him out of the room. What a ruckus! Martha Washington beating the shit out of George Washington, courtesy of the Friends of *Masque*. Happy Bicentennial and all that.

"Oh well, on to the contest-judging! Pete has probably explained to you. We've got two categories—Best Costume Sex by a Group, which means more than two, and then Best Costume Sex by a Couple. The Prize Committee has just narrowed it down to the finalists, who are going to do their act on stage, and all you have to do is choose the best in each. The best couple gets a 1977 Chevette Hatchback, and each member of the winning group gets an all-expense-paid Grand Sex Tour of Europe for two."

Before I could ask Frankenstein what a Grand Sex Tour of Europe was, he had plunked me down in front of the stage. The band stopped playing, and moments later the group competition was underway.

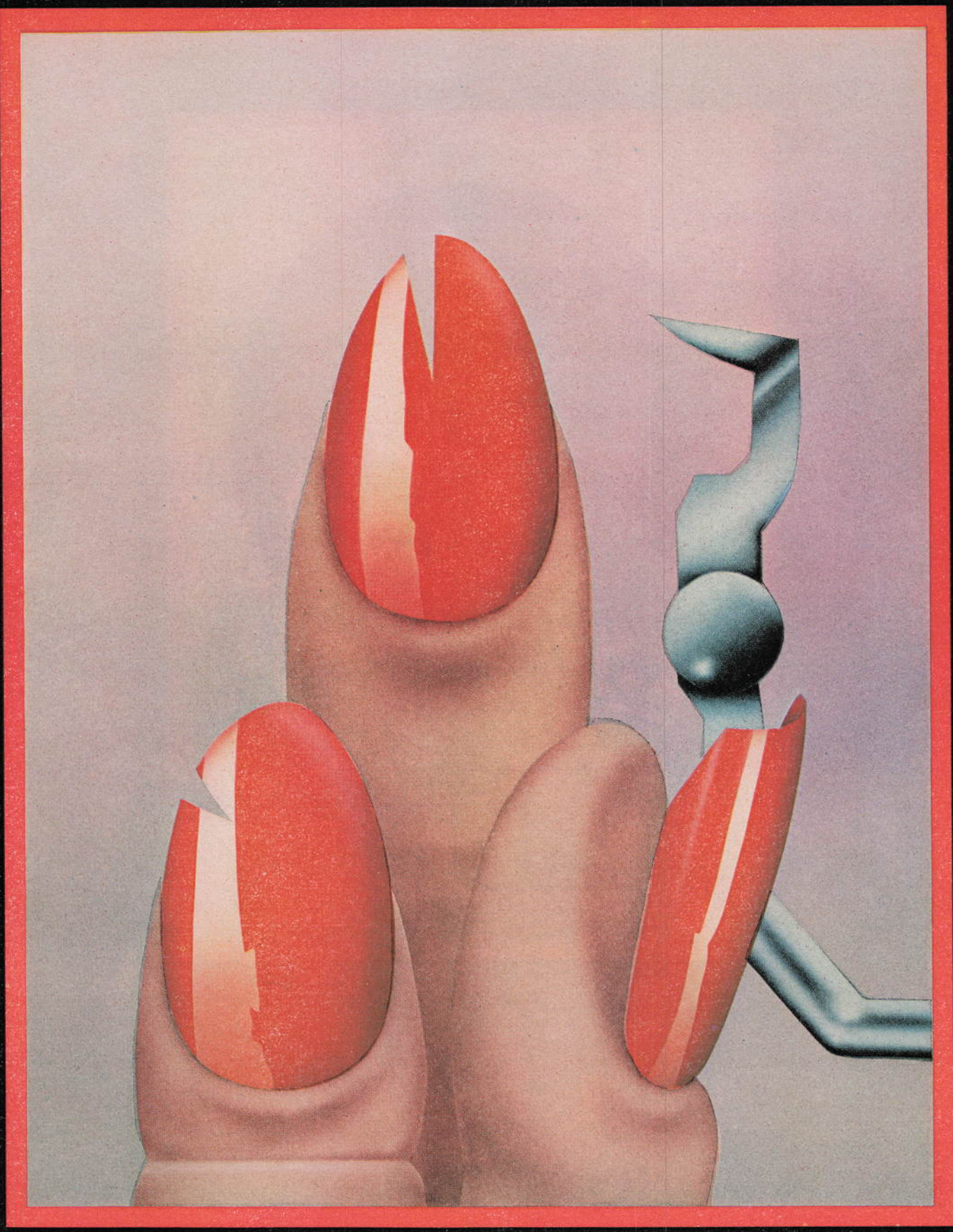
First, Ronald McDonald came out leading two halves of a sesame roll, followed by a slice of cheese, a slice of onion, a corrugated pickle chip, a slice of tomato, a piece of lettuce, and a zaftig chick—dressed as a hamburger—who announced to the audience that she was All-Beef Patty, looking for a nice quarter-pounder, which got a roar of approval.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

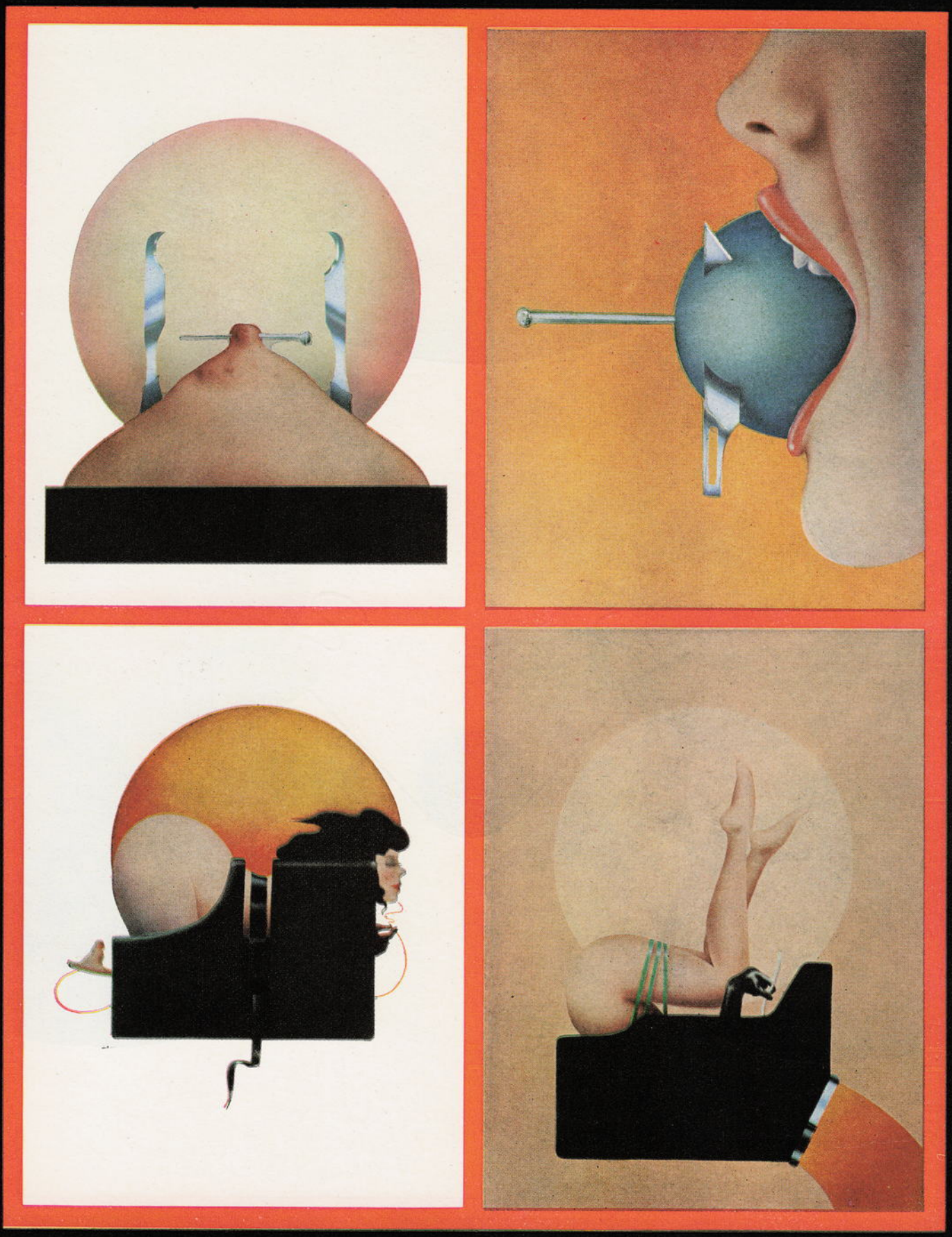


THE JOY OF PAIN

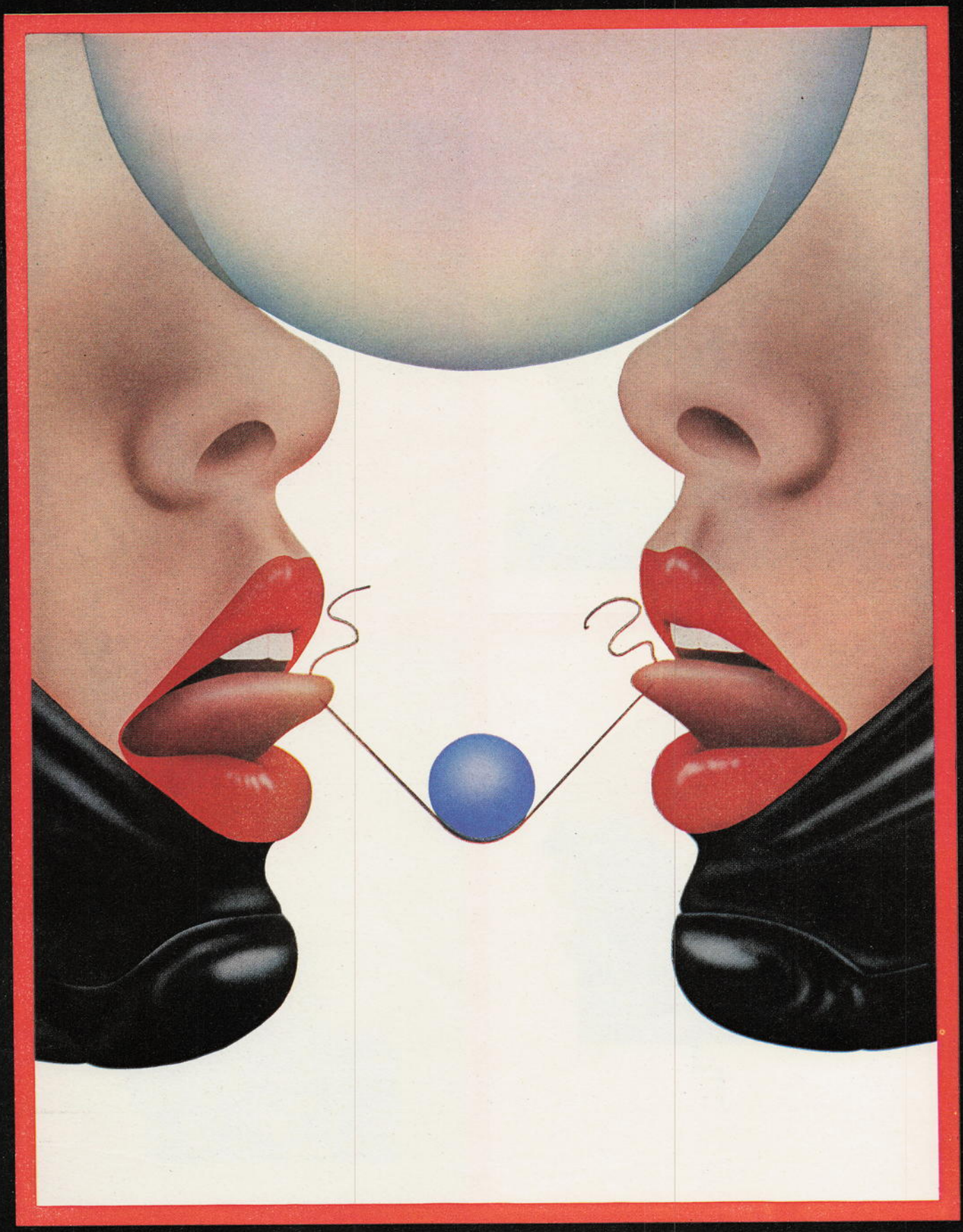
The flowers of pleasure contain crimson secrets, secrets that have blossomed in these fantastic images created by British artist Terry Pastor. Pastor dives deep into the forbidden zones—territories beyond the bounds of desire—deriving artistic ecstasy from sexual pain. Pastor's is the passion that whispers along the bedroom wall, the strange urge that murmurs pain is pleasure and pleasure pain and insists that concealed in the realms of sexual experience are uncharted areas where maps will not avail the explorer. Nocturnal disciples of the



Marquis de Sade will explain that sadomasochism is a game that the victim usually controls. Real sadists do not fold, spindle, or otherwise mutilate a willing victim. S&M has come out of the closet and is now a sexual delicacy to be sampled or ignored at will. Still,



Pastor has gone beyond this simple logic. In the heart of his paintings, it is not evil that lurks but rather the unreachable, the unattainable—those acts which cannot be performed. Pastor has used his vision and his art to soar beyond reality, imagining worlds



in which the unspoken appetites of the subconscious are permitted unfettered reign—a linear sexual imagery where pain is a chimerical metaphor. In other days Pastor would have been burnt at the stake for these paintings, broken on a rack, forced to suffer

tortures that even these illustrations dare not portray. Or, perhaps, he would not have been a painter at all. Perhaps, in that other time, Pastor might have been a torturer, might have applied the glowing rod to...But no, some things are best left to the imagination.

WILSON McLEAN
PALL MALL

The terrifying alliance of
America's policemen and Teamsters Union hoods.

COPS & ROBBERS

"To those who say it is time to reform [the Teamsters Union] and it's time the officers stopped selling out the members of this organization, I say to them, 'Go to hell.'"—Frank E. Fitzsimmons, President, International Brotherhood of Teamsters.

Picture, if you can, the Teamsters Union throwing a cordon of pickets around all police headquarters and supply depots in New York City, crippling the city's law-enforcement operations. Then envision the men who operate the tunnels and bridges around the city cutting off these lifelines for its 8 million residents. Not only do the police not interfere; they even approve. Then picture a labor organizer gloating publicly, "We are going to give the police commissioner a taste of the economic force and pressure of the Teamsters Union."

Finally, imagine a situation of unrestricted chaos and crime in the country's largest city (or for that matter in any city) prevailing until public officials knuckle under to the demands of a union that has given uncountable millions to finance the activities of mobsters. Could such things happen?

Seventeen years ago they almost did, in an organizing drive quite similar to one that is building up now.

At the very end of of 1958, just a day or so before Teamster picket lines were to be set up around police installations, the action was halted by the one man who clearly had the clout to do it: James R. Hoffa. Hoffa, for all his transgressions against civility, never lost a sense of the political limits of his awesome power. He knew that a victory by raw muscle over an entire city might, in the long run, be self-defeating.

So, on December 31, 1958, Hoffa ordered his New York organizer, Henry Feinstein, to roll down his sleeves, even though doing so meant that the police wouldn't go Teamster—at least, not right away. Feinstein backed off, and since that time the independent Patrolmen's Benevolent Association has remained the bargaining agent for the New York City police.

But Feinstein's threat of "the economic force and pressure of the Teamsters Union" was real enough. And on that fateful day, city police commissioner Stephen P. Kennedy told the *New York Times*, "If the police are unionized, I advise the people not to waste their money paying the police commissioner a salary. Hoffa would be the police commissioner."

Today Jimmy Hoffa is gone, presumably dead. He has been replaced by a circle of men who may be far less scrupulous about their use of power. It is quite possible that one or more of them brought about his murder. And once again the International Brotherhood of Teamsters (IBT) is organiz-

BY JONATHAN KWITNY

> If lawmen joined a clean union, I wouldn't give a damn. But the Teamsters are different.... The spread of the Teamsters into law enforcement is scary.

ing American law-enforcement agencies.

Throughout the nation, more and more policemen, sheriff's deputies, state troopers, prison guards, and even command officers are joining, or at least affiliating with, this union. In the minds of many cops, the higher wages and greater bargaining clout promised by the Teamsters seem to outweigh the union's history of criminal infiltration and scandal.

There is even talk by Teamster officials of a coast-to-coast organizing drive, one which would result in a National Master Law Enforcement Agreement similar to the National Master Freight Agreement that covers the trucking industry.

So far, one cannot cite any evidence that the union has in any way tried to influence its member law officers as to whom to arrest, which laws to enforce, or other professional decisions. Teamster cops have even arrested Teamster organizers on picket lines involving Teamster truck drivers.

Nevertheless, many authorities are worried. "If lawmen joined a clean union, I wouldn't give a damn, but the Teamsters are another matter," says Stanley Penn, Pulitzer Prize–winning reporter for the *Wall Street Journal*, who often writes about organized crime. "Let's say a Teamster official is under government investigation for racketeering. The detective working on the case belongs to the Teamsters. If the detective finds that the Teamster official is innocent, one is always going to wonder if some Teamster official influenced the detective to drop the investigation. To me, the spread of the Teamsters into law enforcement is scary," Penn says.

Ralph Salerno, a retired Mafia expert for the New York City police department, still writes and lectures about the Mob. He accuses the Teamsters union of being "dominated by people who have had open and notorious alliances with organized crime, who see no difference in hiring and rehiring people who have been convicted of crimes." He points to the case of Anthony ("Tony Pro") Provenzano of New Jersey, who was recently restored to high Teamster office after serving several years in prison (for extorting money from Teamster employers in exchange for labor peace). "If [Teamster president Frank] Fitzsimmons doesn't see something wrong with letting Provenzano back into the union, I don't see how I can do my duty as a policeman, belonging to an organization that Mr. Fitzsimmons is president of," Salerno explains.

James Vorenberg, a Harvard Law School professor who headed President Johnson's crime commission, objects to law officers joining any nationwide union. "Police, because they are armed, because of their power over arrest, because of the enormous discretion they exercise, should be particularly responsive to local control," Vorenberg says. He decries their membership in "an organization with no real stake in the civil liberties—civil rights aspect of policing."

Its critics notwithstanding, the IBT estimates that it negotiates for 200 law-enforcement units. Because organizing efforts are so decentralized, however, IBT headquarters in Washington says that it cannot even make a rough guess as to how many law officers it represents.

Moreover, state laws differ widely and often are vague about the rights of law officers to unionize and to bargain collectively. So it isn't clear whether most cops could join the Teamsters, even if they wanted to. With respect to states where police unionization has been approved, or at least tacitly accepted, the Teamsters seem to have a clear, incontestable lead over rival organizing groups only in the cases of Michigan, Minnesota, and—perhaps—California.

Rival groups include the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees (of the AFL-CIO, which expelled the Teamsters in 1957 for corruption); the Fraternal Order of Police (FOP); the International Conference of Police Associations (ICPA), an umbrella for local groups usually called Patrolmen's Benevolent Associations (PBAs); and the International Brotherhood of Police Officers (IBPO), an affiliate of the National Association of Government Employees.

The FOP and the PBAs are long-established organizations that provide a professional forum for police officers. Relatively recently (the PBAs did so only last fall), the organizations also began handling collective bargaining for member units that requested such representation.

Although other sources, including the Labor Department, say that they don't have figures, the ICPA estimates that of 600,000 law officers in the country, at most 150,000 are represented by collective bargaining units; this PBA group also says that the great majority of these units negotiate locally, without support from any larger organization. (For example, the New York City PBA negotiates for its members entirely independently of the international PBA group; the local affiliates with the international only for professional reasons.) The international PBA group estimates that the Teamsters negotiate for 15,000 law officers, the AFL-CIO municipal employees union for 10,000, and the national PBA group for only a few thousand. FOP figures aren't even surmised.

But the biggest jump yet for the Teamsters would come if the IBPO falls into line. The National Association of Government Employees says that it has been carrying on "exploratory talks" this year with the Teamsters about a merger. Alan Whitney, executive vice-president of the government employees union, says that of his group's 140,000 members, about 33,000 are law-enforcement officers in the IBPO affiliate. They would be expected to come along in the event of a merger.

Whitney says that he sees no reluctance on the part of IBPO. "Obviously, from the standpoint of the Teamsters," he says, "you're talking about increased strength through increased numbers and increased political clout." As for the thugs and ex-cons in official and unofficial union positions, Whitney says, "obviously they have some unsavory-looking individuals, but I'm not convinced that's typical of the Teamsters. I've known some international vice-presidents of the Teamsters who have been very competent labor union officials and are doing an excellent job." Asked for names, Whitney declines to say anything.

It doesn't take a wizard to figure out why the Teamsters appeal to many law officers. Sheriff's deputies in Dane County, Wis., which includes Madison, were getting a flat $419 a month when they were represented by the AFL-CIO public employees union. In 1968 they voted to go Teamster and immediately received a $100-a-month raise. Now wages average from $887 to $1,068 a month.

In San Diego last year, the city thought that it could get the Police Officers Association to accept a new contract merely by offering certain fringe benefits. But the cops wanted money. On May 30, by a vote of 780 to 150, they increased their association's dues to provide $190,000 a year to hire the Teamsters as an able outside bargaining force.

Thus the San Diego cops became one of many police units choosing to associate with the big union rather than to become members of it. The association's president, Sgt. Jack R. Pearson, told reporters at the time: "We are not joining the Teamsters Union. We will maintain total autonomy. They make suggestions. We call the shots." So far the San Diego police say they have retained autonomy. And so far negotiations "under" the Teamsters are continuing without a contract being reached, though the association says it thinks it is making headway.

The Flint, Mich., police force is another example. Its members had traditionally earned about $1,500 a year more than the Genessee County sheriff's deputies across the street. Suddenly, in 1973, the sheriff's deputies brought in the Teamsters

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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A lot of people have been telling you not to smoke, especially cigarettes with high 'tar' and nicotine. But smoking provides you with a pleasure you don't want to give up.

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"I don't think the Teamsters' image is a problem any longer.... There's been ten times more policemen indicted than Teamster officials indicted."

and leapt ahead of the police. Recognizing bargaining power when they saw it, the cops quickly called the nearest Teamster business agent and asked if they could join. Now they are paid $1,000 a year more than the deputies, and the margin will soon be increased to $1,800.

According to Charles Middleton, a Flint patrolman, "There was a lot of animosity toward the Teamsters. The vote was 118 to 103 [in favor]. A lot of the guys considered themselves professionals, and they wanted to know what we were doing in a group with Mafia ties. If we were supposed to be throwing people into jail, what were we doing associating ourselves with people who allegedly have criminal ties? But we felt we had to have somebody to stand up to the city, and the Fraternal Order of Police didn't have the clout to do it. The Teamsters fly in a $300-a-day attorney, and he ties the city in knots."

Ironically, Patrolman Middleton is also district director of the Fraternal Order of Police. (Many policemen in Flint and elsewhere are members of the FOP professionally, even though they aren't covered by its bargaining services.) But Patrolman Middleton admits that the Flint police are now getting a much better contract deal with the Teamsters than they did with the FOP, and that the Teamsters haven't tried to interfere with law-enforcement decisions. In fact, Middleton adds, the Teamster organizer "clearly stated that if we didn't enforce the law fairly they couldn't uphold our contract."

Ed Pohlman, a Dane County, Wis., sheriff's deputy, says that his office has a specific understanding with the Teamsters that "our law-enforcement work comes before our union duties." He notes proudly that the Teamster deputies threw two unruly Teamster business agents into jail during a 1973 strike of Teamster dairy-truck workers in Madison.

Joe Valenti, president of Teamster Local 214 in Detroit and probably the most active union organizer of law-enforcement agencies in the country, says that he's twice been stopped for speeding by his own members. "They laughed about it . . . but they still gave me a ticket," he says.

Valenti also discounts the possibility of a police strike, at least in Michigan, where state law gives the union the right to ask for binding arbitration. "We've never supported blue flus," he says, referring to the standard protest tactic of calling in sick.

Where the Teamsters have recently organized law officers, the union has been on model behavior—an important element in its success. In Alaska, where negotiating triumphs by the union has brought many kinds of workers into the Teamster fold, the 204-member Anchorage police force was getting nowhere two years ago, bargaining against a stubborn city management. After an affiliation with the Teamsters in 1974 base pay for a two-year man rose from about $1,074 a month to about $2,047 a month, plus improved benefits as of July 1, 1976. So far, other law officers in Alaska haven't approached the state Teamster leadership which says it goes only where it's formally, officially invited.

In California, with the San Diego force already Teamster-associated, the Bureau of National Affairs reports that police officers' associations in El Centro, Oroville, La Verne, Delano, and Dinuba, as well as the one at UCLA, also have recently chosen to be represented by the Teamsters Public Employees Union in this major state.

Right now, however, Michigan appears to be the state where Teamsters are most aggressively trying to bring law officers into the fold. Valenti says some 3,000 officers have joined since he began his organizing campaign at the specific direction of Jimmy Hoffa. That happened in 1967, when the Michigan legislature passed a law allowing police to organize. But most of the 3,000 have joined in the past few years, Valenti says, and law officers are coming in now at the rate of 1,000 a year. Several hundred state-police command officers (sergeants and lieutenants) are among the recent additions.

Valenti's Local 214 covers all Teamster-organized public employees in Michigan. But his goal, which he is actively pursuing, is a national Teamster law-enforcement contract. Already he has been summoned to Minnesota and Virginia by local Teamster leaders, who were aware of his enthusiasm and experience and who wanted him to help organize law-enforcement units in their areas. Police departments of Fairfax County (450 men) and Arlington County (200 men), Va., have joined, and negotiations are underway with the 200-man sheriff's department of Hennepin County, Minn., which includes the city of Minneapolis.

Robert Weisenberger, president of Local 320 in Minneapolis, which covers all Teamster-organized public employees in Minnesota, says that 1,500 of his 4,500 members are cops or prison guards, whereas four years ago none of the members were from these groups. He says that he at first actively recruited new police members, as Valenti does, but that now his local has all that it can do just to handle the inquiries and applications of lawmen who, seeing the success of other Teamster law-enforcement contracts, are asking to join. Weisenberger says that he supports Valenti's campaign for a national Teamster law-enforcement contract.

Valenti says that the improved organizing climate clearly represents a recent change in police attitudes. "A couple of years ago the image of the Teamsters was the reason why most law-enforcement officers chose not to come in," he says. "But I don't think that's any longer a problem. There've been ten times more policemen indicted than there have been Teamster officials indicted. I tell them I'm not responsible for an entire union, any more than they are responsible for all the police officers indicted."

There was early hesitation about joining the Teamsters, admits Detective Sgt. George Bays, president of the Command Officers Association of the Michigan State Police. Nevertheless, the association voted overwhelmingly last July to affiliate with Valenti's Local 214. The local will handle contract negotiations for the several hundred officers for a fee of thirteen dollars a month from each man, but the officers' association is supposed to retain its independence. Sergeant Bays specifically notes that his men won't have to contribute to the Teamsters' scandal-ridden Central States, Southeast, and Southwest Areas pension fund.

"Some of our people worked organized crime," Sergeant Bays says. "They were afraid there was a connection [to the Teamsters]." The international "possibly" may be tied to the Mafia, he says, but "we don't deal with Frank Fitzsimmons. Those people at 214 have been run through a computer more often than you or I." He agrees with Valenti's statement that "we run a clean organization."

Still, Sergeant Bays concedes that the disappearance and apparent murder of Jimmy Hoffa in Michigan "was unfortunate for us," insofar as it came just a few days after the organization vote was taken and just a few days before the outcome of the vote was announced. As a result of the Hoffa incident, the vote received newspaper and magazine publicity and was cast in an unfavorable light. Sergeant Bays says that two members were so disgusted after Hoffa disappeared that they quit the association over the vote to go Teamster.

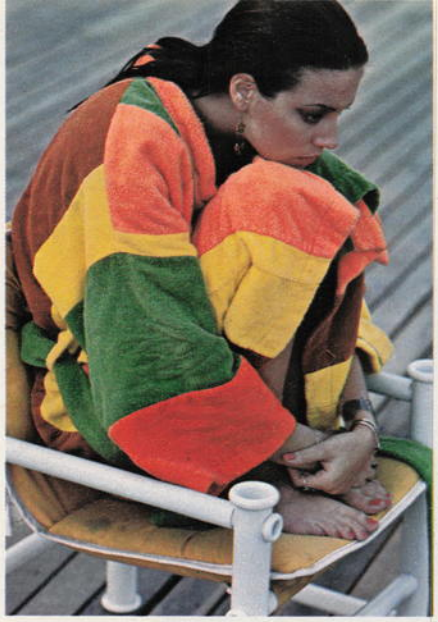
Moreover, Joe Valenti soon became involved in the Hoffa investigation himself —as the chief alibi witness for Charles ("Chuckie") O'Brien, a longtime Hoffa associate (some say a foster-son). O'Brien's car is believed to have been used in the Hoffa abduction, and Hoffa's son, James P. Hoffa, has accused him of knowing considerably more than he's told about what happened to the former Teamster leader.

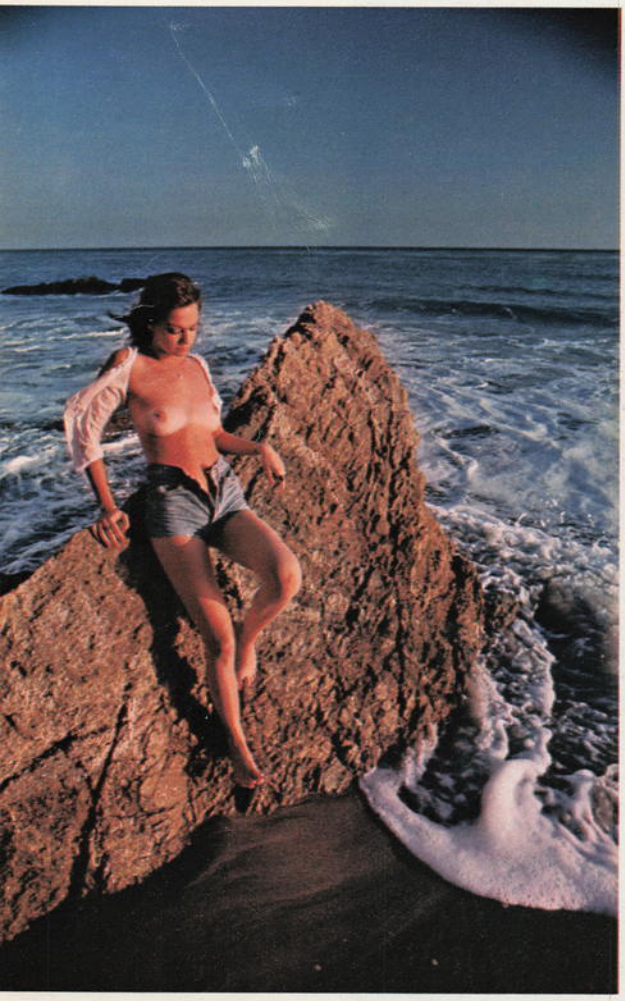
Valenti says—and he has apparently

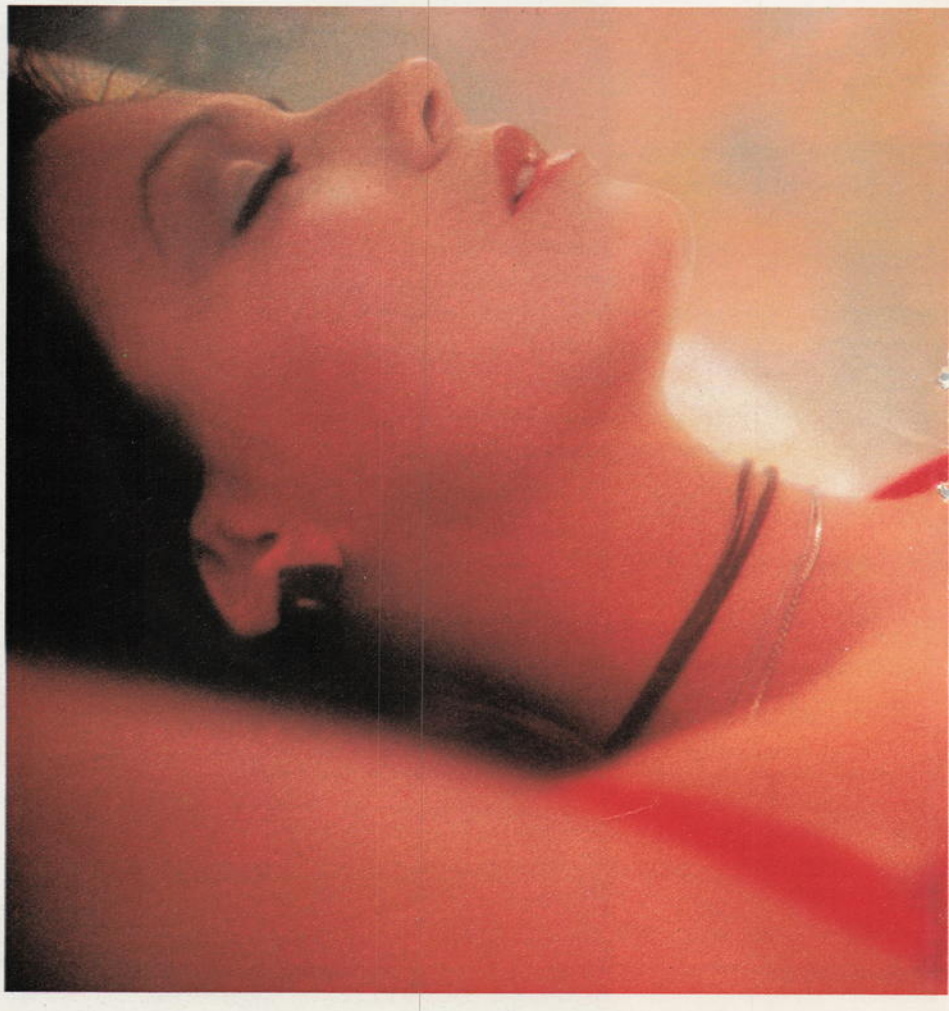
CONTINUED ON PAGE 170

SUSANNE

"What really turns me on is a dynamite rock 'n' roller with a plentiful bulge in his jeans."



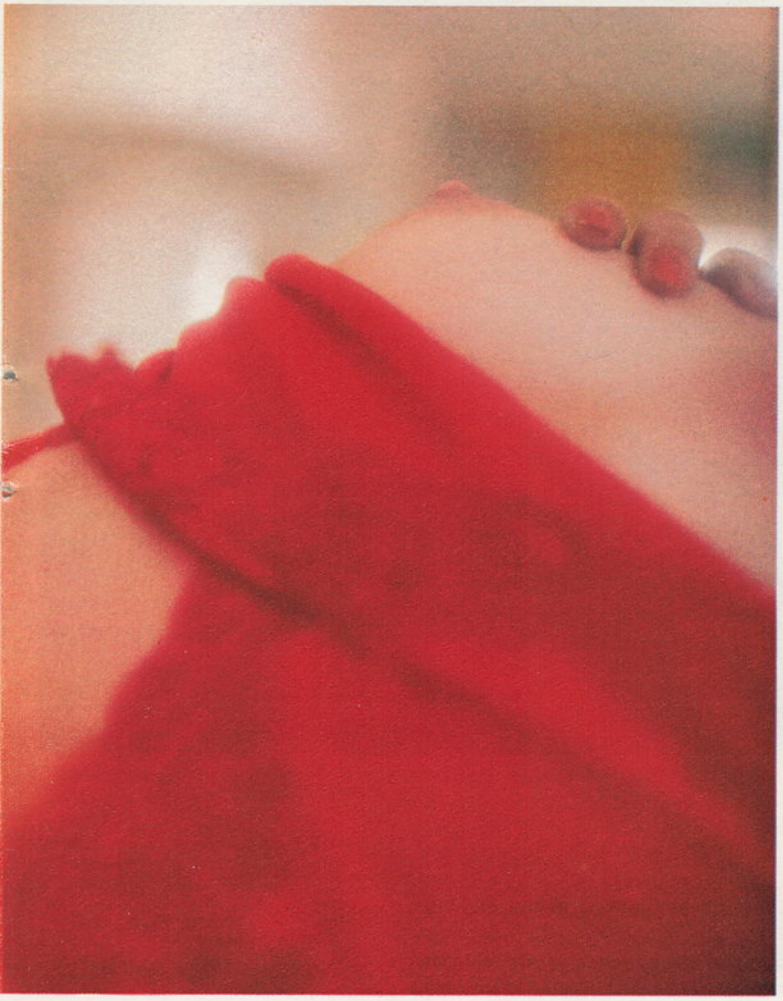




"I'm not about
to settle down for life.
I'm just too
young for that."

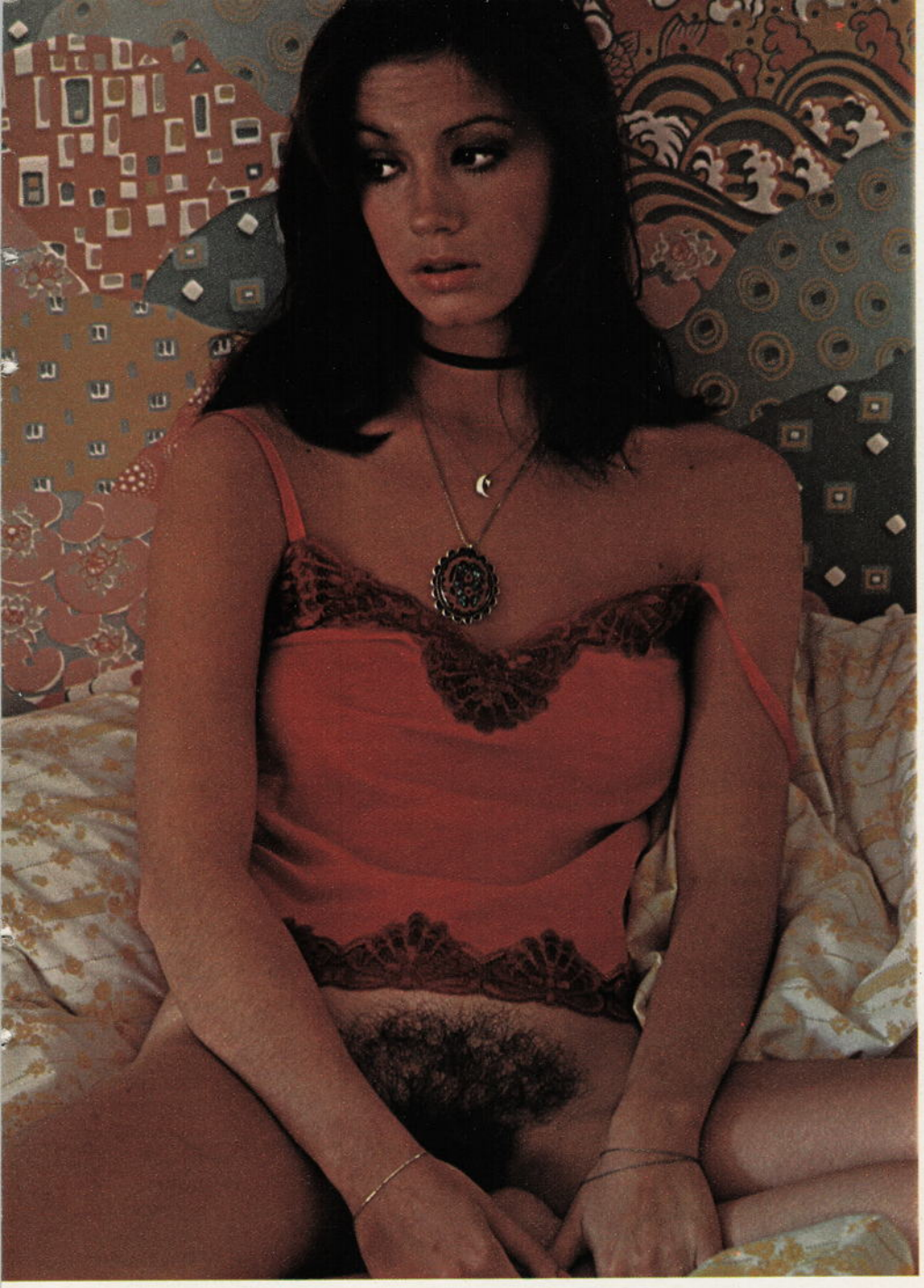
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

CALIFORNIA MIX



It was love at first sight. The instant Susanne Saxon got off the plane, she fell madly in love with Los Angeles. Her walk began to change—there was a different bounce to her ass. Her skin tanned deeply in two days. "It was," this 35-24-35 beauty says demurely, "the beginning of the best affair of my life."

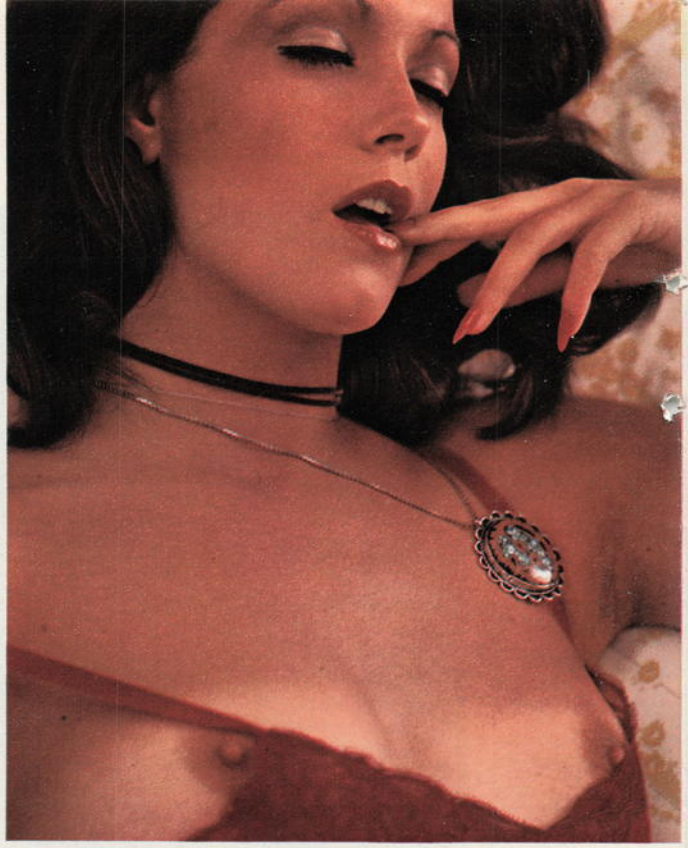
Our raven-haired, twenty-year-old Capricorn grew up landlocked in the Midwest, amidst the snows of Joliet, Ill. "At eighteen I started getting the itch," Susanne exclaims, "and headed down for Texas. I wanted to go someplace where it was *warm*. So I found myself a job as a cocktail waitress in Houston. It was really more like a club than a bar. There were a lot of bands that came through town, and they'd come to this place to play. And if there's one thing that turns me on more than dynamite rock 'n' roll, it's a dynamite rock 'n' roller with a plentiful bulge in his jeans. I can't take my eyes off his nice, tight ass bouncing so sensually to his beat."



"Maybe I'm some kind of groupie, except that I don't like to sleep around."

"I prefer to settle down with one guy and get into his body and head, do a total trip—at least, for a while," Susanne reflects. "Maybe I'm some kind of groupie, except that I don't like to sleep around."

Locations courtesy of R.N.P.: lingerie provided by Schwartz's Intimate Apparel, Chicago; clothes provided by Strip Thrills, Hollywood, Calif.

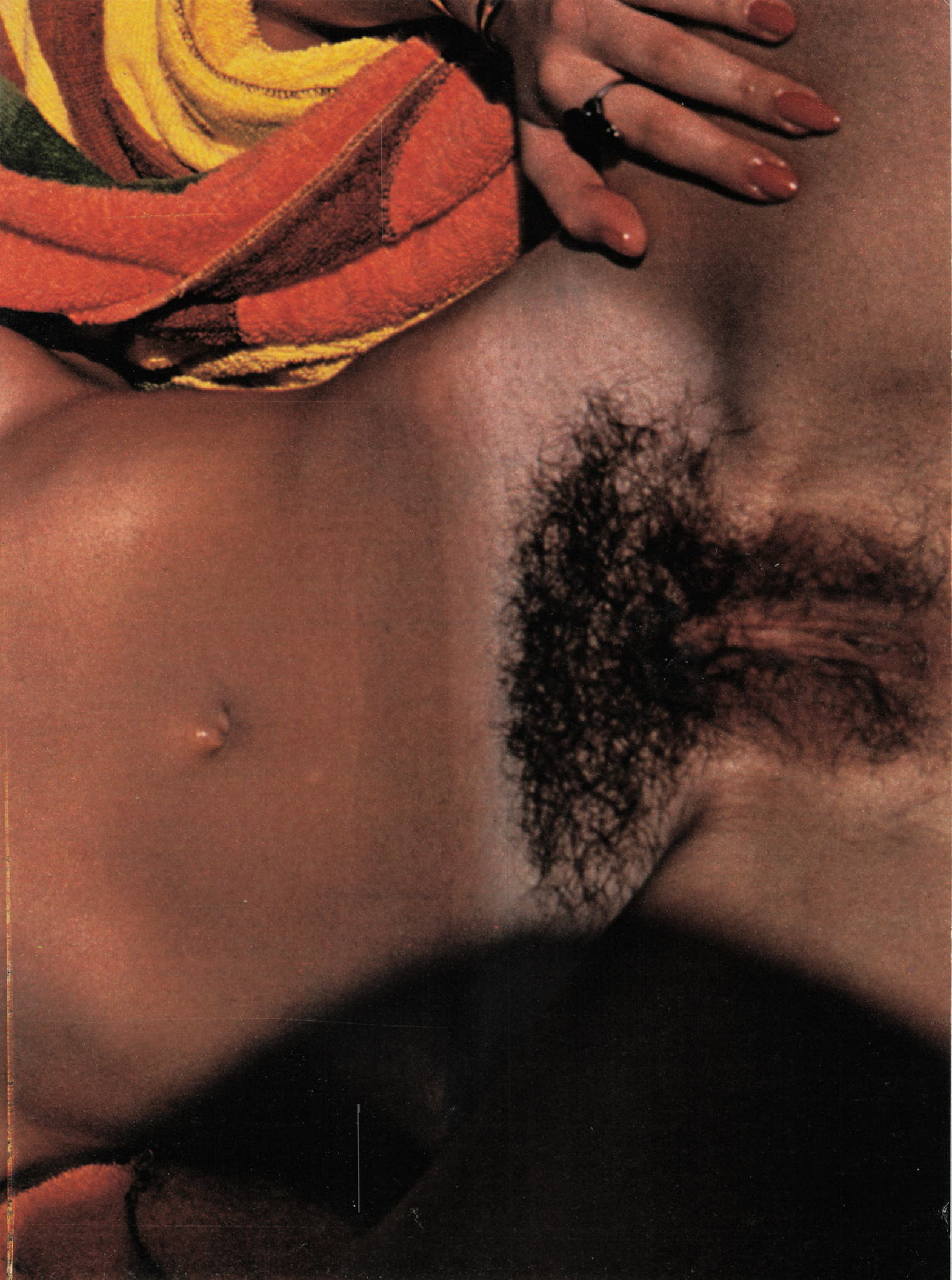


❛ I love it when a man caresses my shoulders, makes me feel sexy and wanted. ❜

It was a musician who took Susanne to L.A. "He knew how to handle me, how to make me feel excited and important, how to get me hot both while he was on the stage and when we were alone. I loved the way he'd play with my shoulders during a break. Even when he'd be talking to other guys, he'd just run his fingers along my shoulder blades. He did it because he knew that it gave me goose bumps, that I love it when a man caresses my shoulders, that it makes me feel sexy and wanted. Maybe the reason has something to do with musician's heads—musicians are so sensitive to rhythm that they really pick up on the way a woman moves."

"I'm not about to settle down for life. Twenty is just too young for that. I want to act, and I want to enjoy some more love affairs, too. Maybe I'll move once more, but I don't think so. I like being where I am." Oh, Susanne, why leave just when your California dreamin' is coming true?

MISS SUSANNE SAXON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Television news coverage of the Vietnam War enabled those at home to follow its bitter course from beginning to end. To be sure, that coverage helped the public to understand and finally reject the war's violence and madness. The same cannot be said, however, about television's current treatment of the Vietnam veteran. Since the war's end, the Vietnam veteran's television image—notably on wheel-screeching police series—is one which has made the solution of *all* Vietnam veterans' problems more difficult. That image increasingly portrays the veteran as a violence-prone dope addict, a psychological misfit, or a potential sniper or rapist, rather than as a man struggling for a job, an education, and a meaningful life.

The reasons for television's exploitation of Vietnam veteran stereotypes, although not acceptable, are understandable—from commercial and dramatic standpoints. It makes for high ratings, keeps advertising agencies happy, and presumably "sells" the sponsor's product. It also makes for more melodrama. As one TV producer reached by ex-Marine Robert Brewin, who protested the stereotyping, explained, "You're good dramatic devices. The veteran was not a hero when he came home, did have some reentry problems, and so it's easy to make him a bad guy. And on cop shows you need bad guys, and the Vietnam veteran is the bad guy of the moment."

> The Viet vet was not a hero when he came home, so it's easy to make him a bad guy on TV. He's the bad guy of the moment.

Unfortunately, the fallout effects of television's convenient casting of the Vietnam veteran as a villain are not appreciated. According to Milt Williams of the Mayor's Office for Veteran Action in New York, the way the Viet vet has been portrayed on TV has definitely influenced—and completely turned off—employers. "The Vietnam veteran has to overcome a lot of suspicions on the part of the employer—Is this guy on drugs? Will he show up for work on time? Will he show up at all? Will he rip me off?—that come from television. The vet has to overcome this mental attitude and, if he gets the job, often feels the employer is giving him a handout." Another effect is to place the lingering national guilt for the Vietnam war on, ironically, those least responsible for it. What this act of exorcism by television's heroic private eyes and super-cops does to the individual Vietnam veteran is subtle, but altogether real. For the Vietnam veteran who watches these programs, it results in a loss of self-esteem, and this diffidence carries over into virtually all of his personal, social, and work relationships.

From the thousands of letters *Penthouse* has received, it's obvious that Vietnam veterans have a strong sense of frustration over the fact that they have been made the fall guys. And this is due in part to the public's and the politicians' desire to blot out the memory of the Vietnam war itself.

This sense of frustration is summarized by Dr. Leonard Neff, ex-staff psychiatrist at the Brentwood Veterans Administration Hospital in Los Angeles, who thinks the average veteran looks at the way he is portrayed on TV with an air of resigned acceptance. "Vets have been getting a bad press all the time," Dr. Neff says, "and that's all we can expect. No one gives a damn."

Penthouse strongly believes that the media, especially television, bear a large share of responsibility for the nation's callous disregard for the continuing problems of the Vietnam veteran. Television cannot continue to hold the Vietnam veteran up as an example of violence without doing violence to ourselves and to our nation's sense of values. In the sobering, pointed words of Patrick S. Kelly, president of the University of Buffalo Veterans' Association, "If we have to be ashamed for having served our country, then another question must be raised, and that is, Is this country *worth* serving?"

Dramatic license aside, television has been taking a free ride on the backs of a minority group, a group which has not as yet found its spokesman or organized itself in order to force the television industry to stop its insidious vilification. From *Penthouse*'s point of view, the Vietnam veteran doesn't ask for more than what other minority groups now receive, namely, an equitable and objective depiction of their situation. This is not a call for censorship, but rather for an admission by the television industry that it, too, has a moral—not to say legal—obligation to use its broadcast authority to depict fairly the human being we call "Vietnam veteran." Because that authority derives from the just consent of the governed, the television industry can afford to do no less.

Nor is *Penthouse* saying that the television industry should be forced to focus its cameras on the real problems faced by Vietnam veterans. Today—although such documentary-type coverage would be welcome and useful in helping to publicize the difficulties faced by Vietnam veterans—the subject apparently is insufficiently newsworthy to be favorably considered.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 181

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When your taste grows up, so should your cigarette.
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What you want from a cigarette changes.
Once I smoked just to be like everybody else. Now I know what smoking's all about. I smoke for taste.
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Winston is for real.
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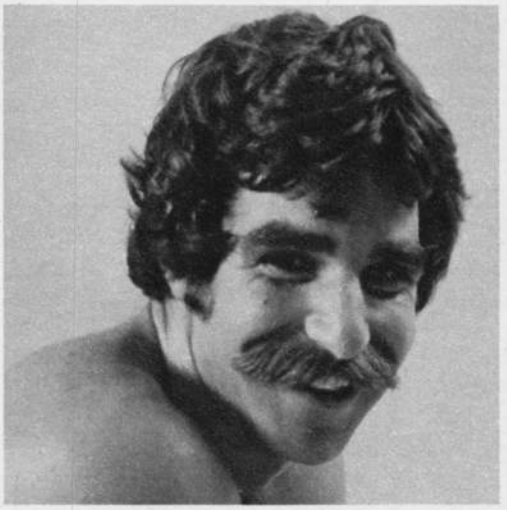
19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76

REEMING POOR HARRY IN MEMPHIS
(OR HOW JUSTICE GAGGED ON "DEEP THROAT")

By Nicholas von Hoffman

Harry Reems did not sign on to be a hero and a martyr. Actor though he is, he isn't cut out to play that role. For one hundred dollars and one day's work, he agreed to play a part of gonadal simplicity in the movie *Deep Throat*. For that he is now an FBI target, a man indicted and convicted for a "national conspiracy" to transport obscene materials across state lines. Reems is, to be sure, an unintentional martyr.



HARRY REEMS: "AN FBI TARGET."

Reems's conviction in a Memphis Federal Court occurred last winter, but the news has been slow getting out and slower yet in being recognized as a horrendously important First Amendment case. Many people have practical, political reasons for not wanting to make a federal case out of anything connected with *Deep Throat*. They haven't wanted to accept the fact that it is the government, not they, that has made a federal case out of the film; or that history has a way of giving us martyrs we'd never have picked out for ourselves. By all accounts Dreyfus, the wrongly court-martialed Frenchman whom Émile Zola (*J'accuse*) fought to save, was a thoroughly unpleasant type. Some of the people who came to the aid of Daniel Ellsberg did so in spite of their feeling that he was a potentially dangerous zealot, a man of poor judgment who had once supported the Vietnam War with the same thoughtless ferocity he subsequently used to oppose it.

For the more Ivy Leaguish proponents of civil liberties, the Reems case is even less appetizing. Who wants to go to the mat defending that trash? But the First Amendment wasn't written to protect true speech or good speech or clean speech but *all* speech—because you can't have the good, the true, and the beautiful without having the bad, the false, and the ugly.

And then there is a small question of justice. Harry Reems was hired in January of 1972 for $100, in exchange for which he was to do one day's worth of acting on the film when it was being shot in Miami. That was and is his only connection with *Deep Throat*. He has no residual rights, no control over its editing, its promotion, or its distribution. At the time Reems performed his single day's worth of labor, there was no doubt that however objectionable *Deep Throat* might have been to born-again Christians, it was *absolutely legal*. A string of Supreme Court decisions had nullified all obscenity laws.

It was only after *Deep Throat* had been made, and Reems no longer had any connection with the movie, that the ever variable Supremes changed the law once more so that local community standards could be used to adjudge a book, a movie, or a striptease act obscene. The Constitution forbids *ex post facto* legislation, that is, passing a law that would condemn someone after the fact for doing something that was legal when he did it, but the prosecution seems to think it's found a way to get around that little problem in the Harry Reems case.

If it has, no creative artist is safe. The effect of the Reems case, if the decision is eventually upheld by the Supreme Court, would be to give the government the power to reach back in time and jail any actor, writer, media executive, or office boy connected with any movie, book, magazine, or any other endeavor that it decides, years later, is obscene. The prosecutors have started with Harry Reems, but they're really aiming for Brando, Nicholson, and Beatty.

Moreover, we don't know why these actors are the targets. Are the prosecutors actually even interested in what they're pleased to call obscenity, or are they trying to make themselves a weapon that can be used against a Marlon Brando if

> The prosecutors have started with Harry Reems, but they're really aiming for Brando, Nicholson, and Beatty.

he supports Indian rights or against a Warren Beatty when he applies his not inconsiderable talents on behalf of a candidate like George McGovern?

The blackmail possibilities are endless, and there's no defense. Even the artist who gives in and tries to tailor his work to the tastes of the federal district attorney in Memphis can't obliterate his past. For most crimes there is a statute of limitations. If the authorities want to accuse someone of robbing a bank, they must do so within a given number of years. But one of the nicer little ironies about the Reems case is that the prosecutors can get a person five, ten, or fifteen years later for doing something that was perfectly legal. This is not true of a criminal offense.

The gimmick being used is the conspiracy law. That's how Reems was nailed. A local Memphis court declared that *Deep Throat* violated local Memphis community standards. Then, any time the picture was shown in Memphis, no matter how many years after it had been made, the door was open to charge anyone even remotely connected with it with conspiring to distribute obscene materials.

That's how the conspiracy law works. If the prosecutors can hook you into the conspiracy by showing that you committed one overt act to further it—in this case Reems's single day's hire—they've got you. From that point on anything anybody else did in the alleged conspiracy is charged against you just as though you had done it yourself. That is the legal reasoning that permitted the FBI to pick up Reems in New York City, two and a half years after his felonious $100 day in front of the camera, and march him off to Memphis to stand trial with a number of others who'd had something to do with the film. In case you're wondering about Linda Lovelace, our beautiful and gracious star, she was granted immunity in exchange for becoming a state's witness. If that seems a tad unfair, given the fame and acclaim that the film brought Ms. Lovelace, remember that tyranny and suppression are most effective when just slightly irrational. If you know exactly how far you can go before the FBI will clamp down on you, you may be tempted to go that far; if you have no idea where the line will be drawn or how unfairly, you stay quiet—completely immobilized.

That may be the purpose of these prosecutions. (The Reems/*Deep Throat* trial is only one of ten criminal suits that have been instituted.) Poor Harry is even being tried for his part in *The Devil in Miss Jones*. The government doesn't have to be upheld by the Supreme Court to frighten any actor from ever taking his pants off in public again. The mere knowledge that so many people are being prosecuted in so many cases is enough to frighten most people into compliant immobility. Very few are going to be willing to take a chance.

In situations like these it isn't enough to be innocent or know you're innocent. In one of these Memphis cases one of the defendants was sentenced to three years in jail and a $10,000 fine. Another was given two and a half years and the same fine. So what does it matter if, some time in 1979, the Supreme Court overturns the conviction? Think of the years of agony, unhappiness, and uncertainty a person will suffer with a sentence like that hanging over his head.

The government knows that prosecution itself is punishment. Look at what's happened to Reems. The trial, which went on for weeks, has consumed his life savings, put him in debt, and made it impossible for him to work. How can a person take a job if he must constantly go off and consult his lawyers and spend half his time in Memphis, Tenn.? Although almost none of the defendants live in Memphis, the government has made them stand trial there, not only because the Justice Department wants a hometown hick jury, but also because part of the classic strategy in political-conspiracy cases, which is what we're talking about here, is to force the defense into spending untold sums of money.

Unless one has been close to one of these trials, he probably can't appreciate how devastatingly costly they are to the defendants. The day is long gone in America when someone could go down and get that brilliant but homespun Mr. Lincoln to represent him on a murder rap for $10 or four dressed chickens and two pecks of peaches. One must begin with $25,000 or $30,000 for a lawyer and then start adding. Reems is lucky to have Alan Dershowitz for his appeal; Harvard's famous expert on First Amendment law is representing the actor for free because the case is so frighteningly important. But Dershowitz has no money to pay the thousands of dollars

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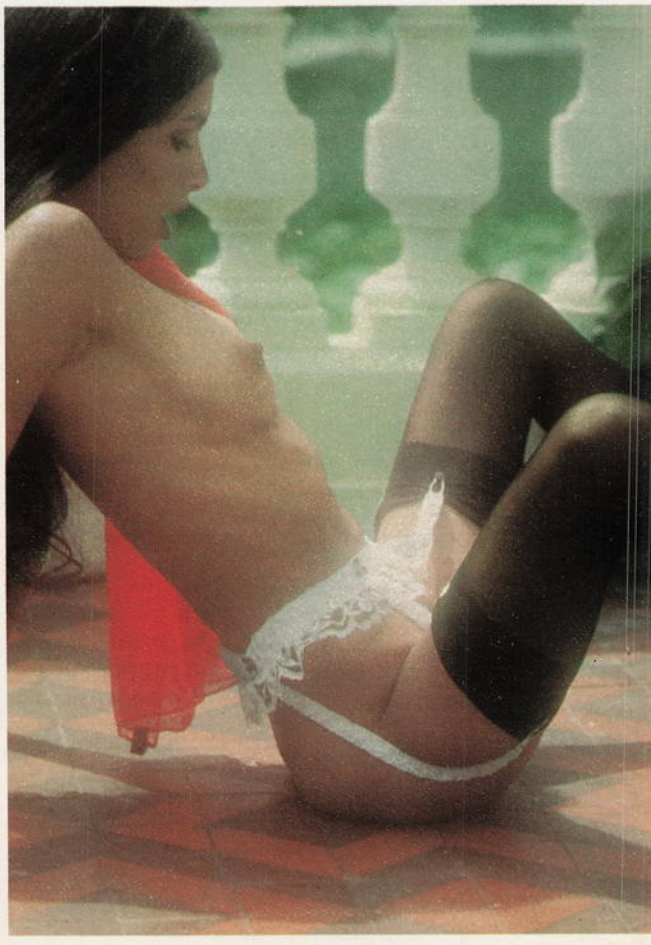
Joni Flynn

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD MILNE

It was Rudyard Kipling who wrote, "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet." The poet never met Joni Flynn, the totally liberated, sensual daughter of an Indian mother and a Scots tea-planting father. "I first learned about sex at boarding school. We girls would stand at the window, where the boys could see, and we would strip slowly and watch them masturbate. Today there is still nothing quite so exciting as the awareness of that little girl's first sense of sexual power."



"My lover dominates me but knows I must follow my sexual instincts. When I desire another man —or, just as often, woman—he understands it is part of my animal sexuality."

"Men say that I am a lady in company and a whore in bed," whispers this twenty-two-year-old, 35-22-35, brown-eyed beauty. "Actually, I am a total exhibitionist. I prefer one-to-one sex to a group scene, but I need long, drawn-out sexual encounters. Perhaps because of my Eastern upbringing, I am an expert at prolonging foreplay in the Indian manner and then bringing my man to a Western climax." Rudyard, you simply didn't understand sex.

BOUTON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

nist of the *Detroit Free Press*, who vilified Bouton for causing the marital problems Falls presumed were estranging Bell and his wife.

"Falls misread, if he read at all," Bouton said, "that the story was told, at a dinner with the Boutons on the eve of my thirtieth birthday, by Nan Bell herself—and that, when the laughing stopped, she shrugged and said, 'Maybe he was.'"

Then there was Joe Pepitone, the flaky Yankee who strove for popularity by saying whatever he assumed people wanted him to say, or by doing such subtly funny things as grinning while he went through the motions of masturbation on the team bus. ("There's not a bad bone in that boy's body," manager Johnny Keane said when the boy was twenty-five and a veteran of two World Series. "He's just dumb.")

Asked in the wake of *Ball Four* what he thought of Bouton, Pepitone told somebody: "A prick. A real prick." He denied saying that and said that he had been misinterpreted when Dick Young quoted him as having called Bouton "the horniest prick in baseball."

When that story hit the streets, Bouton was somewhere on the road with the Houston Astros, and he ran for a phone when he heard about it. "I think Bobbie knew Joe Pep well enough not to take his word for anything," Bouton said. "But it was the sort of shit I'd rather she heard from me first."

He told her, and there was a long pause. And he experienced some moments of anxiety before he heard his wife say: "Well, you are pretty horny."

There was another good story which Bouton told about stewardesses in *Ball Four*. It is true what they say about stewardesses, he said. And about ball players: ". . . not the best dates. We prefer wham, bam, thank-you-ma am affairs." But there were exceptions for "class stuff, or table pussy, in comparison with the camp followers, called Baseball Annies." This sort of thing, many of *Ball Four*'s critics howled and grumbled, definitely was homewrecking material.

How did it go over in Bouton's home, he was asked after Bobbie had sized him for the sleeves of the "Ball Four" sweater she was knitting and retired upstairs. Did she interpret the "we" of his narrative as personal or rhetorical?

"Actually, specifically, I don't know the answer to that," Bouton said. "We've joked about it enough. She's made better one-liners about that stuff than anybody else has made.

"But we have never had a direct confrontation about it. She has never looked me square in the eye and demanded to know if I was one of the guys who was playing around. And I have never said, 'Yes, I did,' or 'No, never.'

"We've talked enough about it, but we've never talked *about* it. I guess if you want to analyze it, it's a matter of respect.

"I guess neither of us felt that we owned the other that much."

In Bouton's sequel, *I'm Glad You Didn't Take It Personally*, written as the *Ball Four* backlash had just begun to ebb, Bouton-Shecter said: "What I find hard to believe is that in this era of sexual freedom and enlightenment a woman can send her husband on the road and worry about what he's doing. . . . You either trust your husband or you don't. . . . You probably have imagined worse than what was said in *Ball Four*." In the immortal words of Casey Stengel, "Now, wait a minute. You're full of shit, and I'll tell you why."

There was a baseball reporter of Bouton's generation who wrote a book asserting, among other generalizations, that the journalists messed around on the road just about as much as the ball players but weren't nearly so successful. The author said that his wife didn't take it personally because she trusted him; she trusted him, some of his peers theorized, because he didn't figure to be odds-on in a whorehouse with a handful of twenties.

But Bobbie Bouton was packing a suitcase for a guy who had the youth, looks, smarts, chutzpah—in short, most of the tangibles and intangibles—that make a potential scorer.

How did she handle that? "I worried," Bobbie said. "I still worry. But when you analyze it . . . well, if he were the kind of guy I didn't have to worry about, what good would it be?

"Laughing and joking about it was the best way for me. A lot of times I was kidding and I wasn't. 'That was a tremendous effort,' I would say, the night he got home from a road trip and we were in bed. 'I know you have to act horny, but it's okay; you're a good actor.

" 'How long has it been, really?' I would say. I would kid him around that way, but I wasn't completely kidding. Deep down, I guess, I wasn't that concerned. But I would hear the other wives talking about what some guy was doing, and I would know his wife would be the 'last to know,' as they say.

"No, I never asked point-blank—except kidding—and I don't think I ever will. If he were playing around he'd lie, right? But, really, I feel too close to him to ever ask directly. I suppose if I saw a picture of him in a nightclub with another woman, I'd want an explanation."

Bobbie agreed that there was no prior discussion as Jim wrote *Ball Four*, but not that there was no warning of the texture of it. "I heard the tapes as he went along," she said. "After some particular anecdote I'd ask, 'Who was the guy?' He wouldn't tell me. He'd used the 'we' to be one of the boys, to show he wasn't setting himself above the others. He and Lenny agreed on that, and they decided that they wouldn't

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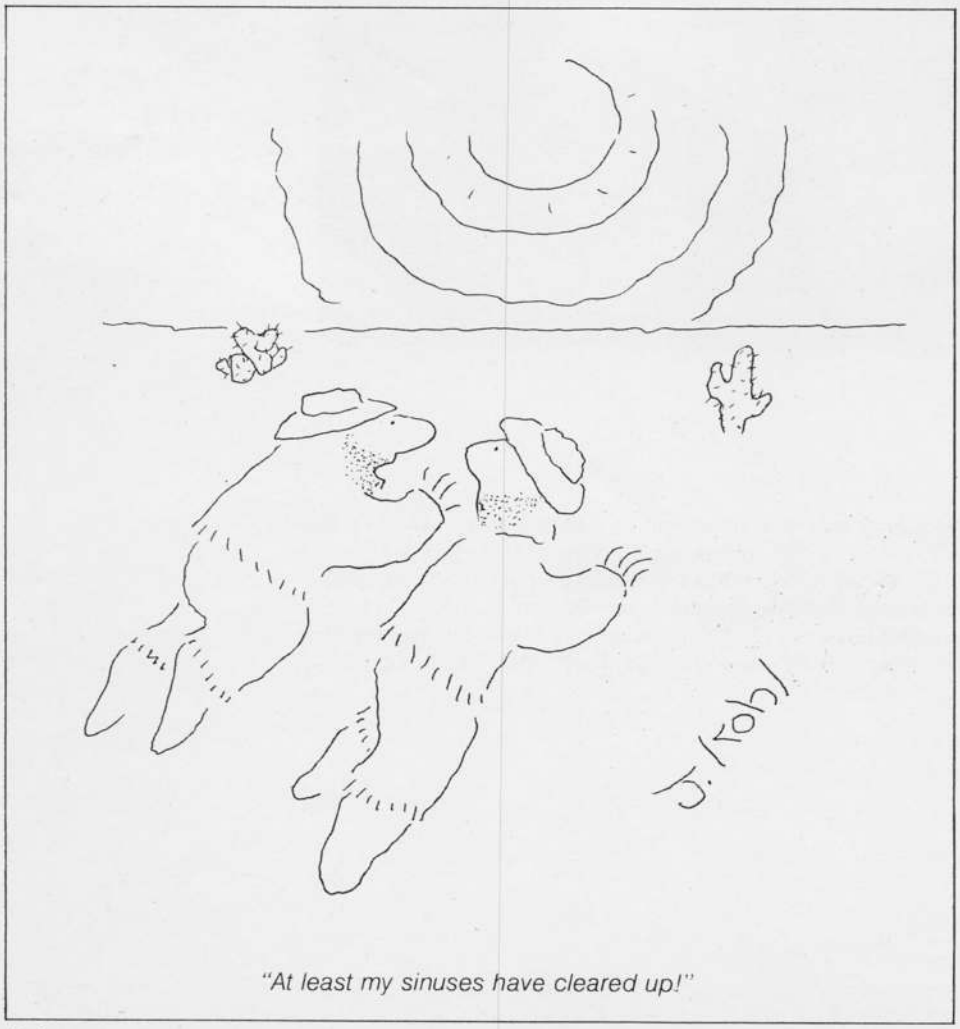

"At least my sinuses have cleared up!"

Images of Woman

Robert Farber

With over 70 sensuous full-color nude photographs, IMAGES OF WOMAN is a testament, a stunning statement of talent by a gifted, impressionistic Young Master.

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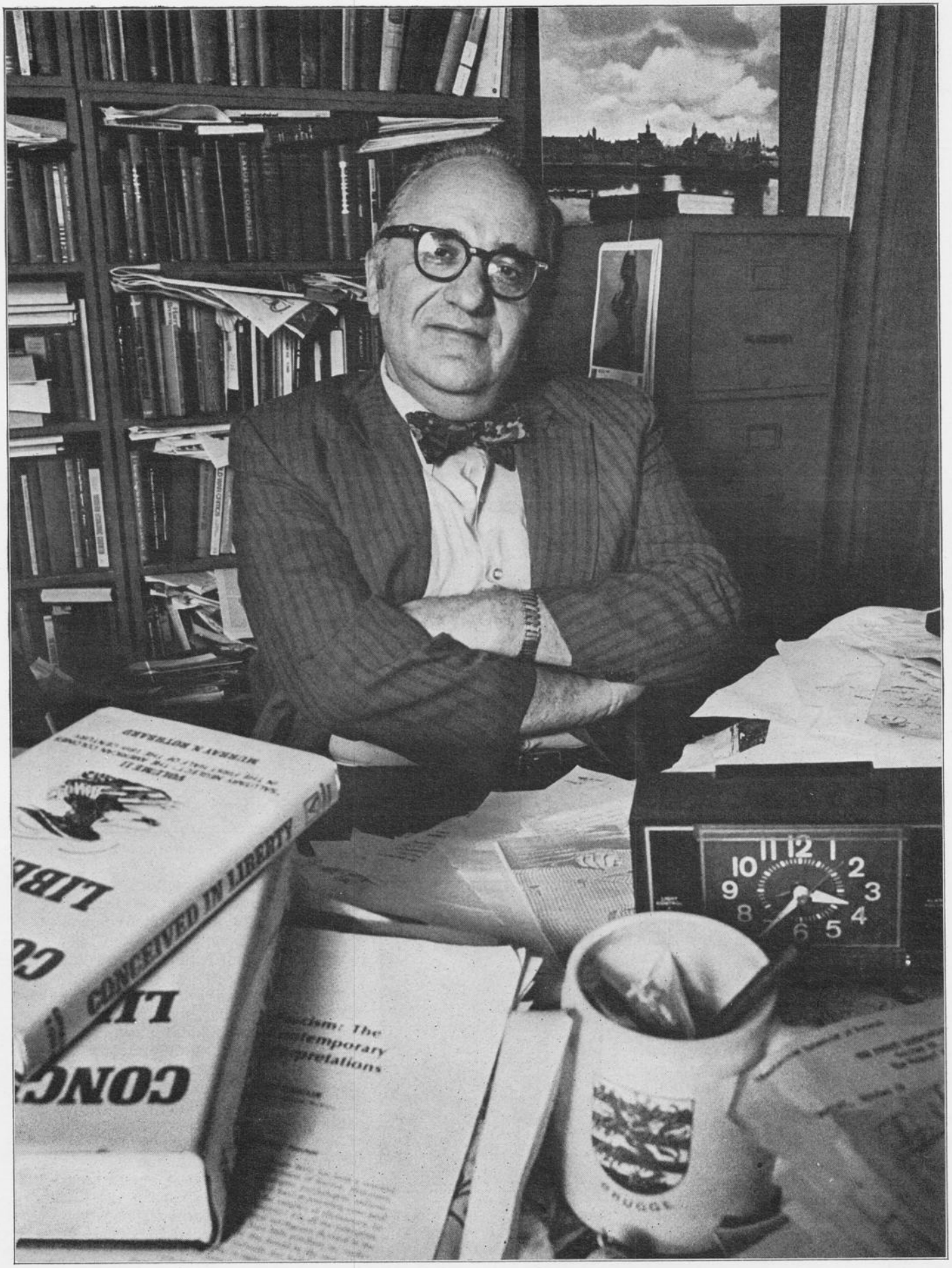
CONCEIVED IN LIBERTY
MURRAY N. ROTHBARD
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"Everyone should be able to do what they want, so long as they don't impose their wishes on others."

MURRAY ROTHBARD

The Murray Rothbard wall poster depicts a graying professor pecking at a typewriter. His words rise magically from the machine and blend into a black flag of anarchy rippling above his head. Beneath the drawing is this caption: "Murray N. Rothbard—the greatest living enemy of the state." The poster, like almost everything else relating to politics, causes Rothbard to laugh. He has a penchant for humor that, in his younger days, led him to write an Off-Broadway play, *Mozart Was a Red*, which poked fun at the Ayn Rand cult of the individual. Today he still laughs very easily. If someone mentions the name of almost any establishment economist or political figure, Rothbard will respond with a nasal guffaw. Abe Beame, Jerry Ford, Hubert Humphrey, John Kenneth Galbraith, Alan Greenspan, Ronald Reagan—they all receive the same response: a laugh followed by a theoretical disputation in which Rothbard employs buzz-saw logic to rip into these persons he views as enemies of liberty, prosperity, and the common good.

Rothbard's freewheeling style and strong opinions have gradually earned him a public following. Today he is regarded as the chief theorist and spokesman for the new libertarian philosophy—a role that he relishes after years of obscurity spent writing economic tomes and articles in scholarly periodicals. Now he frequently appears on national television, and he is much in demand as a speaker on college campuses. His many books, some of which were long out of print, are reappearing in new editions issued by major publishers. And they have begun to sell. The first two volumes of Rothbard's five-volume history of Colonial America and the Revolution, *Conceived in Liberty*, have become "best-sellers" among scholarly books.

Of course, not everyone is pleased with the new interest in Rothbard's thought, which synthesizes both liberal and conservative ideas. Chief among his detractors are many of his professional economist colleagues, with whom Rothbard has been feuding for twenty-five years. The main outlines of the dispute are simple. Rothbard doesn't think that most of them know what they

Photograph by Pat Hill

are talking about. They have retaliated by, so to speak, exiling him from his own profession. For a long time he has paid for his outspokenness by earning what must be regarded as a very narrow living for someone with a Ph. D. from Columbia. Instead of being invited to serve on a prestigious university faculty, he has had to settle for commuting by subway from his Manhattan home to the New York Polytechnic Institute in Brooklyn. Rothbard has also lost out on lucrative private consulting work, which makes economists rank among the highest paid of all professions. Instead of encouraging firms and government agencies to hire him, Rothbard wrote books and articles disputing the value of most economic advice. His contention that the charts and graphs and tables are mostly misleading dampened the demand for his services. Only one firm—a mushroom factory—has called on him for consulting advice in the past twenty years.

Although Rothbard may have disputed the commercial application of his work, others, such as Harry Browne (see the *Penthouse* interview with Browne, February 1975), have made fortunes in the financial-advice field by popularizing concepts developed in Rothbard's early books on depressions, such as *The Panic of 1819* and *America's Great Depression*. Browne and many lesser prophets of "doom and gloom" are earning thousands of dollars per day telling clients to "head for the hills" because the government-controlled economy is doomed to fail. What does Rothbard think of such advice? Not much. He refuses to comment directly on Browne to avoid the appearance of personal animosity. But his general feeling about dropping out is that taking such a step would be disastrous. "Besides," Rothbard says, "there aren't that many hills to fly to."

Penthouse interviewer Jim Davidson questioned Professor Rothbard about his controversial views. The conversation shows why the fifty-year-old economist has been described as the one political theorist who is "to the Left and the Right of everybody." Attacking the current political leadership and virtually every element of government policy, Rothbard explains why he still has confidence in the future of America.

Penthouse: If you had a magic wand for correcting what's wrong in America, what would you do?

Rothbard: I would get the government out of the lives and the properties of all American citizens. I would first repeal all the legislation that's been undertaken and all the administrative edicts of the last century or so.

Penthouse: Even the laws that have been designed to help the poor, to protect consumers, and to provide for the young, the ill, and the aged?

Rothbard: Yes. The laws to help the poor are phoney. The poor don't really benefit from the welfare state.

Studies were made of a ghetto district in Washington, D.C. After estimating the taxes those people paid to the federal government and balancing that figure against the money the federal government gives back to them, it turned out that they are getting less from the government than they are giving. They're paying for the welfare state just as much as everybody else! The money is simply siphoned off into the military-industrial complex, into bureaucratic salaries, and so forth.

Penthouse: If welfare programs don't benefit the needy, why are they continued?

Rothbard: Because they build up a constituency of government employees for the rulers of the country, for the state apparatus, and for the people who benefit from it. Also they build up a facade of altruism, behind which the people who actually benefit from the state—the people who get the contracts and the subsidies and the monopoly privileges and so forth—are able to operate.

Penthouse: Can you be more specific?

Rothbard: For example, the Civil Aeronautics Board, which regulates the airline industry, was created because of lobbying pressure from the big airlines: Pan Am, United, and others. It was created in order to raise the rates, not to benefit the consumer. And that is how the CAB has functioned. It creates monopolies, restricts airline service on various key routes, and keeps rates up. The result has been the inefficiency and the high costs that the consumer has had to live with. The CAB put out of business quite a few small airlines that were operating very efficiently and very safely but that were undercutting the rates of the big airlines. The CAB just stopped issuing them "certificates of convenience and necessity," I think they're called. That's just one example of the sort of thing the government does on the federal, state, and local levels.

Penthouse: Then you are advocating that all governmental functions be abolished.

Rothbard: I think all these functions could be performed considerably better by voluntary means—financed by the consumers who actually use these services, not by taxpayers who are forced to pay for something they don't personally receive. The income of the policemen, the firemen, and the civil servants should be equivalent to the efficiency of their service to the consumers, not based on political manipulation and coercive taxation. Then they wouldn't be an entrenched bureaucracy anymore. Government employees would have to shape up like everybody else. All other goods and services are provided by businesses or individuals who receive their compensation because they have efficiently supplied a product that consumers want. The government supplies services through coercive taxation and therefore doesn't have to be efficient.

Penthouse: But how could the free market provide such services as the police?

Rothbard: There is no difference between saying that and saying, "How can the free market provide shoes?" In the present society, wealthy people can hire private guards—and they do just that. It's the poor people who have no choice but to rely on the public police.

Right now almost everybody has some kind of medical insurance, Blue Cross and that sort of thing. I see no reason why police insurance would be more costly than that. People would pay premiums every year for having police on retainer, so to speak, in case anything happened.

Those people who couldn't afford such payments would still be provided police aid. We now have legal-aid societies that provide indigent prisoners with free legal counsel, and in a libertarian society the same thing would happen regarding police protection.

Penthouse: If you did away with government and every service was provided by free enterprise, how would the poor be able to survive?

Rothbard: Well, in the first place the poor are only helped by free enterprise. It is private-capital investment and private entrepreneurship that have raised the standard of living from what it was in pre-industrial times to what we have today. This has all been done through private investment, not by government. The government is a drag on the system; it is an impoverishing device and a parasitic burden on the productive system, not the opposite. Government doesn't help the poor; it hurts them.

Penthouse: We had private charity up through the nineteenth century. Dickens described the horrors it caused. Is that what you wish to return to?

Rothbard: No, the guiding aim of private charity has always been to get people on their feet so they wouldn't have to depend on charity. And private charity was largely successful in doing that. Today the Morman church has a system of private aid, so that no Mormons are on welfare. The same is true of other ethnic groups that are opposed to any kind of welfare dependency. Albanian Americans in New York are very poor. They're virtually on the lowest income level, and yet none of them is on welfare because they think it's demeaning and degrading and they help each other out, voluntarily.

Penthouse: But if private charity is to work, the economy must be healthy; and many economists feel that an unhampered free market leads to recessions and depressions, which are cured only by government intervention.

Rothbard: Depressions and recessions are not brought about by a free-enterprise system. They are brought about by the government and its process of inflationary counterfeiting. It's the government's banking system that creates inflation, recession, and depression. The government distorts the economy and creates unsound investments. These investments have to be liquidated, and the result is a period of depression. Then the more the government intervenes in the depression—as it did in the 1930s—the longer the depres-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 173

THE FIRECRACKER

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Serve the Firecracker: Just pour 1½ oz. of Seagram's 7 Crown over ice in a tall glass. Fill with Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice Cocktail. Add sugar to taste.

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FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY LES UNDERHILL/CADORE

HAPPY HOOFERS

These shoes were made for dancing: heels have come down for sure-footed motion, soles are sleek for fast action, and the toes point the direction of the step. As is true of the rest of this fall's line, the emphasis is on the smooth and the sleek —finely perforated wing-tips and tassel-trimmed kilty decorations. Start struttin'.

Calfskin wing-tip front shoe ($70) by Yves St. Laurent for Harwyn International. Wool-blend trousers ($40) by Jaymar-Ruby. Socks: Interwoven. All shirts: Huk-A-Poo. Her shoes: Mario Valentino. Chiffon dress: Valerie Porr. All stockings: Michael Salem, NYC.

French kilty-decorated dress slip-on ($55) by Pierre Cardin for Smerling Imports. The wool, double-pleated, small-check pants ($37.50) and belt by Pierre Cardin Avant Garde. Socks by Burlington. Her chiffon dress with black slip: Valerie Porr. Her shoes: Cardin. Garter belt: Michael Salem.

Grosgrain insert on sleek kidskin, patent-leather slip-on ($75) by Bally of Switzerland. Pin-stripe cotton-velvet trousers ($80) by Carlo Palazzi for Petrocelli. Socks by Interwoven. Her shoes: Xavier. Chemise garter belt: Formfit Rogers.

Inverted-seam, decorated-top kidskin slip-on ($45) by Verde. Pants of worsted English herringbone with overplaid ($65) are Trousers by Barry. Belt is YSL for Harness House. Her shoes: Pierre Cardin. Chiffon dress: Scott Barrie.

For information on where to buy the merchandise featured, see Fashion Finder on page 170.

DON'T BANK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

which is why he walks slow today. Still, he likes to dance."

Burns has actually done a lot of fancy footwork in statistics to keep Congress happy since early 1975, when a congressional resolution began to require that he report quarterly on the monetary goals of the Fed. In a *Wall Street Journal* article, last year, Milton Friedman, the erudite University of Chicago economist, who also happens to be a neighbor of Burns (they have adjoining summer homes in Vermont), described "five examples of Fed doubletalk" during one of Burns's appearances before Congress.

Friedman addressed himself to Burns's testimony before the House Banking Committee and the Joint Economic Committee in July 1975. Burns had said that the Fed sought the same monetary growth that had been projected earlier. The percentage gains during the next twelve months were the same—from 5 percent to 7.5 percent. But Burns had changed the base on which growth was measured, Friedman pointed out. Burns had also said that the Fed was taking steps to ease credit, while, as Friedman notes, "in mid-1974 the Fed made one of the sharpest shifts toward restrictive monetary policy in postwar history." And Burns had stated that monetary-growth rates would have to be reduced as the economy grew healthier, hinting that others outside the Fed were pushing for expansionary policies. "But not a word about the fact that rates of monetary growth (initiated by the Fed) from 1971 to 1974 were higher than in any prior three-year period since the end of World War II!" exclaimed Friedman. Finally, the testimony of Burns, as Friedman describes it, "contains the usual protestations about the Fed's limited ability to control monetary growth," but "what is missing, however, is any acknowledgment that the major difficulties in controlling monetary growth are of the Fed's own doing and that they could be removed by changes that the Fed itself could adopt."

Economist Weintraub detects a subterfuge in the Fed's handling of figures, too. He notes, for example, that starting in 1973 "the Fed revised upward the money-stock figures going back as far as 1959. The effect of this was to lower the growth rate of the money stock from December 1971 to December 1972, from 12 percent to 9 percent. If the growth rate really was 12 percent, then the Fed's role in the ensuing inflation accounts for three percentage points more than is normally thought. It's difficult for me, having read the Fed's reasons behind the revision, to believe them. The impact of this explosion of paper money was to destroy the worth of the dollar and help eradicate everybody's savings."

From behind the clouds of shifting statistics, the Fed over the years has continued to drop "bombs" on decisions of presidents and Congress. Both Harry Truman and Lyndon Johnson complained that the Fed's monetary policies undermined the economic policies of their administrations. When Johnson wanted to spend for "The Great Society," he needed a great deal of money for this purpose. Instead, he was subject to a credit crunch imposed by the Fed under former Chairman Martin, who had been president of the New York Stock Exchange and had opposed Johnson's plans. And Sen. Henry Bellmon of Oklahoma, a conservative Republican, accuses the Fed under Burns of eroding the effects of the early 1975 "anti-recession" tax cut by offsetting its effects on the money supply. In testimony before the Senate Budget Committee late in 1975, Burns admitted that the Fed had taken steps to restrain the money growth after the tax cut. But he disputed Bellmon's assertion that the Fed had actually tried to counter the action of Congress. "I voted against the tax cut," said Bellmon. "But if the Federal Reserve is going to cancel out what we in Congress do, then we'd better know it."

> No matter what happens to the economy, the Fed will remain arrogant, secretive, and dedicated to helping powerful entrenched interests.

Apparently, the Fed is an expert in one area: not telling anyone what it's going to do. Burns, says a close friend, "is terribly fearful that some speculator will make money in the stock market because he knows what the Fed will do in advance." If interest rates rise, the stock market suffers and vice versa. The reason is that investors will move out of common stocks into interest-paying bonds or Treasury bills as the yield on the latter two rises. This has bred a new specialty among brokers, investors, businessmen, and economists. It's called "Fed watching"—keeping close tabs on money-supply statistics, which are usually released a week late. The Fed can turn out all the money it wants on the printing presses in the Treasury. But it prefers to "fine-tune" the money supply and interest rates by means of a number of maneuvers that are kept highly confidential.

The Fed can raise or lower the reserve-to-deposit ratio of its member banks, which include all the major ones. This action either opens or closes the faucet for business and personal loans. The Fed can lend funds to member banks for the purpose of increasing their reserves; the more reserves the banks own, the more loans they can make, because each loan must be backed, under Fed rules, by a certain percentage of reserves. The Fed can raise or lower the interest rate on these loans, influencing member banks' decisions on whether to lend money. And the Fed, by selling the government securities that it holds, can lower bank reserves, because the buyers draw from commercial banks to pay for these securities. Or by buying government securities with Federal Reserve checks, the Fed can increase reserves in commercial banks and thus boost the amount of money available for lending. The Fed's Board of Governors can also regulate credit by setting the ceiling on the interest that member banks can pay on time and savings deposits.

Because a few legislators believe that the Fed has fouled up in regulating banks, in handling economic problems, and in managing its own budget, a number of proposals popped up earlier this year to take away some of the Fed's power or put reins on its operations. One bill would have subjected the Fed to audit by the General Accounting Office, which is the watchdog arm of Congress. The Fed now gets all the operating money that it needs from interest on Treasury securities it owns. Its budget has been fairly freewheeling, and congressional critics, particularly the late Mr. Patman, have accused the Fed of outrageous profligacy in spending.

As examples, they cite the Fed's taste in partying and its excessive generosity to its staff. One Fed employee transferred from Miami to Atlanta was recompensed with almost $14,000 in "relocation expenses"; another transferee was paid dog-kenneling fees by the Fed. The New York Fed District spent close to $11,000 for one Christmas luncheon for employees and $5,400 in sponsoring a lunch for bankers at a bankers' convention. "A cozy arrangement—the regulator wining and dining the regulated," fumes congressional aide Lewis. And the Fed in Washington, when it put up its new addition in 1974, spent more than $26,500 for two squash courts and $20,000 for a sculpture of former Fed chairman Martin. The tab for new kitchen facilities in the addition was outlandish: $485,000. "And the taxpayer picks up the bill," groans Lewis.

A more sweeping proposal of Hubert Humphrey's would have reduced Fed board members' terms to seven years from fourteen, added the Treasury secretary and chief White House economist to the Fed's policy-making Open Market Committee, and required that labor, agriculture, small-business, and consumer interests be represented. This proposal would allow a president to appoint a majority of the board during his four-year term. And it would give the administration more control over Fed policy.

House Banking Committee Chairman Reuss and Congressman Fernand St.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

REFLEX ACTION

BY JOE KELLEHER

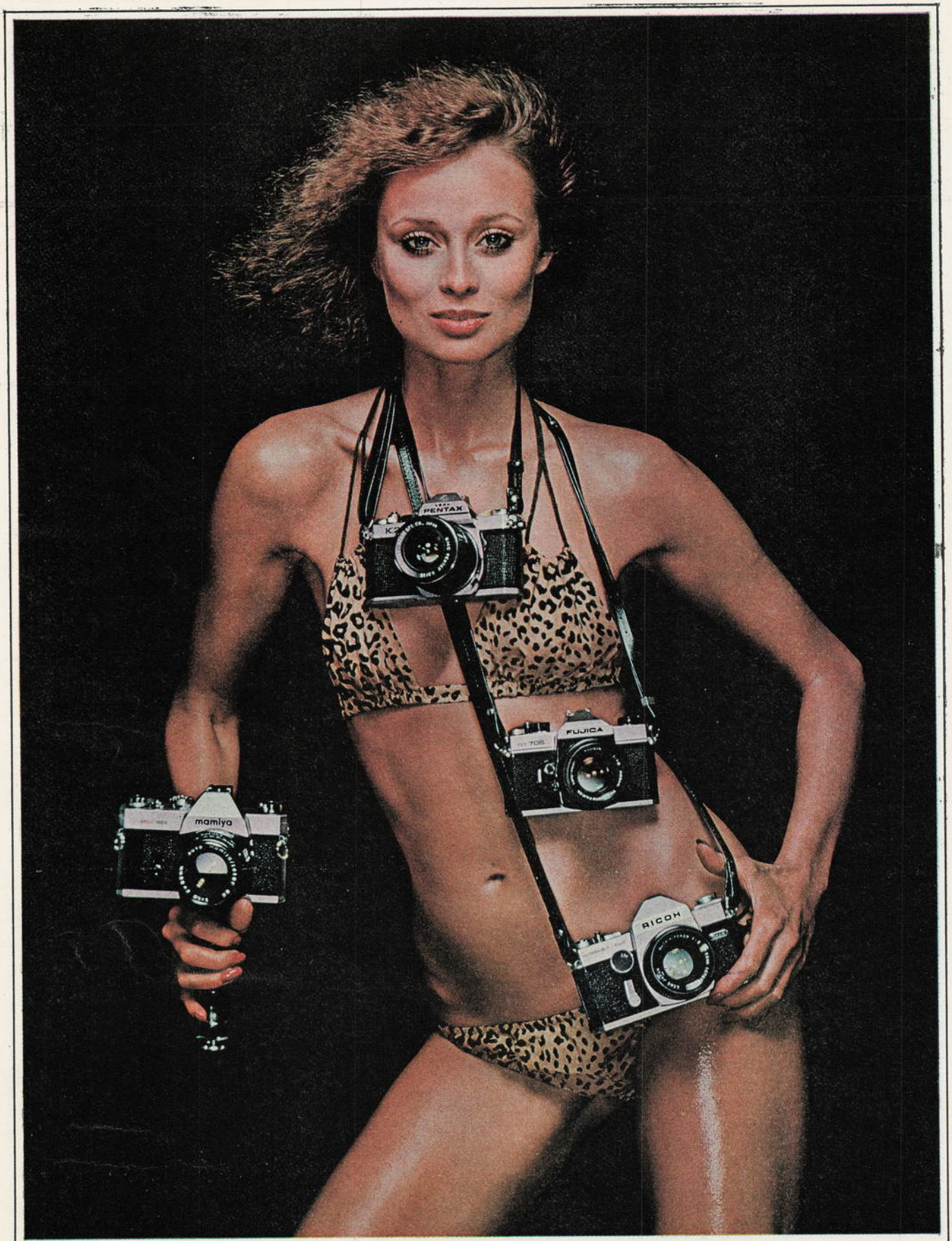
No other camera available today can challenge the popularity, flexibility, or ability of the 35mm. More 35mm film is shot by both pros and amateurs than any other format, and with good reason. The modern 35mm can do everything any other camera can do and usually does it cheaper and easier. From images of the atom to a portrait of the galaxy, any picture that can possibly be taken can be taken with a 35. And when the photographic going gets really rough, a 35 is frequently the only camera that can deliver. What other camera but a 35mm can be removed from a microscope mount, hooked to a motor drive and zoom lens, and used to shoot an auto race within minutes? The range of 35mm cameras, film, lenses, and accessories now on the market is seemingly

With the advent of motor drives, electronic technology and endless accessories, today's 35mm cameras have conquered the world of photography.

Top left: Minox 35EL pre-set focus with Color-Minotar 35mm f/2.8 lens. Electronic shutter meter controlled. E. Leitz, Inc., $183. Top right: Rollei 35 S pre-set focus with HFT Sonnar 40mm f/2.8 lens. Coupled CdS metering. Rollei of America, Inc., $260. Bottom right: Konica Autoreflex T3 SLR with Hexanon AR 50mm f/1.4 lens. Automatic exposure control. Konica Camera, Inc., $509. Bottom left: Chinon CE II Memotron with Auto Chinon 55mm f/1.4 lens. Electronic shutter. Chinon Corp. of America, Inc., $467. Tripod: Voightlander VSL-2 with Color-Ultron 50mm f/1.8 lens. Aperture-preferred metering Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc., $360.

Top: Olympus OM-2 SLR with Zuiko Auto-S 35mm f/1.2 lens. Lightest SLR made, auto metering. Ponder & Best, Inc., $780. Center: Yashica FX-1 SLR with ML 50mm f/1.7 lens. Viewfinder display of f/stop and shutter speed. Yashica, Inc., $600. Bottom: Vivitar 450-SLD SLR with automatic 55mm f/1.4 lens. Matched needle average or "spot" metering. Ponder & Best, Inc., $349. Tripod: Miranda dX-3 SLR with EC 50mm f/1.8 lens. Light-emitting-diode display of exposure data. AIC Photo, Inc., $429.50.

Right hand: Nikkormat ELW, SLR with Auto Winder AW-1 and Nikkor 50mm f/1.4 lens. Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc., $784. Top: Leica M4 range finder with Summicron 35mm f/1.4 bayonet-mount lens. Automatic coupling to 21mm-to-135mm lenses. E. Leitz, Inc., $1,167. Bottom: Minolta XE-7 SLR with MC Rokkor-X 50mm f/1.4 lens. Automatic exposure control, electronic shutter. Minolta Corp., $640. Left hand: Canon AE-1 SLR with two-frames-per-second Power Winder and FD 50mm f/1.4 lens. Automatic exposure control. Canon U.S.A., Inc., $620.



Right hand: Mamiya MSX 1000 SLR with Sekor Auto SX 55mm f/1.8 lens. Spot meter, shutter from 1 to 1/1000 sec. Bell & Howell/Mamiya Co., $300. Top: Asahi Pentax K2 SLR with SMC 35mm f/2 lens. Electronic shutter, aperture-preferred automatic metering. Honeywell Photographic Products, Inc., $718. Center: Fujica ST705 SLR with Fujinon 55mm f/1.8 lens. Matched needle metering via silicon photocells. Fuji Photo Film U.S.A., Inc., $320. Bottom: Ricoh Singlex TLS with Auto Rikenon 50mm f/2 lens. Matched needle, CdS metering. Braun North America, Inc., $180.

endless. New or improved products for 35mm users appear virtually daily with the ingenious Japanese leading. It is rumored half of the Japanese take pictures with 35mm cameras while the other half produce more 35mm cameras and lenses for export.

The ongoing revolution called "modern photography" actually started in 1913, when microscope designer Oscar Barnack built himself a small metal camera that used surplus 35mm movie film. A world war and other minor mishaps delayed the public introduction of Barnack's Leica until 1925. The original design was so well thought out that updated versions of the original Model A—like the Leica M4 shown on page 127—are still being sold. Like most modern 35mm cameras, the Model A had all the controls on top, a focal plane shutter, and a film-advance knob that also cocked the shutter. Barnack kept improving his camera, and screw-thread interchangeable lenses were introduced with the Leica Ic in 1930. By 1932 the Leica II had a coupled range finder.

Leicas proved so popular that another German firm, Carl Zeiss, introduced the 35mm Contax I in 1932. In rapid succession Zeiss added improvements, and by 1936 the Contax III featured a built-in light meter. Contax took another significant step forward in 1948, when it introduced the S Model, the first 35mm with eye-level-through-the-lens viewing. Real exposure control for 35mm cameras began in the late 1950s, when the Japanese linked the light meter to the diaphragm and shutter. Also, at this time the concept of the "system" camera became popular, and the 35mm grew into the camera that could do anything. Barnack's little Leica had come of age as the most versatile piece of photographic equipment ever conceived.

Initially, coupled metering involved complex mechanical linkages that would integrate the shutter speed, f/stop, and film speed. After setting the film-speed dial to the ASA rating of the film, the photographer must match up or align a pair of needles in order to assure proper exposure. One needle reacts to changes in shutter speed; the other, to f/stop selected. The concept of Automatic Exposure Control (AEC) began when metering systems were improved in the 1960s with the introduction of the battery-powered Cadmium Sulfide (CdS) meters. With battery power available, the 35mm is the electronics engineer's dream machine. Viewfinders are now "information centers" ringed with quivering needles, glowing Light-Emitting Diodes (LEDs), and flashing digital displays. With all this data-plus electronically controlled shutters and diaphragms, even the beginner can produce a good negative on every shot. The big decision is whether an aperture-preferred system or speed-preferred system is better for your needs. With aperture-preferred cameras, you select the f/stop and the shutter speed adjusts automatically. With speed-preferred cameras, shutter speed is selected and the diaphragm setting adjusts automatically. In either case all that is necessary is to focus the camera and press the shutter-release button to get a properly exposed negative. If you prefer the do-it-yourself approach, switch the camera to manual and consult the meter to determine the proper speed and f/stop.

Hundreds of accessories are available for 35mm cameras, but interchangeable lenses and motor drives are by far the most exciting and useful. Except for the super compact Rollei 35 S and Minox 35EL, all of the cameras shown take interchangeable lenses, and the Canon, Nikkormat, and Olympus OM-2 are designed to accommodate motor drives.

> From images of the atom to a portrait of the galaxy, any picture that can possibly be taken can be taken with a 35mm.

Good pictures start with good lenses, and superb lenses are available for these cameras. The standard or conventional lens for 35mm cameras is the 50mm or 55mm, but the wider-angle 35mm is also popular. For dramatic effects wide-angle "fish-eye" lenses of 16mm or 28mm are used.

When you can't get close enough to your subject, use the big telephotos. You can hang a "Big Bertha" 1,000mm telephoto on your little 35 to do a little peeping-tom work. But even a 200mm will put you right in the middle of the action, and a 135mm will handle most moderate telephoto shots.

To have the best of both worlds, check the new zoom telephotos. Widely used by sports photographers, these lenses allow you to zoom in on your subject by simply sliding a sleeve on the lens barrel. In effect the sliding sleeve changes the focal length, giving the benefit of several lenses in one barrel. A 100mm-to-200mm zoom can handle practically everything. Beyond the 200mm size, telephotos tend to get heavy and usually require a tripod. One need not go telephoto in order to go zoom, because a new kind of lens with shorter focal lengths is taking advantage of the zoom concept. One of the most popular is a 40mm-to-80mm zoom, which combines the features of both wide-angle and longer focal lengths popular for portraits.

Taking action shots with the 35mm will be a breeze if you add one of the new auto-winders or motor drives. Smaller, lighter, and cheaper, the new auto-winders or motor drives shown on the Canon and Nikon are becoming one of the most popular accessories for shooting sports or candids. These battery-powered devices allow you to keep your eye on the action while you bang out up to two frames per second. Combined with automatic exposure control, the drives allow you to concentrate on composition and the subject so that you end up with a larger number of usable frames. Better still, you can shoot a string of shots during crucial moments and end up with a beautiful action sequence. If you want to cover sports like a pro, the Olympus OM-2 accessories include a heavy-duty motor drive and a special bulk-film magazine holding several hundred frames for uninterrupted shooting. Those prize-winning "once in a lifetime" pictures seen in newspapers and magazines were usually created during such shootings. Boston *Herald American* news photographer Stanley Forman used a motor drive on his Nikon to record a Pulitzer Prize–winning four-picture sequence depicting a dramatic tragedy.

The cameras our article features were chosen to provide a broad selection for the 35mm buyer. Prices range from under $200 to more than $1,000 and include range finder, pre-set focus, and single-lens reflex models. All of these cameras are precision instruments capable of producing prize-winning photographs. If you're serious about photography, consider the features and advantages of the more expensive models. If you are interested only in snapshots for the family album, a fine, moderately priced camera, such as one of those shown, can provide many hours of enjoyable photography. Whatever your needs, a 35mm can fill the bill. So pick one, and start taking those pictures. And if there's a beautiful girl around, start shooting—you may end up with your name in the credit line on the *Penthouse* centerfold.

Photographs by Pierre Houlet

DON'T BANK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

Germain, a Rhode Island Democrat, introduced legislation that would set up a five-member federal banking commission to take over the bank-regulatory job of the Fed and that of the comptroller of the currency. Derived from their Financial Institutions in the Nations Economy (FINE) Study, the bill recently has been watered down so that several controversial proposals have been omitted, including requirements that banks disclose financial data.

Thus far, most other congressional proposals aimed at trimming the Fed's sails have been so diluted that the Fed continues to move ahead with all its power.

Former Fed official Pierce, now a consultant to the Reuss committee, conducted hearings on the FINE report at the close of 1975 and was disappointed at the turnout from consumer groups; "We got a lot of bank and industry people, but there was hardly any support where it counts—the organizations representing the public."

Reuss, in fact, has been so frustrated in his legislative efforts to make the Fed more responsive to publicly elected officials that he finally turned to the courts. Last June he filed suit in Federal Court to bar the five regional Fed bank chiefs from sitting on the powerful open-market committee, which sets the Fed's overall monetary policy. The seven other members of the committee, all Fed governors, are appointed by the president, but the regional chiefs are picked by regional boards composed mainly of local bankers.

Fed Chairman Burns vehemently opposes all these ideas, and it's considered unlikely that any drastic changes in the Fed power structure will clear Congress or the courts within the foreseeable future. However, some Fed watchers believe that if a Democrat is elected president in November (Jimmy Carter has publicly aimed barbs at the Fed), Burns's days are numbered. "It would just be a matter of time before he submitted his resignation, after a transition period," Henry Kaufman, the monetary expert at Salomon Brothers, a major investment banking house on Wall Street, told the *Wall Street Journal*.

Other economic experts on the monetary scene foresee Burns as lasting about a year after the next inauguration, at which time his current four-year appointment as chairman will run out. Although he will remain a board member for eight more years, a new president would pick a new chairman, and some associates of Burns believe that this action would compel him to quit. But until the public really gets riled up about the Fed—and it doesn't seem likely that it will until the press does—the odds are that Burns will survive in the arena of politics, where wordmongers avoid battle with masters of statistics.

Burns, who supports the Fed's bid to take over the power of the comptroller of the currency (who was recently under fire for being the weakest bank regulator), has learned the fine art of cultivating the right members of the press. And although he rarely holds formal press conferences, he does attend "private seminars" for financial writers who work for such influential newspapers as the *New York Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and the *Washington Post*. "I can get to see Burns at least every few months privately," confides Ed Dale, the *Times*'s specialist on monetary affairs. "He doesn't generally give press conferences. It's not in the tradition of the Fed. He's not as open as a politician would be, and he shouldn't be." Nat Goldfinger, director of the AFL-CIO's Research Department, disagrees. "There's no reason for closing doors to the public at the Fed," says Goldfinger, who calls Leonard Silk, the resident economist-writer of the *New York Times*, "a straight man" for Arthur Burns. And Goldfinger contends that Burns is treated "as a sacrosanct character by the press overall because most reporters are snowed by his gobbledygook."

> When times are good, the Fed takes the credit. When times are bad, it claims it had nothing to do with the situation.

For writers outside the charmed circle of the influential establishment, trying to see Chairman Burns is like asking China for an audience with Chairman Mao. When asked by this writer, Frank O'Brien, a special assistant to the Fed, said, "He doesn't give interviews. "It's a dry hole. Burns talks in public. He feels that's the way he ought to convey what he has to say." I observed that I wasn't writing about the then possible New York City default but about the entire Fed, its philosophy, and its impact on the nation, which I suggested Burns might want to comment upon. "It doesn't make any difference to us what you do," O'Brien added. "We've put all our cards on the table." Through sheer persistence I was able to visit the Fed building in Washington, where I was shunted down to Jerry Zeizel, associate director of the Fed's division of research and statistics, after I'd asked to see other higher-level officials if Burns couldn't see me. Although the Zeizel interview was off-the-record, he really didn't say very much that was pertinent to the concerns of the public. He mildly admitted that there had been some Fed goofs in the past, and he insisted that the Fed "can't do everything and therefore shouldn't be blamed for everything."

Replies a Wall Street research executive who holds an M.B.A. in banking: "The Fed is constantly playing the 'I can't—I can' game. When times are good, it takes the credit. When times are bad, it claims it had nothing to do with the situation. Since the Fed is beyond the law, it would also like to be beyond blame, too."

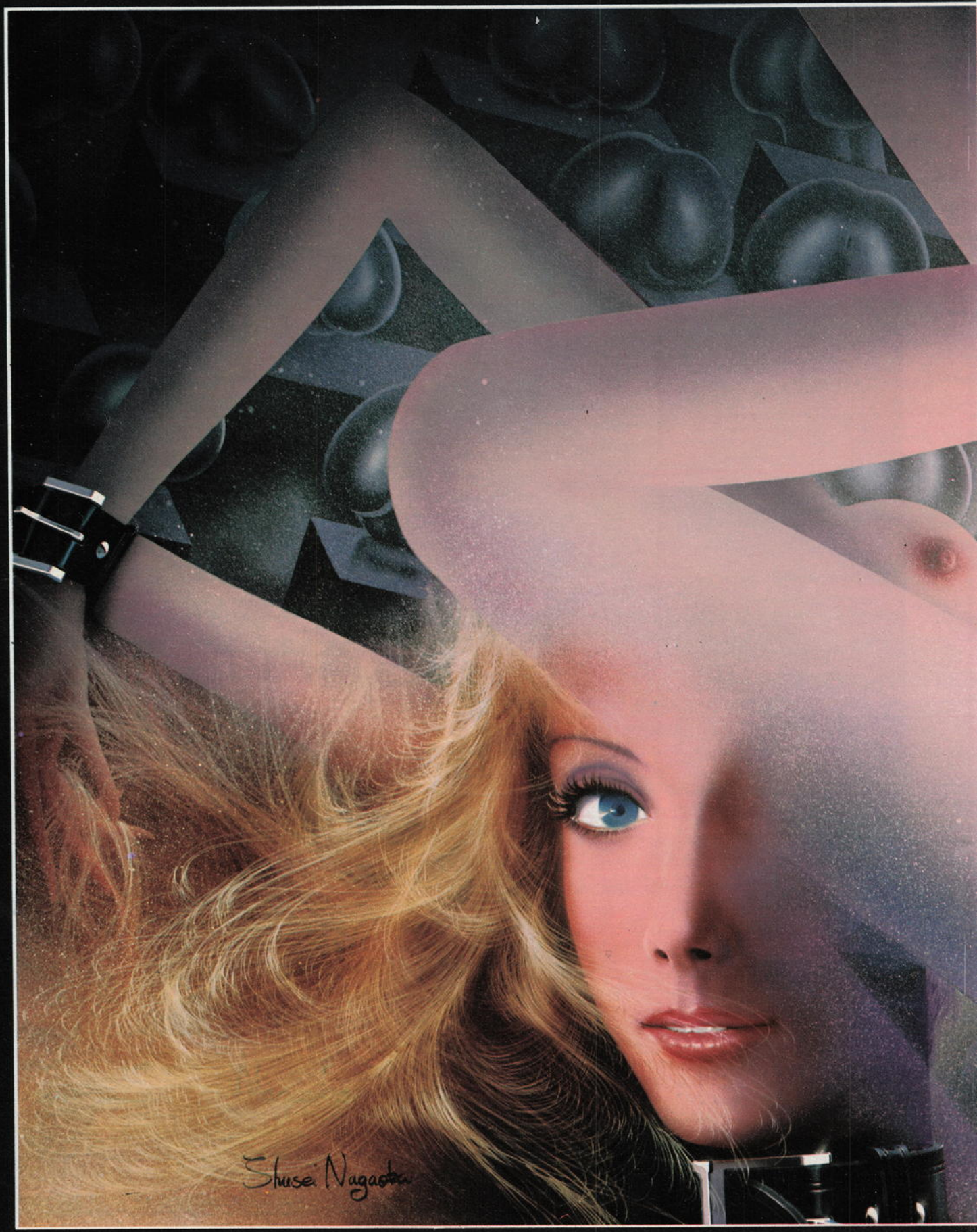
Perusal of literature that the Fed has released to the public will support this contention. Fed officials handed me a book entitled *The Federal Reserve System—Purposes and Functions*, which was issued in 1974 and describes the role of the Fed in a very straightforward fashion. Its table of contents lists "monetary policy and the economy" and notes the financial effects of policy actions, impacts on economic activity, and financial guides for monetary policy without making any value judgments on the role of the Fed. (By 1974, of course, the ravages of inflation had taken their roll, and nobody wanted to be blamed for that—especially not the Fed.) But a visit to a local library turned up the same book issued back in 1963. Here is a sample from its table of contents (italics mine): "An *efficient* monetary mechanism is *indispensable* to the steady development of the nation's resources and a *rising* standard of living. The function of the Federal Reserve System is to *foster* a flow of credit and money that will facilitate *orderly* economic growth, a *stable* dollar, and long-run balance in our international payments." How times change!

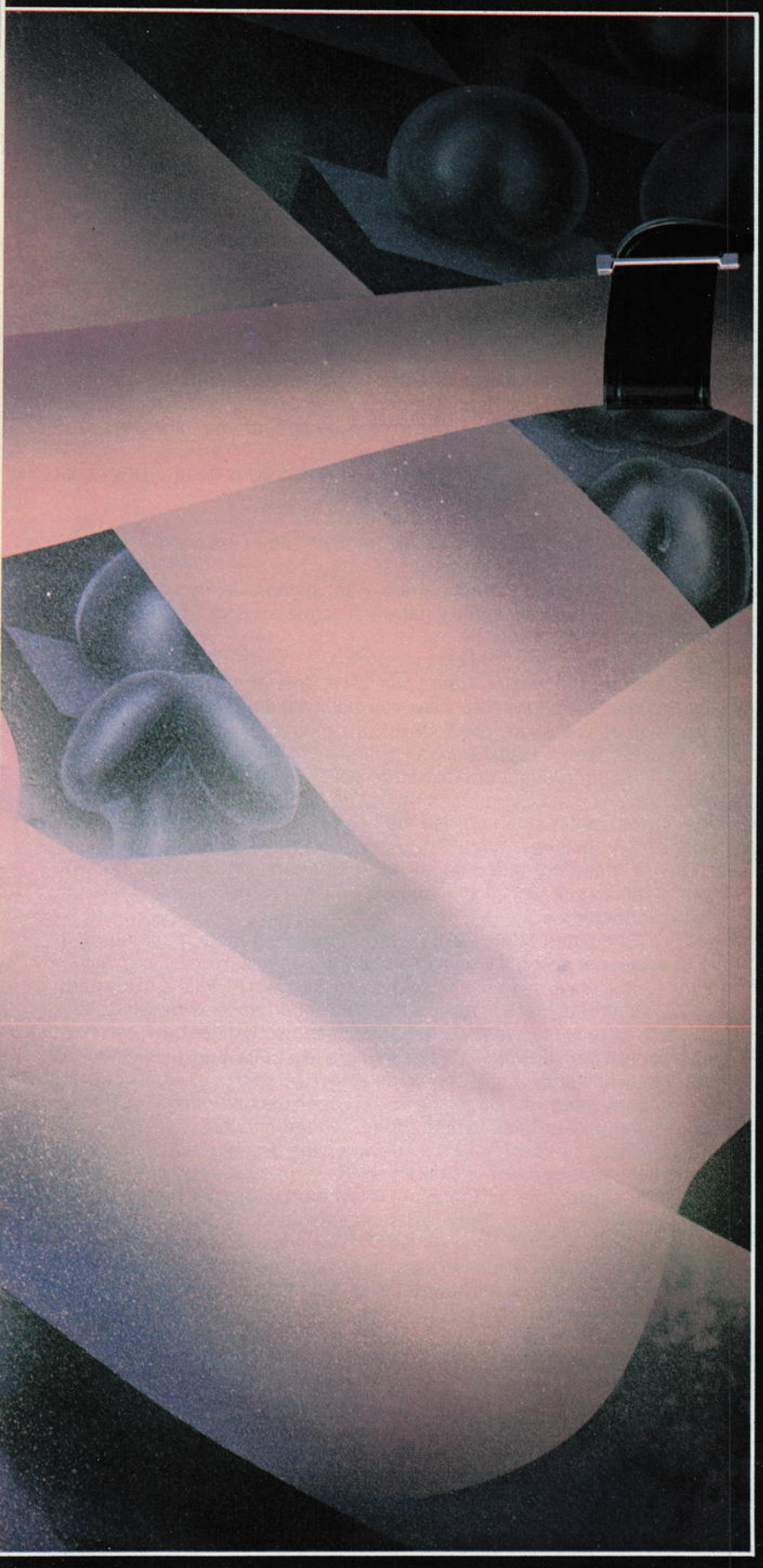
Some critics even suspect that the Fed would like to extend its power far beyond the vast authority it now wields not only in Washington but also throughout the nation. Through behind-the-scenes arm twisting, the Fed has put pressure on commercial banks to influence them in credit allocation—an area really beyond its legal power. "There is reason to believe that the Fed's policies are propping up some companies that are insolvent by ordinary standards," *Forbes* magazine wrote in 1975. A case in point was the action of the Fed in 1974, when it sent a letter to bankers warning against giving loans for such nonproductive purposes as speculation and corporate takeovers. But on the Q.T., the Fed favored certain lenders. "The real story," reveals former Board member Brimmer, "is that the Fed gave commercial bankers instructions not to permit real-estate investment trusts (REITs) and public utilities to fail, and to be sensitive to the credit needs of airlines and certain retailers." This explains why bankrupt W.T. Grant was able to borrow $600 million from a consortium of the nation's largest banks at 5 percent interest with little more than its accounts receivable as security.

The Fed is hardly as sympathetic to the plight of the average citizen. In late 1975 Senator Humphrey's argument in the Senate that New York City should be given fiscal relief received little response from

CONTINUED ON PAGE 151

"They are still out there somewhere. I can hear them giggling about your hat."


Shusei Nagaoka



They played an erotic game without rules where the naked truth surprised him beyond his wettest dream.

THE FEBRUARY FANTASY

FICTION BY ERIC HILLER

I sometimes wonder what it must be like, encountering Jenny that way. I picture the boys and girls sitting in class on the first day, waiting for the teacher to arrive. They are sixteen and seventeen, and the desks are a little too small for many of them; so they fidget as they wait. The bell rings; impatience grows. Then the door opens, and in comes Jenny in one of her sweaters, blond, twenty-three, 36-22-35. "Hello," she says. "I'm Mrs. Larabee."

I'm Mr. Larabee—Paul—and when I was in high school, there was a Miss Warren, who taught French (and who occasioned many coarse jokes about French culture). When Miss Warren stretched to write high on the blackboard and her dress lifted, so would I. I almost failed French that term. I could never take it seriously.

Jenny's students, though, apparently take English seriously and often write wonderful things about their lives and the books they are reading. Jenny loves her job and can chatter on by the hour about her students and their projects.

Once, in the dark, shortly after making love, she whispers, "Paul? I've thought of the perfect way to teach metaphor."

"You must be a pretty good teacher, all right. Yet why must you dress that way for school?"

"What way?" she asks.

"Those sweaters."

"Paul, if I wear looser clothes, they just fall from my bust and make me look heavy. So I have

to wear things that cling. With a body like mine, you can either look sexy or fat, and I'd rather look sexy. It's better for teaching."

"What?"

"Whenever I sense any boredom, I simply walk across the room." She smiles. I want to twist her arm. Instead, we fuck on the carpet.

"Don't be jealous of my students," she says. "You know that I prefer older men. A guy isn't attractive to me unless he's at least twenty-nine."

Which is my age. I am at once dismayed at being already classified as an "older man" and reassured once more that those teenagers she tantalizes pose no threat. For her explanation seems to be true; at parties she generally gravitates toward men of thirty-five or forty. Still, after three years of marriage, I get bothered thinking of her standing up at that blackboard, arousing teenage lust.

"Look at this," she says with a grin after dinner one night. She hands me a composition by a Ricky Weldon, who has terrible handwriting. The class has been reading "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," and Jenny has asked them to blend reality and daydream as Thurber did. Ricky Weldon's story begins in a classroom. I read through the scrawl, my heart sinking.

It was the first day of school. I sat at my desk and wondered who my teacher would be and what English would be like this term. I took out my notebook and pen. I hoped I wouldn't have another teacher like Miss X last year, who had warts and recorded marks for penmanship and punctuality.

The bell rang, the door opened, and my teacher walked in. And I knew I would enjoy English very much this term.

She was gorgeous—blue-eyed, blond, and built. She told us her name and what we would be doing. I couldn't stop looking at her.

Here there is a dotted line across the page, and the words "fantasy starts" enclosed in parentheses. (Has Jenny asked the class to do this?)

The teacher smiled at me as she spoke to the class, and when the bell rang, she told me to stay. She asked if I had any suggestions about English or anything. I thought of several suggestions but only smiled. "Why don't we discuss it at my place?" she said.

She drove us to her deserted house and said, "Wait here. I'll get us some coffee."

When she returned to the living room with the tray, she was wearing a loose white robe. I could see her beautiful body through it. She put down the tray and sat down very close to me on the couch.

"Let's forget about the coffee!" I said.

I put down the story. "Do you often get this sort of thing from your students?" I ask.

"Once in a while," she says. "But isn't this one well written!"

"It's all right," I say at last, not wanting to reveal how much that was my fantasy—and how much it is now my fear. "I wonder what happens next," I say.

A slow smile crosses her face. She reaches to get a pencil and a legal pad from her desk. "Anything you want," she replies, handing me the pencil and pad.

"What?"

"You finish it," she tells me.

"Aw, Jenny."

"Come on. Don't be stuffy. I'm not going to mark it, you know."

She picks up a magazine and starts to read. I am annoyed because I don't much like games. But then I think of Miss Warren and Ricky and what it is like to be sixteen and horny all the time, and I start to write.

She pushed the table away from us and leaned against my arm. She played with my arm and my hand; she unzippered my pants and played with my cock. "Oh, let me," she said, and soon she was kissing it, licking it, sucking it. Her robe fell open, and I stroked her large breasts. She groaned. "Now," she pleaded and moved up on my body. She guided my cock into her hot, ready cunt.

I am surprised at how fast the words are coming. I pause. Jenny is reading over my shoulder. "Oh, wow," she says. "That's great. Hey—let's."

"What?"

"Wait here. I'll get us some coffee," she replies. And she is gone, with a wink of the eye and a sway of the ass. I light a cigarette. Jenny is so childish at times. Still, it may be kind of kinky. We've been lovers for four years, and sex between Jenny and me has become comfortable and routine.

Ten minutes later she returns to the room, carrying the tray. The coffee is freshly perked; I admire her attention to detail. She doesn't have a loose white robe; so she wears her blue one, a little unbuttoned. I see the gleam of her pubic curls as she sits down beside me.

"Let's forget about the coffee," I say. And it all happens as I wrote it, and I come so hard I bruise her shoulders with my hands.

"Oh, yes," she gasps.

Afterward, when we are drinking the coffee and I am watching Jenny with a new appreciation of the different people she can be, I say, "Thank you, Ricky Weldon."

She smiles. "Now I'll have to write one for you," she says.

"Not *now*, I hope."

"Of course not." She stirs her coffee and adds pompously, "The exotic should always be rationed."

So it is not for several weeks that we play Fantasy Come True again. It is a rainy Friday night, and it has been a tedious day at the firm where I practice law. After dinner, Jenny hands me a piece of paper. I unfold what she has given me and read what has been typed:

You are my master. I am your slave. You tie me to the bed. You caress me contemptuously; you insult me tenderly. You stroke my hair as you push your cock into my mouth. You let me suck you a while; then you pull it out and put it in my cunt. I cannot move my hands to prevent or encourage you.

"You continue to surprise me," I say.

She blushes. "Well?"

I make my voice harsh and indifferent. "Well, what are you waiting for? Get into the bedroom, where you belong, and take off your clothes."

She starts down the hall and then turns to look back at me. I wave her away. "I'll be there when I'm ready. Lie down and wait."

She leaves. I light a cigarette and consider my role and my part. I've already got a semi from her meek obedience. Now, what shall I tie her with? What we need is some clothesline, but I can find only a ball of string. I decide to use a few belts. Luckily, we have a four-poster bed; so it should be easy. (Did such a thought occur to Jenny when we bought the bed?) I open the bedroom door. She is lying on her back, naked for me, on the sheets.

"That's better," I say. I sit down on the bed and put my hand in her mouth and let her suck it a while. Then I stand up again. I open the closet door and take out a few narrow leather belts.

"These will do," I say. "Hold out your hand." I put one of my belts around her wrist and pull it tight, like a watchband, before tying the other end to the bedpost. (I always knew that someday boy-scout training would be good for something.) Efficiently, I bind her other arm.

"Try to move," I say.

She can't.

"Now the legs."

"Legs? I didn't say anything about legs."

"Might as well tie them up, too."

"But, Paul———"

"No back talk," I say, cupping her breast. She is silent, but her nipple is eloquently erect in my hand.

I use her belts on her legs, and her body is pliant and unstruggling as she realizes she is totally in my power.

"There," I say, surveying my work. "All bound and ready. You are ready, aren't you?" I investigate. "Why you sweet little bitch, you're already soaking wet."

By the time I finally untie her, Jenny has come three times. She is extremely tender the following day. It's hard to abandon the role, and I'm more authoritative with her for days.

The next week I remember Ricky Weldon and inquire about him.

"Great student," she says.

"Have there been any more advances?"

"A few melting gazes . . ."

"Which you do your best to encourage."

"Certainly not! It's bad for the class dynamics."

I change the subject. "What were the other daydreams about?"

"Mostly fame and money. It's an All-American class."

We decide to play Fantasy Come True at regular intervals. "At the end of every month," suggests Jenny, "so we'll always have something to look forward to."

"Okay," I say. But I wonder whether I'll be able to keep on suggesting new things month after month. (Actually, there is only one fantasy that really excites me, but I know Jenny would never agree to it.)

"Just twelve times a year," Jenny says. "And you can repeat one if you like."

For December I decide to repeat her last fantasy—the other way around. She seemed to like bondage so much that it made me curious; so I have her tie me up.

But Jenny badly bungles the job. I keep having to tell her what to do; yet one belt is so tight that my hand is turning blue, and the other so loose that I could get free in seconds. Jenny apologizes and giggles nervously. Then she starts to handle me. It works: I am hard, and when she finally sits down on me, I get off all right, but it isn't very special, more like an underground explosion far away: weak, muffled. I am eager for her to get off so that I can get my hands free. I certainly won't repeat this little experiment.

"I'm sorry, honey," she says.

"It was fine," I say gallantly. "Interesting."

I am the masseur in January, and Jenny lies naked beneath me as I rub coconut oil into her back. I've been massaging her body for forty-five minutes, and I'm getting tired. I move my hands down and knead the cheeks of her buttocks. I love the substantial spring and roll of a good ass. Too bad the skin is always so rough there from sitting. I apply more oil to the area and think how great it would be if the female ass had as fine a texture as the female breast. I rub her inner thighs, my fingers brushing her cunt as if inadvertently. After teasing her a while, I turn her on her back and part her legs with professional exactitude.

"I think you need some internal massage, madame," I say, "but that's ten dollars extra." I am improvising on the theme, and she loves it.

"Certainly," she says, "go right ahead."

I gently move my fingers into her body and rhythmically explore. My thumb is outside in the fur. Jenny is breathing hard, and soon it will be too late. I remove my hand. "You may prefer this, madame," I say and shove my cock into her. Immediately, she explodes beneath me. She has never before come so fast, and rarely have I. We fall asleep almost at once.

"It was very deep," says Jenny later. "I just went flying off—and into sleep." She snuggles up against me. "Paul, you're just terrific," she whispers. "I'll do anything for you next month."

But would she? I wonder. What are the limits of our game? And can more than two play? For, like husbands by the thousand, what I really want is a threesome: Jenny and me and some lovely young chick—all doing things to each other at once. Now that would be a Fantasy Come True, all right. But Jenny has never shown any sexual interest in women, and I wouldn't like even to suggest things she might find repugnant. And I worry about escalating our play into real decadence. But then again, who started it? Who was the teacher?

Through most of February I am preoccupied with—and exhausted by—the Lawrence litigation, and Jenny, too, frequently seems tired. So we don't make love much this month, and when we do, there is no spillover from the masseur enactment (as there was from the bondage episode). Sexually, we are just idling, and that's okay with me. It's part of the cycle, I guess.

But one day I notice a small scratch on her shoulder. "What's that?" I ask.

"That?" She looks and shrugs. "Beats me. Isn't it funny the way one acquires bruises without knowing how?"

"That's not a bruise; it's a scratch."

"Well, it's a very little one. I probably did it with my hairbrush."

Hmmm. And I start to worry about her students again, about afternoon studies in the bedroom. When I was sixteen, I could come three times in an hour. I picture Jenny and some handsome young stud in lengthy, vigorous conjunction. But no, impossible. Maybe she's just having a flirtation. Certainly, she seems to be looking better and better for school each day. I ask how her favorite student is doing. She shrugs.

"Alas, Ricky's not in my class any more," she says sorrowfully.

"What did you give him last term?"

She blushes. "Ninety-seven."

"*What?*"

"What should I give my best writer?" she asks indignantly. Then she enunciates primly, "The mark was entirely justified."

Was it? Could she? Now that he wasn't in her class any more, would she? But she's not turned on by younger boys. She says.

A week later, as I return from work, I run into Mrs. Francis, our upstairs neighbor, in the hall. She is holding our fondue pot, which she borrowed from us last night.

"Oh, good," says Mrs. Francis, seeing me. "I was worried you might need this." As if we have fondue every night.

"I came down with it at four, but no one answered the bell," she says. She hands me the pot. "I thought I heard voices, but . . ." Her voice trails off. "Thanks a lot now."

"You're welcome." You nosy bitch, I add silently.

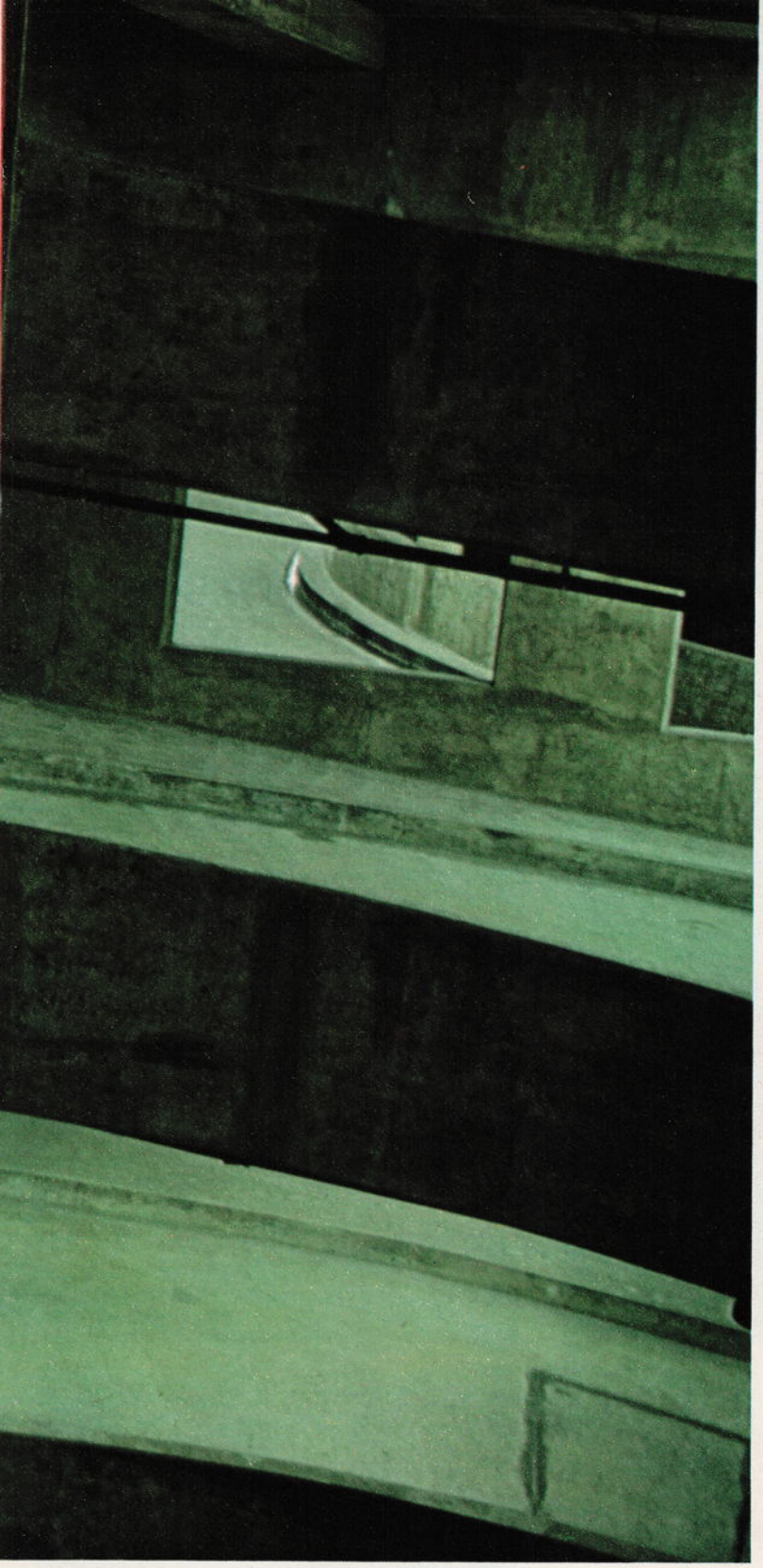
I put down the pot and unlock the door. Silence. I prowl through the apartment and discover Jenny napping in bed. She awakens as I enter the bedroom and stretches up naked arms to hug me. I kiss her briefly.

"Have you been home all afternoon?" I ask casually.

"Uh-huh. I made us a casserole, and then I got tired. Tuna noodle."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 185

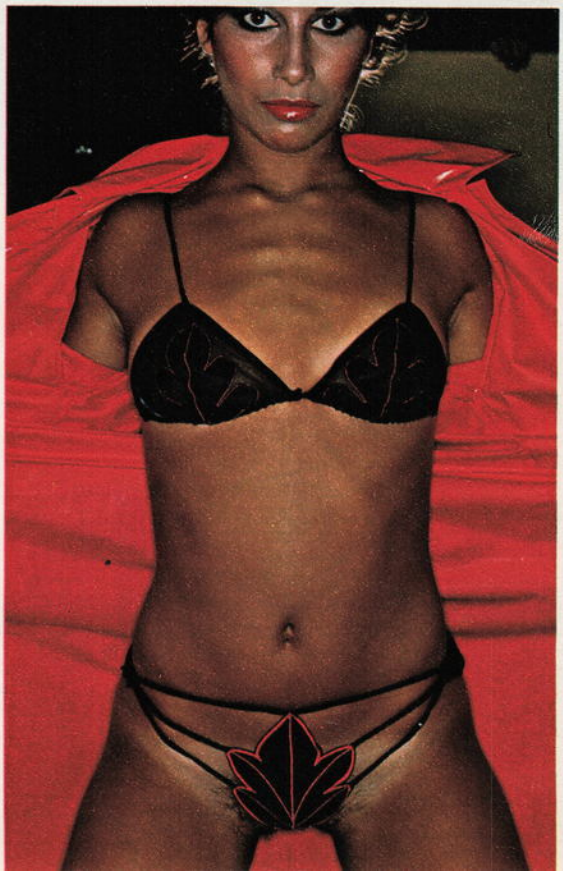
"My knees are killing me."



FLASH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTONIN KRATOCHVIL

We'd like you to meet Sadie, a girl who believes that out of sight is out of mind. And out of your mind is how she'd like to drive you. Sadie is known as the "up front" woman—mainly because "up front" is her favorite position. Sadie shines under the hot spots. She loves strutting her stuff, especially since she's got the stuff to strut. Tonight Sadie is showing off her new duds from Evelyn Rainbird. Some people enjoy parading about in overalls and some people, in nothing at all. Not Sadie. Sadie loves a parade when it's herself she's parading—herself in a pair of falling knickers. "I like to get to the things underneath the image," she merrily discloses. "It takes clothes like these to make a woman,like me."



By audaciously—and publicly—baring her deliciously feline body, Sadie managed to escalate the eyes—among other things—of a couple of elected officials. She put more than her best foot forward and then swung into reverse, revealing a picture-perfect moonscape. She did not fail to elude the photographer and explained, "I told you I love these clothes. And if I sometimes thirst for the applause—well, it's just that I enjoy giving people a full view of my situation. That's the purpose of art, and I am first, foremost, and fashionably an artist." This is known as profound thinking. It is part of being a woman of unplumbed depths.

One might say that this night on the town is just a publicly pubic dress rehearsal for Sadie's first flashy flick, *Quicksilver Satin*. "I had an affair last week with the Famous Writers' School," Sadie said. "They told me that my creative genius was visible. All I needed was to heighten my visibility. So now, whenever I feel the urge, I simply provoke a situation that stimulates excitement. Tonight's situations, for example, are really undress rehearsals for a portion of *Quicksilver* called 'Encounter Therapy.' It's a scene that rips the veils off encounters in odd places. And I'm the encounter. I often make people gasp. I often gasp myself. That's why I'm sure *Quicksilver Satin* will be a very stimulating flicker. I'm very adept at stimulating flickers. As you may have noticed, I depend heavily on the art of surprise. Some people are so surprised at my jacket they never notice what I'm flashing."

Sadie won't tell us the name of the man who snatches her passing glance (or vice versa). "Let's just say he's a soul mate," she offers. But she does confide that she has perfected the ultimate response to the dehumanizing influence of an automobile culture: "I just bring things to a screeching halt."

Flashing the night away also stimulates Sadie's non-erotic appetites. "Doesn't dessert just make the tongue feel divine?" sighs Sadie. But, Sadie, dessert isn't a full portion. "Darling, don't look at what I'm eating and tell me it isn't a full portion," she retorts. Afterward, it's time to really unwind from the tensions of a showgirl's career. Sadie has an unusual method of turning things upside down. "When you look at the world the way I do," Sadie allows, "the days are filled with wonder and the nights flash on forever. I've even developed a philosophy of flashing. You see, if I can meet new friends and influence people, then I have justified myself. After all, doesn't a good glimpse of me change your entire day—and your sex life?" Silly question. Those aren't just flashbulbs going off, Sadie. You've really blown our mind.

Shoes by The Right Bank Clothing Company, Beverly Hills, Calif.; Red and silver raincoat by Georgio, Beverly Hills, Calif.; Black raincoat by Zeidler & Zeidler, Hollywood, Calif.; Lingerie by Evelyn Rainbird Ltd., 20th floor, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, and Frederick's of Hollywood. Lingerie on our cover this month by Viva, courtesy of Viva Products, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

BOUTON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

write anything to hurt any individual.

"After reading some of it," Bobbie said, "like the stuff about the stewardesses, I'd ask why he had to say 'we.' But he had to. I understood that."

The Bouton who was crew-cut as late as 1966 and used to laugh at Joe Pepitone's hair dryer, now carries one of his own in a shoulder bag. He still looks young, but now it was late at night and he didn't look as if he felt young. Barely past the halfway mark of his three-score-and-ten, he spoke of what he might do with the rest of his life. He did not see the TV series as a life work: "Three years, maybe; if I were an astronaut, exploring new planets, I'd get bored in five years."

He also wants time for the children: for Michael, already into ballet, trumpet, and cartoon art; for David, the flutist-snorkeler; and, eventually, for ten-year old Laurie, the gymnast-ice skater.

"Did you write down," Laurie had demanded of her father's interviewer "that David is adopted?" When husky David, eleven, joined the Bouton ménage eight years ago, he was Kyong Jo, born of a Korean mother and an American soldier. "We didn't specify at the time that we wanted a Korean kid," Bouton said. "We did say we didn't want a black kid. We'd have liked to have one, but Bobbie and I had doubts about what kind of country this was going to be in ten years." They also knew, from the experience of friends, that such an experiment could fail and hurt everyone involved—very badly.

Some years before David was adopted, Bouton had a vasectomy. "With the population situation as it is," he and his wife had decided, "with so many kids in the world whom nobody is taking care of, we don't think any couple has a right to have all the children they can have."

Bouton still holds this position. He was irked by a happy-news treatment on television of a woman who had completed a second successful pregnancy after she had undergone a kidney transplant. "Why," he protested, "should anyone take the risk of producing an unhappy child? Are we such marvelous examples that we have to reproduce? Are we all Albert Schweitzers?"

It is not easy to watch TV news with Jim Bouton, who is involved in mankind. "But why?" he shouted at the tube one evening. "Why don't you assholes ever ask *why*?" A talking head was assuring mankind that the Transit Authority, with new technology and luck, might have all New York City's subway trains cleansed of graffiti by 1979.

"People are starving, and we're spending millions scrubbing off graffiti," Bouton grumbled. "And nobody asks why. That's television news. It's a press conference; so there's film and it's news. All the producer ever asked me was whether my stuff would take a minute and a half or a minute-forty-five, never what it was about."

Bouton feels that he needs more time now to do what he wants to do. "The last five years of my life," he said, "have been exciting and fun. They have gone lightning-fast. But I feel that I've aged a lot; I feel really old. I haven't ever tried relaxing, but I think I'd like to some day."

The last time Jim Bouton's name was listed in the Baseball Register, the line underneath, which in almost all cases says "hunting, fishing, listening to records," cited "art, painting, designing, and making jewelry" as his hobbies. He took a full ration of horseplay from baseball's hardhats for that.

"But those are the only relaxing things I've ever done," Bouton said. "I think that's how I want to spend the last part of my life." The stained-glass, lead-lined lampshade ("a series of butterflies") over the table in the breakfast nook is his creation. So is the quasi-cubist, very modern canvas of oils on the wall of the television room.

> My wife has never demanded to know if I was one of the guys who played around on the road. And I've never said, "No, never."

Most of the works of the artist as a young man went public in the annual art show on Rush Street in 1957. Bouton was a senior in Chicago Heights High School when he felt the need for ready cash; so he got himself a twenty-foot stretch of sidewalk and put his works on display. Most starving artists temper their hunger with dignity, laying fifty-dollar-and-up price tags on each splash of color and haggling downward from there, if necessary.

But the seventeen-year-old Bouton had no delusions of grandeur; he decided to be, if the thirty-seven-year-old Bouton remembers the word correctly, "reasonable." He priced his works at figures like $2.75, and they sold—and sold and sold. By the end of the day, Bouton had taken in $243. Thousands of days later it occurred to him that his charcoal of Abraham Lincoln, which went for a reasonable $12.75, "looked like he was alive. . . . I'd give $1,000 for it right now," he laments.

"Could we talk in the morning?" Bouton asked. "I think that if I go upstairs now, the pitcher might still get his reward.

"Especially," he said, hustling from the kitchen to the stairs of the very big, very old house, "if I bring some ginger ale."

Then the house was quiet.

Scripts are written where you write them. On the potty, riding the subway, speeding along Route 81 . . . in bed.

At the studio on West Fifty-seventh Street that afternoon, the staff had been wrestling with a script that concerned itself with the discipline of big-league baseball players—in particular the prescribing of beddy-bye time for grown men making $25,000 and up—mostly up. "We were at an orgy," Bouton had suggested as an excuse for athletes who had missed curfew, "and the foursome ahead wouldn't let us play through."

Well, no. But the script had a chance. Cappy, the Washington Americans' manager, had tired of tardiness and decreed that any player missing an appointment would be fined $500. So the hotel elevator was on the way down to meet the team bus when this really something-else young lady—table pussy, but you can't say that on television—entered and diluted everybody's determination.

Well, sir, the one-liners flew. But the operative word on TV is *believable*. If Sonny Jurgensen becomes a sportscaster and talks like *himself*, well, Jesus, how is that going to be believable? How could people believe a half-hour television show that takes place on one one-way elevator ride? They start from the twenty-fifth floor, but I mean . . .

Bobbie Bouton had an idea, in bed. As the losing pitcher explained the problem, she came up with the answer. Jim Barton, the protagonist pitcher played by Jim Bouton, the compulsive pitcher, makes his move the very moment when the groovy chick gets on the elevator.

"He needs time to operate," she explained, "so he reaches behind him and presses the buttons for *all* the floors."

So the elevator stops and stops.

"I figured," Bobbie Bouton obligingly explains, "that Jim Barton would be horny enough to do that."

Bobbie Bouton is married to the premier pitcher of the Clifton (New Jersey Metropolitan League) Tigers. "And last summer the Calgary Jimmies and the Portland Mavericks," she appended, "and who knows what next summer?" Not many things disturb Bobbie's cool; she will, on a by-and-large basis, accept the segment that dealt with her in the recently published *The Superwives*. But she is not at total peace with a *New York Times* ad for the book.

It quoted Bobbie as saying that she was glad she was no longer married to a jock and that she was therefore free at last from the drugs and wife-swapping and all that. "I didn't say there was *all that*," Mrs. Bouton said. But one little misquote, after all the others, could hardly bug her that much. Could it?

"No," Bobbie said. "But I *am* married to a jock. He is going to *die* a jock. And I don't mind at all."

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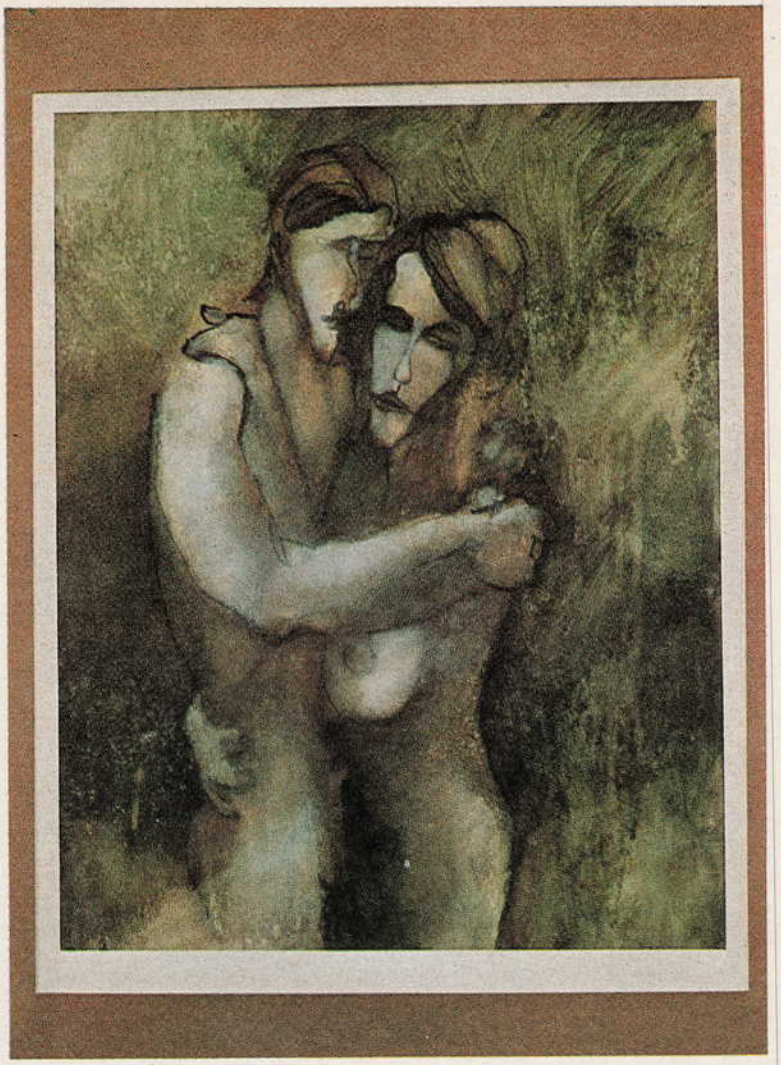

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KING OF THE (OFF) ROAD

City styling, the guts to take the high ground, and the lowest sticker price of any four-wheel-drive make Subaru's wagon the ideal vehicle for the guy who likes to get away.

If "Subaru" doesn't mean "small but gutsy," it should—particularly in the form of this four-wheel-drive (4WD) wagon. This responsive new version of the standard 1400-cc, front-wheel-drive Subaru wagon behaves like any ordinary, economy-range station wagon—until you throw the lever to engage all of the wheels and feel them grab the road, ready for almost anything the land can throw in their way.

Fuji Heavy Industries, which manufactures the Subaru (and, by the way, it's pronounced "s'bar-oo," not "soo-ba-roo," as you might think), tags it as an "all-road," rather than an "all-terrain," vehicle. In other words, it has spirit enough to stray far from the highway, guts enough for mud and gravel, and plenty of horses to pull you up a sixty-degree grade.

Overall, the Subaru 4WD wagon is an eminently affordable and altogether acceptable alternative to the big and expensive 4WDs. It's a car for the young man or woman on the go, the person who's as comfortable in a fishing camp as he is in a singles bar. And if owner can teach mate to handle the four forward gears, the Subaru will serve them nobly and take them right through the early family years.

Positioned in the same market as the Datsun B-210 and Chevette, the Subaru family—which includes a coupé, a two-door, a four-door, and the two wagons—has made a surprising showing this year, with sales in 1976 up 50 percent from the previous year and entry into the top-ten import list.

The premiere of the 4WD wagon, unique in its class, will give the Subaru line the traction to continue its climb.

On the outside, the wagon looks calm enough. Its styling is high-slung, with a slight rake to accommodate the rear drivetrain and improve off-road clearance. This Subaru comes with Bridgestone knobby tires, mud flaps emblazoned with the "4WD" emblem, and wood-grain trim or rally stripe on the option.

But under the bonnet, this wagon becomes the Clean Machine. Snuggled under the air filter, battery, and spare tire is the fifty-eight-horse four-banger, the four-speed gearbox, and the 4WD transfer case. Like so many Japanese products, it's an exciting study in technological miniaturization and compact, gemlike design.

The emission control system—dubbed SEEC-T for "Subaru Exhaust Emission Control Technique"—is a unique lean-burn approach, using three valves, which meets the specifications of forty-nine states without an air pump or cat converter. Yet, according to 1976 EPA estimates, it manages 33 highway, 27 city miles an hour to a gallon of regular (leaded or unleaded) fuel.

The Subaru's interior is roomy. Its ample seating and head room fit the American frame well, though gas, clutch, and brake pedals are distressingly close together, making for a nervous few minutes till you get used to them. Tilt-back front buckets are a welcome standard feature, but the rear bench is strictly for kids, midgets, or middle-size dogs. Fortunately, it does fold forward to extend the back deck, and rear passengers would probably be more comfortable stretched out prone.

The instrument cluster betrays the Japanese love of Castro Convertible–style double-duty. The turn-signal lever, for example, also controls the windshield washer/wiper and the headlight high beams. A lot of luxury features are standard, including push-button AM radio, cigarette lighter, map light, trip meter, rear window washer/wiper/defroster, and day/night mirror. (Be sure to consider the cost of these items if you're comparing prices—including that of the backseat, which adds $199 to the basic Chevette.)

Response in the city is quick, though there's a tendency, for one who's not used to it, to overshift and ride the clutch in stop-start traffic. Cornering is fair, but it improves noticeably with 4WD. If most of your driving will be city-bound, consider foregoing the 4WD feature and opting for the standard Subaru wagon, with its 1600-cc mill powering an automatic gearbox.

On the road, the 4WD Subaru handles crisply, with the front-wheel drive adding needed stability and better traction at high speeds (major considerations with a curb weight of only 2,190 pounds, unloaded). At higher speeds, however, the Subaru handles very much as if it had rear-wheel drive, with a nervous tendency to buck its rear wheels out unexpectedly, somehow the road feel and handling you would expect with front-wheel drive have been lost in the chassis design.

On the highway, the horizontally opposed flat four will put out a respectable twenty-one seconds for the quarter mile, with a top speed of about 85 mph. It's a trifle sluggish on hills, and you'll have to drive the horses harder to keep up with traffic, but it's more than adequate for today's legal limits.

But the best is yet to come. Once you're past the suburbs, get off the Interstate. Slow down a little, flip the 4WD lever in (that's right—under power, since the 4WD is synchronized with the standard transmission), and head for the first dirt road you see. You'll feel it brake a little as you turn off the asphalt, a normal phenomenon due to the variation in turning radius between front and rear wheels. But then the radials will dig in, and you're in for the ride of your life.

Bumps, rocks, potholes, swampy spots, and sizable hills it'll take in stride. When the going gets rougher, gear it down a bit and crawl through. And don't be afraid to *drive* it. The more you thrash the Subaru, the better it responds; it seems almost to *ask* for more. That tight suspension and quick steering that can be a legacy in city driving now come into their own.

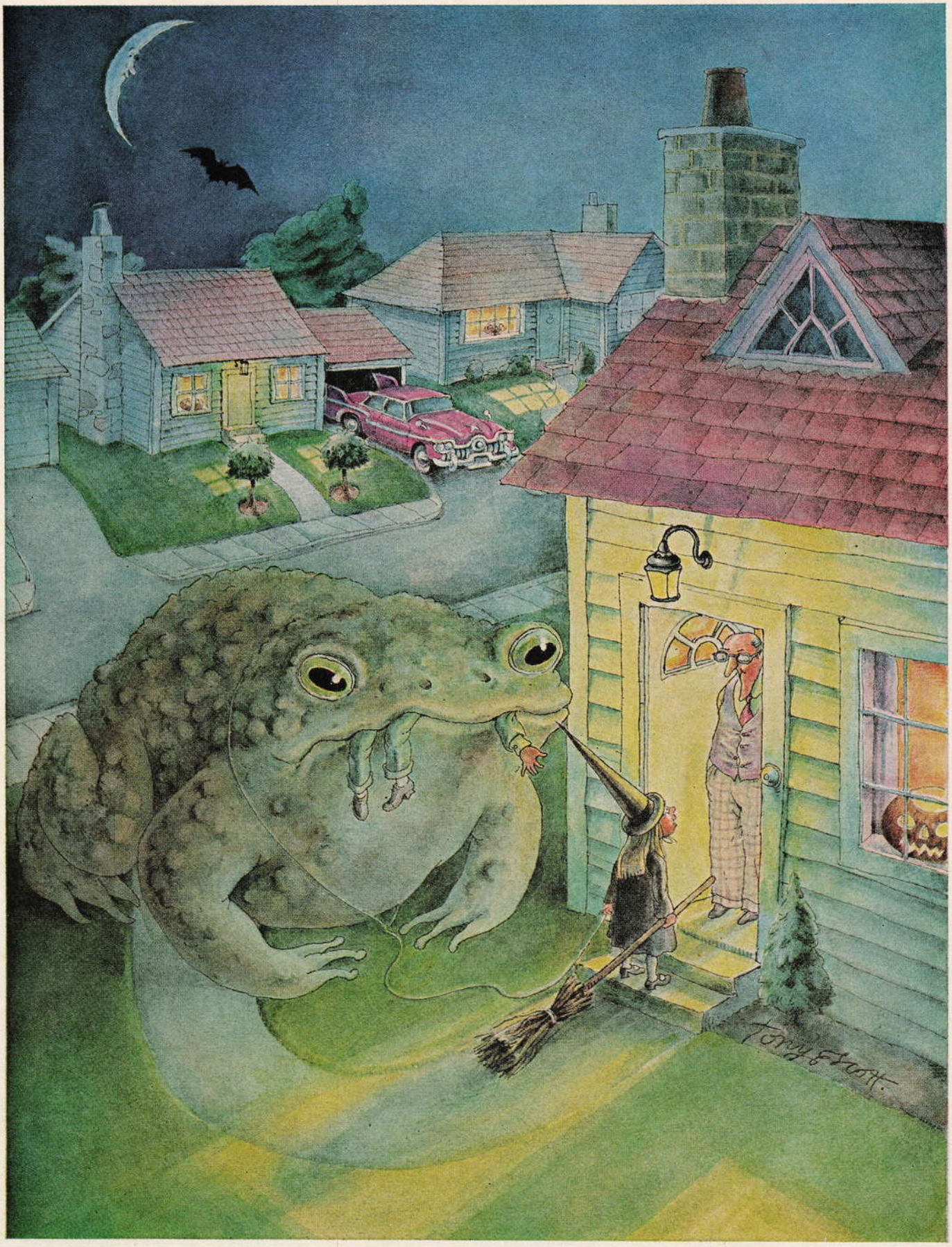
Of course, it won't float along like a cushy Detroiter, but it'll get you through—and that's what counts. Off-road, the Subaru works a lot harder; but it seems almost to breathe easier, as if the country air and back roads are what it was built for.

Now take it up near the red line—Subaru recommends the 4WD not be used over 50 mph—and listen to those pistons pump; you're going to have to get in pretty deep before you'll need more than those cylinders up front to pull you out. It may not be a Bronc' or Blazer; but with a price of only $4,099 F.O.B., you can afford to make some compromises.

If you prefer a quietly sleek auto for tooling around cityside, but want a bit of the beast for fun and excitement off-road, consider well the Subaru 4WD. It's one car, at least, that lives up to its advertising. It really *does* "climb like a goat, work like a horse, and eat like a bird."

BY JAMES HORSTMAN

Photograph by Joe Brooks



"Do you have anything else? My toad doesn't like Almond Fudgies."

DON'T BANK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

the Fed. He exhorted: "I'll tell you when we're going to do something. Not when some poor schoolteacher loses her money, but when Manufacturers Hanover feels its portfolio isn't looking good—that's when you'll hear Arthur Burns yell, 'Part the water; I'm coming through!'"

Although Burns may not yet be able to part the water, nevertheless he wants to lead the Fed to the promised land. There the Fed would be the ruler of both Main Street and Wall Street, and everyone would bow in obedience to it. Last year Ralph Nader, the consumer advocate, leaked a paper to Congress that was entitled "Scenario for Federal Reserve System in the Year 2000," prepared by the Federal Reserve Bank of Cleveland. In it the Cleveland Fed envisions the Fed System as a supergovernmental power in charge of all financial institutions. The paper reads like an army manual—stiff and dry. For its part, the Fed in Washington disassociates itself from the paper of the Cleveland Fed, claiming it was simply a planning exercise not meant for publication. "It was not an official document, just one of our many looks into the future," says O'Brien.

How does the Fed actually plan to expand its power? In 1954 Burns, who was then chairman of President Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers, wrote: "Perhaps, before many years pass, an economic general staff will emerge within the government and take on some of the characteristics of military general staffs. Just as the military often finds it helpful to draft plans for resisting different potential aggressors, each or a combination of whom may strike at this point or at that, so an economic staff may in the future find it prudent to work concurrently on plans for meeting a great variety of economic troubles that we loosely call booms and depressions. And just as the military staff tends to concentrate on immediate danger points, but without neglecting the lessons of past campaigns and battles, so the economic staff may come to combine historical and theoretical research on business cycles with the devising of policies to meet emerging conditions."

Unfortunately, the Fed is not a burning issue in any political campaign. Perhaps it should be. From what many monetary, banking, and economic experts say, the Fed is flubbing its job. Maybe the nation needs another type of monetary and regulatory agency, one that is more responsive to the problems of the public. This requires investigation—and soon, before the "economic general staff' acquires more power and before the "moat" of secrecy around the Fed widens. Burns's current fourteen-year term will last until 1984—the Orwellian year predicted for Big Brother's ascendancy. A coincidence? It is more likely that it's a warning. OH

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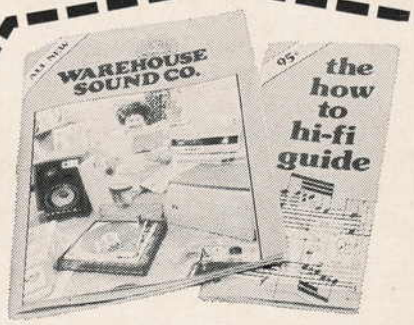

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SKIN SECRETS TO HELP YOU PUT YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD

FACE FACTS

This month we are going to start at the top, right up front. We are going to talk about your face, the one part of your body that you look at first thing every morning. It happens that the face is also the most neglected, unprotected part of the body. Men usually believe that dry or overly oily skin, aging wrinkles, and blemishes are simply "facts of life" about which nothing can be done.

This attitude, to put a plain face on it, is foolish. On the market you can find a variety of at-home skin-care products that make it easy and inexpensive to keep your face free of stale oil, dirt, and blackheads—to give it the color and tone that goes with a healthy body. No skin-care regimen will give you eternal youth, but proper skin care will make any man look more attractive.

In effect, you do put on a fresh face every day. The epidermis—which, for those who've forgotten high-school biology, is the skin's outer surface—sheds about one gram's worth of skin cells every day. It's this rapid cell replacement that keeps the skin looking youthful, enables worn skin to renew itself, and permits minor cuts and bruises to heal totally.

Just under the epidermis is the dermis, an underlying layer made up of connective fibers mixed with elastic fibers. Together, these give your skin pliability while they keep it firm and taut. In addition, the dermis holds vast numbers of oil and sweat glands that are essential to good skin care. When one reaches the age of twenty or so, the body gradually reduces its production of oil, causing progressively drier skin. Cell replacement also begins to slow down, so that the epidermis deteriorates, becoming flaky and scaly and allowing bacteria to multiply; the impurities that collect irritate the skin. That's why the essential elements in any skin-care regimen involve keeping the skin moist, making sure that natural oils can do their work, and keeping the surface of the skin clean.

Young people can seldom overdo cleansing their skin. However, men past thirty *can*. As the skin ages and produces less oil (and less perspiration), it is best to limit oneself to three washings a day.

No matter how often one washes, he'll want to get the most out of each cleansing. Different soaps can make a difference in the end result. **Superfatted soaps**, for example, have an abundance of fatty acids, which means that they produce an exceptionally stable and luxurious lather. This is very important in hard-water areas, where regular soaps don't lather well. **Deodorant soaps**, in addition to their cleansing properties, contain bacteriostat ingredients, which leave a fine film on the skin inhibiting the growth of odor-causing bacteria. **Detergent bars** aren't soap at all. They are made of synthetics that have a greater ability to dissolve and remove grease than normal soap has. That may sound terrific, but remember some oil is necessary if the skin is to stay healthy. Detergents tend to dry out normal faces and should be used only by people with excessively oily skin.

Cleansing creams and lotions clean dry-to-normal facial skin very effectively. They remove stale oil and dirt from the pores without drying the skin. Cleansing creams tend to be emulsions of oil and water; the lotions usually contain alcohol as well. Because of the wide variety and differing strengths of these preparations, it is very important to read very carefully the usage directions found on the package. Each of these products was designed for a specific skin type. Careful selection and perhaps a bit of experimentation should lead you to decide on the cream or lotion that suits you best.

Nothing is quite so luxurious as a **steam treatment**; so it's nice to find out that the barber's hot, moist towel does more than just open up your pores. The increased perspiration unclogs those pores and carries out old grease, dirt, as well as other impurities.

Some men think that it isn't masculine to apply a **face mask**. (Some men wear only gray-flannel suits.) Applied wet to the face, a mask opens the pores, draws out dirt and oil, and then contracts the skin again. Like cleansing creams, commercial face masks are geared to different skin types; so read directions carefully before buying.

It is also possible to concoct your own face mask by using a few common kitchen ingredients. Mix one egg yolk with a few drops of lemon juice and a dash of olive oil. Blend well and spread the mixture evenly over the face, being careful to avoid the skin around the eyes. Relax for about twenty minutes and then remove the mask with water. An even simpler mask can be made if you beat together an egg white and a teaspoon of olive oil until smooth. Apply this mask in the same manner but remove it with a wet, warm towel.

In order to stimulate and firm up your skin, tone it by splashing on cold water or by slapping your face with an astringent (rubbing alcohol will do). This closes up the pores and increases the blood circulation. It also happens to feel good, a crisp way to enliven a morning skin routine.

After you have thoroughly cleansed and toned your skin, it might be wise to use a **cream moisturizer**, especially in chilly weather. Cream moisturizers put a thin film of oil on the skin that serves as a barrier entrapping some of the moisture that would otherwise evaporate. Not all moisturizers, we should add, are oil based. **Water-based moisturizers** are fine during the summer time, when the skin does not dry out as quickly and as deeply as it does in winter air, but they are actually counterproductive when it's cold. Besides offering additional protection in the winter, an oil-based cream moisturizer permits dirt to rest on the moisturizer and not on the skin. Thus when the cream is removed, the dirt vanishes along with the excess oil. Remember: you don't need to glop these cream moisturizers on. It's the amount of moisture in your skin that counts, not the thickness and fragrance of the oil.

As we grow older, the connective fibers between the outer and inner skin layers become overworked, causing loss of elas-

BY ED EMMERLING

With a little prodding from their women, men from all walks of life—celebrities down to young businessmen—are going right to the basics of skin care.

ticity and, inevitably, wrinkles. Too much sun (that's right—too deep a tan), wind, or exposure to extreme cold can rob the skin of vital moisture. Overnight wrinkle creams, by returning skin cells to their proper pH balance, can somewhat retard the early appearance of facial lines. If you decide to use these creams, be certain to cleanse your skin thoroughly first. It's no use lubricating on top of dirt. You might also remember that strong facial lines are an indication of character.

A final word that should be obvious but is too often forgotten: as is true of all other parts of the body, your skin's health depends upon the nutrients that the bloodstream feeds to it. The skin is especially dependent upon regular doses of vitamins A, B_1, and E. Fortunately, these are found in most balanced diets. However, if your diet is restricted in any way, a vitamin-tablet regimen can be useful.

It's time to pay attention to your face. Everyone else does.

As part of a daily regimen to keep your skin healthy and attractive, *Penthouse* recommends that you use the following at-home skin-care products, which are distributed by reputable firms:

SUPERFATTED LATHER SOAPS

UNICURE Cleansing Bar
ARAMIS Deep-Cleansing Face Bar
HOUBET Clear Complexion Bar
NO. 4711 Cream Soap
MONSIEUR JOVAN Soap
TEN-O-SIX Cleansing Bar
HALSTON's Z-14 Men's Soap
BRUT French Milled Soap

CLEANSING CREAMS AND LOTIONS

ARAMIS Clarifying Face Formula
ARAMIS Clean Skin Pack
IRMA SHORELL Cleansing Formula
AIDA GREY Derma-Tone Mini-Facial

FACE MASKS

BILL BLASS Peel-off Pickup Mask
AIDA GREY's Gin Seng Eye Contour Mask
SAVE FACE Masque/Skin Conditioner

SKIN TONERS/ASTRINGENTS

PIERRE CARDIN After Shave Balm
ARAMIS Astringent
ROYAL COPENHAGEN After Shave Balm
ARAMIS Moisturizing After Shave
BILL BLASS Soothing After Shave Balm
BRAGGI After Shave Balm
GIVENCHY GENTLEMAN's After Shave Balm
MONSIEUR HOUBIGANT After Shave Balm
MONSIEUR ROCHAS After Shave Balm
GERMAINE MONTEIL Soothing Tonic
YVES ST. LAURENT After Shave Balm
BRUT After Shave Creme Lotion

CREAM MOISTURIZERS FOR OUTDOOR (COLD WEATHER) USE

ARAMIS Moisturizing Cream
EAU SAUVAGE All Weather Skin Conditioner
TIMBERLINE (English Leather) All Weather Cream
GIVENCHY GENTLEMAN's Moisturizing After Shave Cream
TABAC Sport Cream
ZIZANIE Après Shave Creme Concentrée

OVERNIGHT TREATMENTS

BRAGGI Skin Conditioning Cream
BRAGGI Wrinkle Cream
COLORADO SAGE Dry Skin Conditioner
ENGLISH LEATHER All-Purpose Lotion
JADE EAST All-Purpose Lotion

SPECIAL ALL-SKIN PRODUCT KITS

FABERGÉ's Great Skin Starter Kit
ALEX YOUNG Skin Care System
AIDA GREY's Elixir Skin Kit

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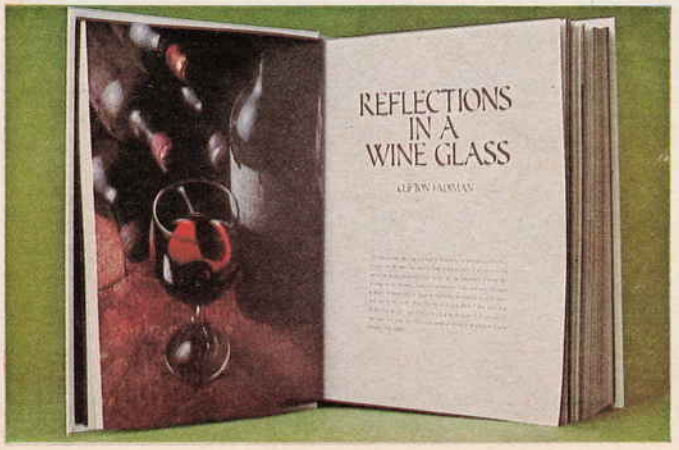

From the table of contents:
The Wines of France, North America, Italy, Germany; How to Serve Wine; How to Order the Perfect Wine for Dinner; What You Always Wanted to Ask About Wine; The Wines of California; An Appreciation; Russell Baker; Roald Dahl; Dorothy Sayer; James Beard; Robert Lawrence Balzer; John Le Carre.

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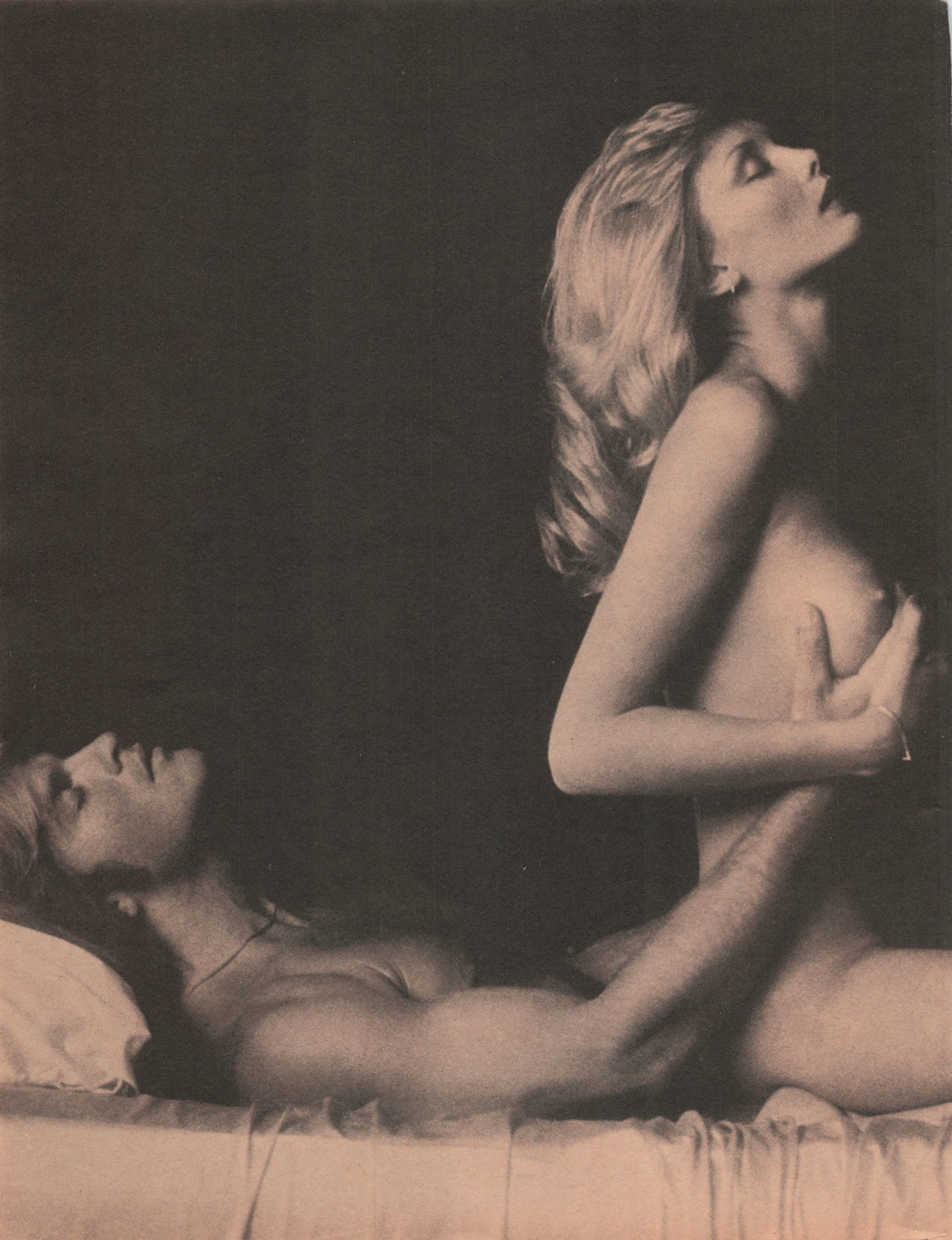
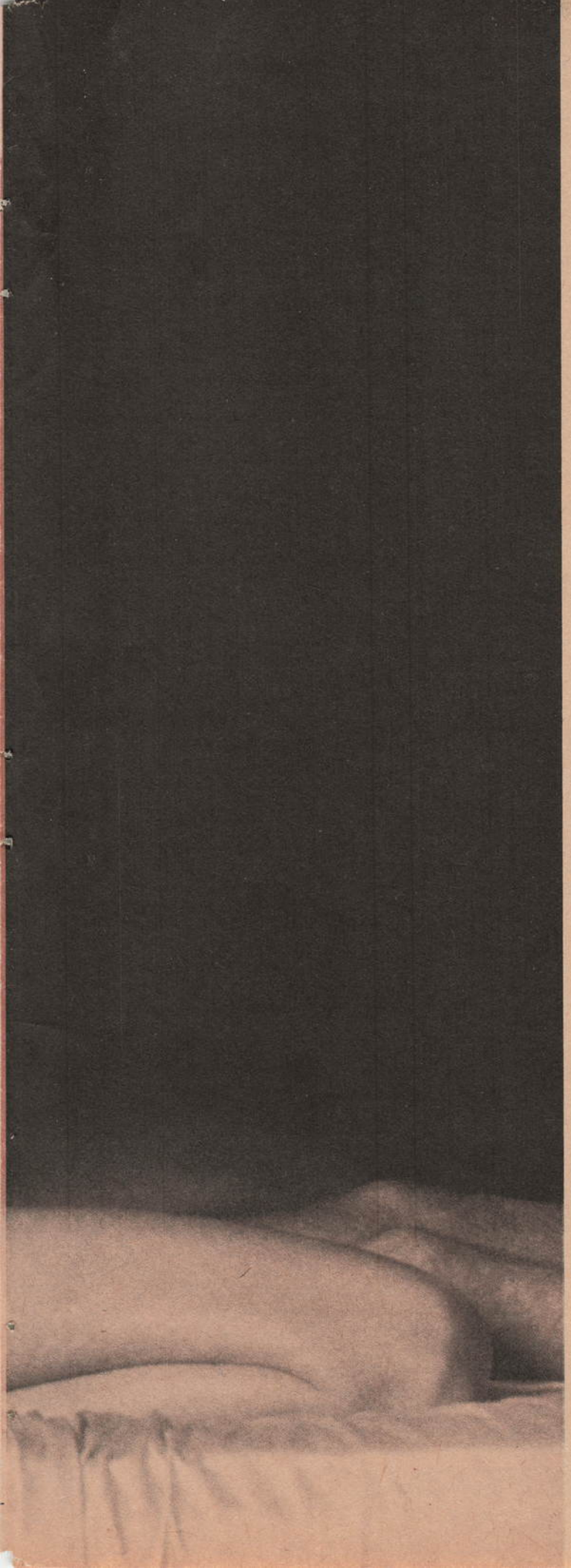
16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76

Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

Therapy groupies, beware!
Est can screw up your sex life.

COUPLES





"I'd told 250 est members that I was willing to give up orgasms, but there I was on the gym floor ready to come."

EDWARD'S STORY: I don't know much about pop religions, and I don't care to. I'm a techno freak, and I'm the first to admit that I am. Why else would I be fixing Porsches and VWs, ten, twelve, maybe fourteen hours a day? On the other hand, Kristina doesn't know the first thing about cars; she won't even drive my vintage Jag because it has a five-speed shift. Somehow she learned to drive her motorcycle, but if she ever had to fix it she'd be lost. So she gets mixed up with pop religions. In the two years we've been together, she's been through TM, Hatha Yoga, and now est. I've tried to be cool, even though I happen to think that no matter how many mantras you repeat or how many knots you tie yourself up in, it's not going to help you deal with the twentieth century. If Kristina happens to like that kind of stuff, I don't mind—as long as it doesn't interfere with our relationship. The problem is that this time it has.

When she first told me she was going to do est, I thought that it would be just like the other things she's tried. For about three months she tends to be a fanatic, but then her interest sort of fades away. With est, I figured, her commitment would consist of only two weekends and a couple of sessions in between. So she'd be over it in no time. But I hadn't counted on the efficiency of est's sales program. After paying $250 to spend seventy-two hours crying, yelling, fainting, she still wasn't sure that she'd "gotten it." "Getting it," making your life work, is what est is supposed to be about. Kristina decided to continue with the est postgraduate seminars. I wasn't too happy about her decision, but to show her what a good sport I was, I even offered to baby-sit for her kid on a few of those busy nights.

Kristina's son, Greg, is great. He's all of nine years old and much smarter than most grown-ups I know. One night I'd just gotten him to go to sleep when I heard a car outside. I went over to the front window, parted the curtains, and saw Kristina kissing some guy. It wasn't a friendly peck. It was mouth-open, tongue-on-tongue, no-holds-barred. I didn't know what to do. I was mad. I was sad. I was stunned. I just stood there

Photographs by Earl Miller

Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship—analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist. Couples who wish to be interviewed should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Couples," Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

watching her make out, as if I had been peeping on my older sister in a clinch with some high-school stud. It was one of the most humiliating moments of my life.

I decided that I wasn't going to make a scene. I went back to sitting in front of the TV and waited. Soon Kristina opened the front door, paused before walking through, and yelled out, "Thanks for the ride!" She closed the door behind her. She smiled at me and started babbling about how her motorcycle had broken down and how one of her est friends had given her a lift back. She threw me a big hug and then ran into the kitchen. "I'm famished," she said. It took every bit of self-control I had not to blow up at her. I asked if she'd had a good time. As I remember, she said: "The seminar put a lot of things together for me." I didn't want to have to listen to that est crap. I grabbed my jacket. I asked where she'd left the bike. I told her I was going out to fix it. "You don't have to," she said through a mouthful of food. But by then I was out the door and on my way.

It didn't take me too long to drive to where Kristina had left the bike. Naturally, it turned over the first time I tried it. It was in perfect running condition. After I fixed it, I drove straight over to a bar on the Alameda, about a mile or so from San Jose State. I drank a lot, talked to lots of women, and ended up at the apartment of someone called Marge, who had the biggest tits and the ugliest face.

She was homely, to say the least. I wasn't exactly turned on by her acne-scarred skin, buckteeth, lopsided smile, and deposits of fat in the unlikeliest places. But I thought of what my older brother, Marty, used to tell me whenever he came home from college: "Ed, go after the ugliest girls you can. They have to try harder in bed." I was sure that he talked from experience; I'd never seen Marty with an attractive woman. I know he would have found Marge to his liking. Did she ever try harder! I didn't have to coax her to leave with me. In fact, she'd done most of the talking. As soon as we got into my car, she started stroking my cock and asking me about my sexual preferences. By the time we got to her house, she made it clear that she was game for anything I wanted to try—the freakier the better. I was like a kid in a candy shop; I almost couldn't make up my mind.

I haven't mentioned that Marge was a nurse. That night she gave me my first enema. As far as sex goes, I'm really pretty straight, I guess. In fact, I used to think that enemas were something you only read about in magazines. I'd never been in a hospital or been sick enough to need one. When Marge showed me the apparatus, I admit I was a bit nervous. She told me that she gave enemas all the time and that she had fun when the patient was young and male. Giving a young guy an enema really turned her on. A couple of times she'd given patients a hand job along with the enema. The idea got me harder yet. I asked Marge to dress up in her nurse's uniform. She obliged me, and I noticed that she looked much better in white. The uniform made her ass swell out and drew attention away from her horsey face. I was thankful that I didn't have to kiss her. We were going to play out a fantasy: as patient and nurse.

Marge ordered me to drop my pants. I watched as she filled the rubber enema bag and greased the tip of its plastic probe. She barked for me to bend over, and I did as she said. Boy, was I surprised! It hurt when she pushed the tube up my ass, but the sensation quickly turned to pleasure. The liquid flowing in filled me up with warmth. Reaching from behind me, Marge wrapped her hand around my stick and put me into overdrive. Almost right away I could feel my come rising. I thought that any second my cock would be erupting. And then she suddenly wrapped a piece of rubber tubing around it like a tourniquet. I felt as if I were going to explode. Then she removed the enema, came around to face me, and hiked up her skirt. Before I knew what was happening, she lowered herself onto my pulsing member and started riding me with swift, sure strokes. She snapped off the tourniquet. She got me off in no time. It felt as if the top of my head was coming off. I should have returned the favor, but I didn't have the stomach for it. I wasn't proud that I had picked up Marge. Besides, I had a terrible need to go to the bathroom, which isn't surprising.

> Getting laid was the only way I could've gotten even with Kristina for screwing one of her est friends.

Going out and getting laid was the only way I could have gotten even with Kristina for screwing one of her est friends. The next time the two of us made love, I wanted to show her who was boss. Anyway, it had been a constant annoyance to me that there was a lack of variety in our sex. Whenever we tried anything other than straight fucking, Kristina had complained that she couldn't reach orgasm that way. So this time I decided to fuck her up the ass, no matter what she said. I stuck my cock in the crack of her backside. She whispered, "Don't." I paid her no mind and pushed into her tight, little hole. She tried to squirm away; so I squeezed her closer to me. It took a few seconds more to open up her asshole so that she could take me all in. Then I started to pump away. Kristina yelled that I was hurting her. I told her to shut up. She didn't say another word. Instead, she began to moan, and after a while it was hard to tell whether she moaned out of pain or out of pleasure. I didn't care; I just shot my load into her. She started fingering her clit, desperately trying to come, too. For a while I lay back; then as I got my second wind, I switched to her front and pounded at her pussy. Once again I poured my come into Kristina, and she tried hard to bring herself to climax. Again she failed. Knowing that I'd just come twice and that she was dependent on me for her satisfaction, I sensed I was on top of the situation at last.

I want it understood that I love Kristina very much. Two years is by far the longest I've ever stayed with the same woman. Kristina is special: she's beautiful, she's bright, and she has a wonderful sense of humor. She can also be extremely seductive—like on the first date we ever had together. Well, I guess I should start at the very beginning. Kristina and I met—or, I should say, I first really noticed her—at a cookout in the neighbors' backyard. What I didn't know was that we'd already met a year before. When I got to the cook-

out. I caught a glimpse of a very sexy-looking female with a head full of curls. By the time I had grabbed myself a can of beer and a hamburger, she was gone. I asked my neighbor, Liz, about her. Liz had known her from her last job. She gave me Kristina's telephone number.

I called Kristina the next day and asked her out. She sounded cold over the telephone. I couldn't blame her, because she didn't look like the type who was hard up for male companionship—and here I was calling her for what would practically be a blind date. We talked for a while. She told me about herself: she worked as a legal secretary, she was divorced, she had a kid, and she drove a motorcycle. I invited her for a ride down the coast to Monterey with the top down on the Jag. She said she might be free on Saturday if her ex would take her son for the afternoon. She'd arrange it, but she had been hoping to take her bike out on the road. I offered my services as a third wheel. She laughed, and said that she'd pick me up at my place around one o'clock.

When I came out to meet her on Saturday, I could hear her gasp. "Aren't you a friend of Rick Brady's?" she asked. It was my turn to act surprised. "I met you when Rick stayed here last summer," she explained. Rick had stopped over for a night on his way back to Vancouver. I vaguely remembered that he'd brought along some woman he'd been screwing who was having problems with her husband. I hadn't payed much attention to her then, but this Saturday I couldn't take my eyes off her. Kristina looked spectacular in her studded denims and black-suede boots, astride her silver BMW. With a feeling of intense excitement, I hopped on board the bike, adjusted the helmet she gave me, and we were off and on our merry way.

I'd never really been on a motorcycle with a woman driving before. Oh, sure, I'd been a passenger on a little Honda, but never on a road bike like this. The sensation of Kristina, smaller and frailer than me, taking both our lives in her hands and handling the big bike with ease, was quite a turn-on. As we started crowding fifty-five miles an hour on the highway, she pushed her body back against mine and I held her tightly around the waist. With all the wind and engine noise, conversation was out of the question, and there was no need for it anyway. Our bodies were communicating on their own; I could feel my cock getting hard, and I knew she could feel it when she pressed her ass against my crotch. She turned to face me for a moment and gave me a sly smile. My hands wandered up her body. I found myself clutching her breasts. They were full and firm, with no bra restraining them. I started to finger her nipples through her blue-jeans jacket and I felt her shiver. "Please don't," she shouted. "I'm having a hard time concentrating." I lowered my hands. She shouted again. 'No, that's all right. You can still hold me there." So I did. We must have been quite a sight on the road that day.

It was late September, a time of year when the weather can change pretty quickly. We were a little ways past Carmel when thick, gray clouds came drifting in from the ocean. The sun disappeared, and the temperature must have dropped ten degrees. Kristina pulled off the highway onto a dirt road so that we could wait out the thundershowers we knew were about to begin. We parked under a canopy of trees just as the heavens opened up. I can still see Kristina taking her helmet off, her curls tumbling across her face. I said: "You look like Medusa." The name stuck. Medusa is the name she tells people when she doesn't want them to know her real name.

Kristina stretched, lying on her back along the length of the bike's cushioned seat. With a wave of her hand, she motioned for me to come closer. I stood over her, taking in the curves and hollows of her slim body when she reached up and eased my mouth onto hers. Our tongues met, we kissed passionately, and I lowered myself on top of her. Regardless of what some may think, it isn't easy making love on a motorcycle. There you are, perched on 700 pounds of metal and rubber, with a little too much exertion in one direction likely to upset the kickstand and send the bike crashing to the ground, passengers and all. There was nothing I wanted more than to plow Kristina's pussy with all my might, but the few jerky moves we made while undressing showed just how delicately the bike was balanced. Did bike gang members make it this way too?

"This is a first for me," I confessed.

She said: "I know. Nobody ever gets out of this alive." I started to laugh and nearly brought us crashing down." As slowly as I could, I leaned into her. My cock was throbbing. I tried to enter her. She wouldn't let me. "I didn't bring my diaphragm," she told me. I sat bolt upright and once again came close to tipping us over. "Please, slide up toward me. I want to suck you off," she then said. She didn't have to repeat the offer. Later she would say to me that she'd never enjoyed oral sex with her husband. I suppose she's never been all that good at it with me either, but at that instant Kristina was inspired to give me the best head I've ever had. She sucked me. She licked me. She enveloped me with her mouth and rocked me faster and faster. I spouted into her throat. She gagged on my come. Some dribbled onto the seat. Kristina slurped it off the black leather. She licked her lips and smiled, as if she had just finished a double-dip.

> Like they say in est, "When you're hot, you're hot." And my first experience with this other girl was just one solid orgasm.

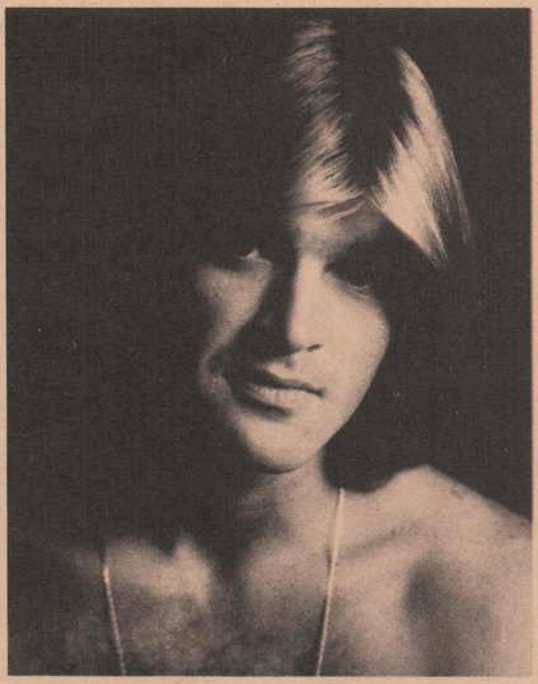
It was then that we heard a car coming up the hill toward us. We jumped into our clothes in seconds, so that we looked disheveled but respectable when the police drove up. They told us we were on private property. The rain had let up; so we hopped on the bike and left. I held on to Kristina's breasts all the way back to San Jose. That was the last time we've been on her bike together.

I guess the biggest problem in our relationship is that we never have enough time for each other. The way our first date ended was typical. We got back to Kristina's house, with the thought of making love very much on our minds. She unlocked the door, and who should be waiting inside but her son and her former husband. So fucking was out of the question. Kristina had to give her kid a bath, and then there was some arguing with her ex-husband about child-support

payments. She couldn't even give me a ride to my place; I had to thumb my way back home.

I'll admit that I'm as stingy with my time as Kristina is. I have to be, and she's known this ever since I decided to quit school and open up my own auto shop. I was a semester away from getting my B.A. in psychology at the University of California, Santa Cruz, when I realized that the only way I would make any money was with my hands. I'd pretty much put myself through school by buying used foreign cars, fixing them up, and selling them for twice what they cost. Before I can marry Kristina I'll have to be making enough money to support three. The shop hasn't been doing as well as I'd hoped, but it always takes time to establish a going business. I know that all the hours I'm putting into it will eventually pay off for me.

Kristina works hard, too. Between going to business, being a mother, and doing all the housework, it's a wonder that she has any time left for herself. She's always complaining about how trapped she feels. What I don't understand is why she spends so much of what little time she has on est. She goes to evening seminars at least once every other week. Whenever one of her friends taking est graduates, she likes to be there, an affair that usually takes place on a Sunday night and lasts from nine till three or four the next morning. Of course, it means that she spends the rest of the week trying to catch up on her sleep and that we don't get a chance to see each other at all. Lately, she's been volunteering to work in the est office. Est is taking up more and more of her time. I really wish Kristina would get over the whole est kick soon.



KRISTINA'S STORY:

When people meet me, they think I'm very aggressive, but they don't realize just how shy I really am. I've always felt insecure about myself and need a lot of reassurance. Ed gives me that. He says I'm a swan that still thinks she's an ugly duckling. Ed is awfully sweet. He's also very opinionated. It's infuriating just how pigheaded he can get, especially about things he's never experienced himself. I'm sure he's talked a lot about est, and most of what he had to say was negative. How can he be so narrow-minded?

The reason I took est was that I heard that at the meetings you have to get up and talk in front of a room full of people. That's always been one of my biggest fears. Otherwise I had no real expectations. Oh yes, I did want to see if I could make friends with some of the women there. I don't know why it's so hard for me to stay friends with women. I never succeeded in having a lasting friendship with any of the women in the training, either. Still, est did give me the confidence to address a group of 250 people. If that's all I had gotten out of est, I would have been happy enough.

The est training turned out to be one of the best experiences of my life. It put me in touch with my feelings and the space around me. It taught me that I'm responsible for whatever happens to me and made me more accepting of others. I went through the training six months ago, and there are still many things I'm just becoming aware of. I would recommend est to everyone. Oh, I don't mean to sound like an est-hole. They even warn you in the training about turning gung ho on est. After the first weekend, I remember, I went around playing trainer. I must have sounded obnoxious telling Ed he had to get into being poor before he could ever become successful. I wish Ed would take the training so that he'd know what I was trying to tell him. I've met many people in est who took it because their husband or wife or love already had. But Ed won't do it. I even offered to pay for the training, if it was the money that was bothering him. But he wasn't interested. I think he's depriving himself of a very moving experience. He's so stubborn.

What est says about love is simple: "When you're hot you're hot; when you're not you're not." I agree completely. Sex has always been the measure of a relationship for me. I become fiercely loyal to the man who makes me feel good in bed. Sometimes I figure I married Jonathan because he was the first man to make me come every time we made love.

The first time I ever made it with Jonathan was in a sleeping bag we shared at the Monterey Pop Festival. I was very stoned that night; so all I can remember is the surprise that he could make me come so easily. I also caught a cold that lasted several weeks. It was pretty difficult trying to find the opportunity to sleep with him then. Jonathan was in law school, and I was still living at home. I was seventeen, but I'd been messing around with older guys since I was fourteen. Every time I slept with Jonathan I realized how good he was. To make me reach orgasm, a man has to have a sense of rhythm—not only with his penis but in terms of my body, too. Jonathan used to say that he could play me like a piano. Once we actually had sex behind a piano in the student union. When I came, I remember smashing into the sounding board and hearing this incredible chord. Soon after that we decided we'd be better off married and having sex whenever we wanted. Our marriage went bad when Jonathan wouldn't sleep with me anymore. The difficulties started right after my son, Greg, was born.

I met Ed when I was going through my frantic divorcée days. I was sleeping with dozens of different men, in all shapes and sizes. None of them could satisfy me, and so I thought that I was frigid. I was convinced I'd never have another orgasm with a man. It sounds silly to me now, but that's how frustrated I got. Then along came Ed. When we met I had no idea that we'd still be lovers a couple of years later. He was cute, but so were the other men I was seeing. There was no reason for me to feel any more attached to Ed, except that he had a tremendous power over me in bed. It was something entirely new to me, and I sensed this the first time he ever made me come.

Too often I let my mind get in the way of my pussy. A man can be a good lover, making love slow and easy, the way I enjoy it most, and I still won't let myself come because my fantasies don't correspond to reality.

With Ed, in the beginning, there was a moment when I started to hold back. It was the third or fourth time we'd made love. I tried to hold back, but he wouldn't let me. I didn't say a word; yet he knew just the right thing to do—he'd been reading my mind all evening. We'd never taken our time before. We'd been in bed, at his place, for hours.

Our clothes had come off slowly. Everything we did was in slow motion. Each move we made got me hotter for Ed. He licked my nipples until they turned rosy and tingled. He ate me with light caresses of his tongue. I had him watch while I played with myself. Then he put his hand on his beautifully erect cock and started masturbating, too. I wanted him so much now. I slipped his stiffness inside me. He swiveled his hips slowly and made me gasp. There was no doubt that I was going to come for him. And then my mind balked: it wouldn't allow me to experience the pleasure. I couldn't concentrate on Ed. I was drifting away, and he knew it right away. Ed stopped, resting his cock deep within me. My reverie came to a screeching halt. The motion that had penetrated to my very center was gone. If I wanted it back, I would have to beg. I tightened the muscles in my pussy and gripped his shaft. I bobbed. I bumped. Suddenly a wave of sensation spread through my insides and swept through my entire body. I screamed. My teeth sank into Ed's shoulder. Tremors kept rocking me. I thought to myself: "This isn't how a frigid woman is supposed to feel."

For as long as we've been lovers, when the sex has been good the relationship has been good, too. Of course, we both have our ups and downs. Sometimes one of us will become preoccupied with work or worrying. Sometimes our schedules will conflict. Then we won't make love for a couple of weeks at a time. Or I won't be able to come when we do. It puts a strain on our relationship, but all we ever seem to need is some good, heady, exciting sex together and we're back on the right track again. It's always a real pickup.

Before I did est I was having some problems reaching orgasm. It wasn't all that serious. For some reason I was holding back, and I could sense Ed's impatience with me. I went into the training hoping it might help me overcome whatever was holding me back. I got my chance to work on it during what's called the "truth process." I can't describe the whole thing, because it's pretty complicated. In est you are lead through mental exercises to process out whatever is bothering you. In the truth process, everyone in the room is lying on his back, all only inches apart on the floor. Everyone has his eyes closed. It's one of the heaviest parts of the training. People get in touch with their fears. There's lots of screaming and moaning. At one point during the sharing—that's when you get up to tell people what you're feeling—I'd told 250 strangers I was willing to give up not having orgasms. Now I'm lying there on the floor, and I can feel something streaming into my arms and legs. I can't resist it. It's overpowering. The sensation concentrates itself between my legs. My body starts twitching and jerking uncontrollably. I'm crying, too. Then I stop resisting, and something inside me bursts open. I try not to scream, but I can't help myself. I come in a very deep, almost mystical way. It leaves me exhausted. They tell you to raise your hand if you want a Kleenex. With everyone's eyes still supposed to be closed, I use the Kleenex to wipe my pussy. I get so wet sometimes! When it's time for everyone to sit up and open his eyes, the man to my right is very embarrassed, because he has a huge hard-on. I'm sure he was peeking.

I've found that in general the men in est haven't had enough success with women, though a few have had too much. They're either immature or overbearing. Oh, I do enjoy the attention I get from the men at est meetings. Still, there's no one I could imagine getting involved with. I must get five or six calls a week from men I meet at est. It makes Ed jealous as hell, even though I keep telling him that there's no competition for him to worry about.

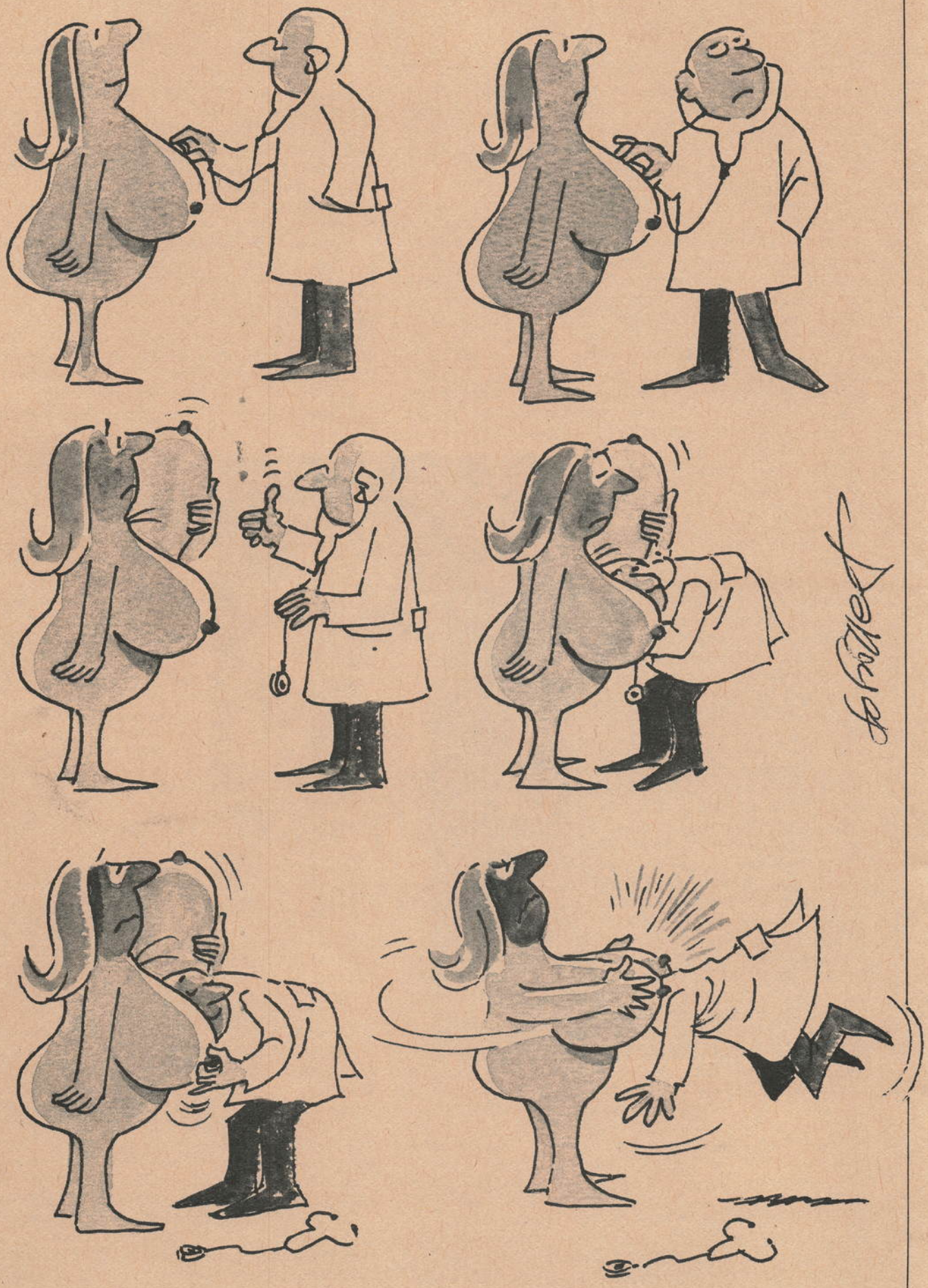
I did have an affair with a woman I met in the training. It was just a one-night stand. I haven't even told Ed about it. I don't consider myself bisexual. When Jonathan and I were having our problems, we tried swinging. We swapped mates maybe half a dozen times, and the only lesbian scenes were those the men wanted to see. I never got turned on by a woman's body, but I did enjoy the way so many of them knew how to lick my clit. I've fantasized about what it would be like to have a lesbian affair, and I always run up against a handicap. Most women are my size or smaller, and I need to feel a body bigger than mine is dominating me in bed.

After we finished the truth process during the training, I was surprised to see this amazon striding up to me. Lorraine could have been my twin, except that she was two inches taller and much more generously built. Her breasts held the attention of every man within staring distance. Sexual energy surrounded us. It was quite a turn-on when she said she enjoyed my sharing and wanted to know me better. There was nothing dykey about her. Lorraine was one woman wanting to get down with another. I realized I was willing to open myself up to her.

We made love in Lorraine's camper. We shared a glass of wine by candlelight. We kissed. We slid out of our clothes. This woman's body excited me more than any man's. Lorraine kept herself shaved. Her pussy was like a pink flower. I tasted it and melted into it. Lorraine's tongue electrified me. We drove each other higher and higher, hotter and hotter. I think of the rest of the night as one solid orgasm. We were both so wired from the training (when your're hot, you're hot) that we stayed up all night. I felt very good about the whole thing until the next training session. When I went to sit next to Lorraine, she acted as if I didn't exist. I'd been totally betrayed. I would have felt destroyed, if it hadn't been for est. I understood that I had created this disappointment, and I had to accept it.

It's a shame that Ed is so threatened by est. Because of est, I feel more attached to him now. I used to wait for my Prince Charming to come along and I was keeping everyone else at

CONTINUED ON PAGE 163



arm's length. But now I realize that Prince Charming is the person I'm with. I've become a lot more open to him, but Ed seems to be avoiding me. I've really tried to communicate with him. People who've done est aren't afraid of getting hurt by putting themselves out on a limb. I want to create the space for Ed to open up to me. What he hasn't gotten is that he can communicate with me. Est people are very safe to be around. Why can't he get that through his stubborn skull?

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

In the past two and a half years that I've been analyzing these "Couples" interviews, Ed is one of the more psychosexually immature young men I've encountered. For example, when he sees another guy kissing Kristina he must have revenge upon her by screwing another woman, even though Kristina doesn't know about it. And when he makes it with this other woman, he involves himself with costume sex, i.e., a nurse/patient relationship, no less. I also question Ed's maturity because he never once in this interview questions his own sexual performance. Nor does he correct the problems of his sex life.

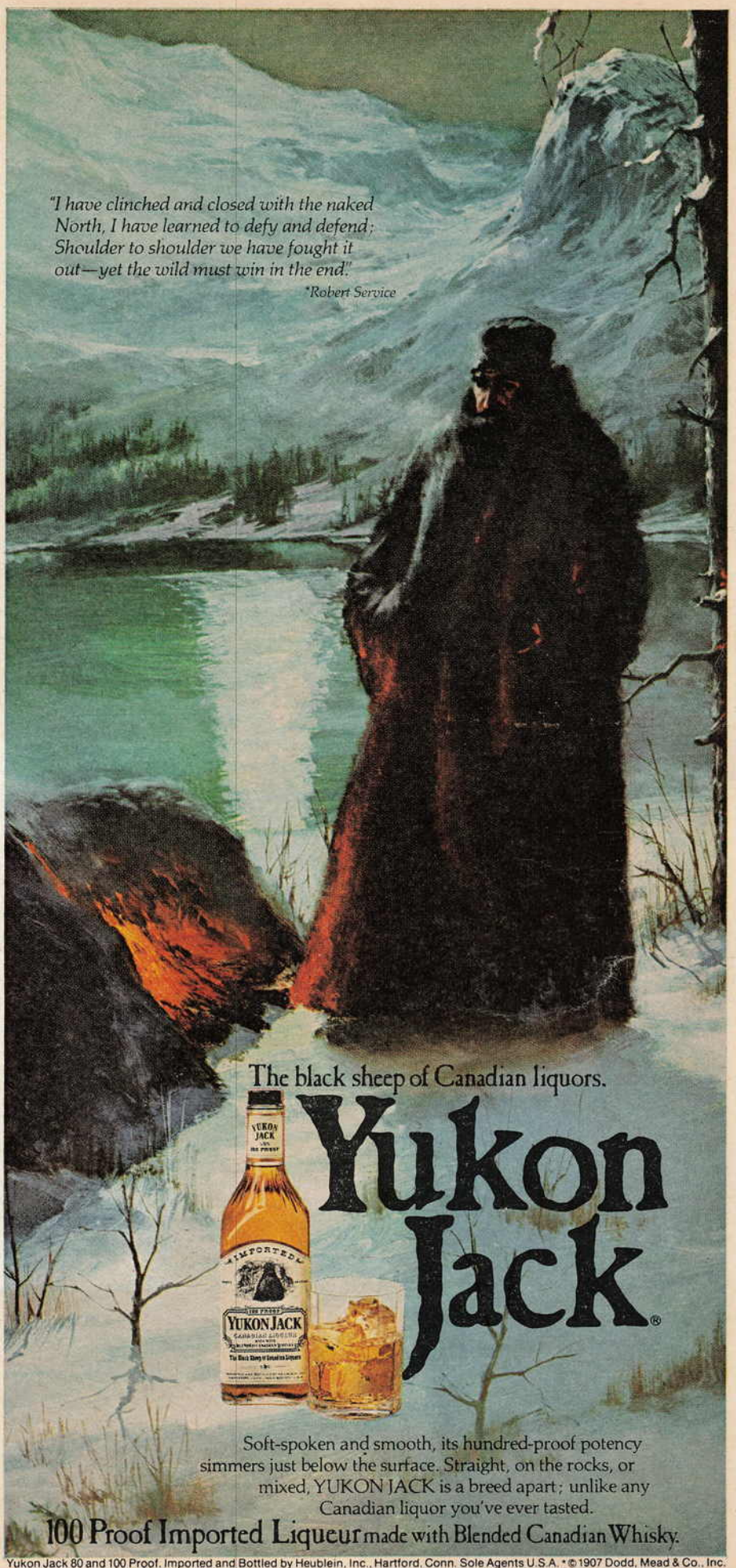
Even though he's obviously discontented with his present relationship, I think that Ed should at least be asking himself a few fundamental and important questions: "Does Kristina dominate me?" "Do I want her to dominate me?"

Despite Ed's faults, I find myself siding with him. I feel this way, not because I'm a male chauvinist, but because I think Kristina is hopelessly involved with this est group therapy. I'm not against seeking after knowledge, for a healthy curiosity in all life experiences is something I heartily commend. But why jump in feet first? Kristina's latest craze—est—is the phoniest of all the Altars to Unknown Gods. Ed thinks Kristina is in control, and it's obvious from his interview that he finds Kristina's dominance in their relationship quite attractive. But Kristina is not in control; if she were, she certainly would not involve herself in these phony group-therapy kicks. Consider what she says about Ed:

"... people ... think I'm very aggressive, but they don't realize just how shy I really am. ... I need a lot of reassurance. Ed gives me that. ... Ed is awfully sweet. He's also very opinionated. It's infuriating just how pigheaded he can get, especially about things he's never experienced. I'm sure he's talked a lot about est, and most of what he had to say was negative. How can he be so narrow-minded?"

And all this nonsense about "to make me reach orgasm a man has to have a sense of rhythm. Not only with his penis. He has to have a sense of my rhythm." I wonder if Kristina has any sense whatsoever of Ed's rhythm? She is being immature.

Love is simply a marriage of two minds, cemented by the simple conjunction of a cock and a cunt that are both special—to both partners! OH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North, I have learned to defy and defend;
Shoulder to shoulder we have fought it
out—yet the wild must win in the end."
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MASQUERADE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

Then the group proceeded to fuck and suck themselves into a living Big Mac, while Ronald McDonald sang "Have It Your Way," a tune which seemed to me to be mixing up burger chains.

After this opening number, half a dozen male prisoners came out in striped suits, all chained together, singing Sam Cooke's "Chain Gang." They all got in a circle and each cornholed the guy in front of him standing up, so that around the circle everybody was soon plugged into everybody else. This got a big hand from the audience, which appreciated teamwork.

Then Dorothy, the Tin Man, the Scarecrow, and the Cowardly Lion sang, "We're Off to Ball the Wizard, the Wonderful Wizard of Oz." Halfway across the stage, the latter three grabbed Dorothy, tied her up and stripped her, and made her go down on them; then each one of them fucked her. Fortunately, Glinda, the Good Witch of the West, resplendent in white chiffon, arrived and shooed the three of them away. She untied Dorothy, who showed her gratitude by throwing her arms around Glinda. One thing led to another until the two of them were rolling around on the floor biting each other's tits.

Finally, after Goldilocks had been simultaneously rimmed and screwed by two of the three bears while sucking off the third and Snow White had been gang-banged by all seven dwarfs, Marilyn Monroe came out and did a sexually acrobatic lindy-hop with James Dean. Everybody loved this, and when Marilyn did a split on Dean's face they got a standing ovation. But a group had to be more than two, no? I was just about to ask Pete what gave when who should appear but Humphrey Bogart, complete with fedora and raincoat. He pulled the cigarette out from between his lips, grabbed James Dean, and bounced him off the walls a few times. Then Bogie threw him off the stage and fox-trotted Marilyn around the floor a few turns before opening his raincoat—under which, of course, he was wearing nothing—and tearing Marilyn's clothes off. Marilyn posed in front of a red satin backdrop in a perfect recreation of her famous calendar shot. Then she locked her loins around Bogey's waist, and he fucked her deadpan while continuing the fox-trot. The house went wild.

This was the last of the group entries, and I noted down my choice. Enter the couples, lusting for a prize.

King Kong carried Fay Wray to center stage, daintily removed her gown, and used gorilla tactics on her. Kong's cock was cleverly made up to look like the Empire State Building. After they had left the stage, Santa Claus sat down on a chair and a rather big little girl came out and sat on his knee. "And what do *you* want for Christmas, little girl," Santa said.

"I want you to lay your Vienna Red-Hot in my toasted buttered bun," said she, to howls of laughter from the peanut gallery. And Mr. Claus pulled off the lower half of his Santa suit and proceeded to slip a toy into the little girl's stocking.

Then out came Patty Hearst, looking very foxy in black beret, fatigues with the seven-headed Symbionese cobra emblem over the breast pocket, and an M-16. She pantomimed driving a car, and onstage came a highway patrolman in hot pursuit. He pulled her over. As he was inspecting her ID, she jumped out of the imaginary car, Kung Fu-ed him to the ground, yanked his clothes off, leaped out of her jumpsuit, and sat down on his nightstick, still wearing her revolutionary headgear and brandishing her machine gun.

The numerals 6 and 9 were next and they did their usual number. The audience had seen it before and wasn't impressed. Finally, Uncle Sam fucked the Statue of Liberty up the ass, while Lady Liberty recited Emma Lazarus's "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning . . ."

My poor, bacchanalia-ridden head was reeling. In half an hour I'd seen all the mythic images that were bouncing around the American collective unconscious parade across a stage in the flesh. And copulating with each other, yet.

When I looked up, Smokey the Bear and Frankenstein were hovering over me. I began to laugh hysterically, rolling and crossing my eyes and making chimplike blubbering sounds.

"For costumed group sex above and beyond the call of fantasy. . . ." Pete announced. "—the envelope, please!"

Marilyn Monroe, James Dean, and Humphrey Bogart are now somewhere in Europe on an all-expense-paid Grand Sex Tour, whatever that is.

"For best costume sex by an amateur couple!" Kazan pronounced. "The envelope, please!"

Contrary to what you might have read in the papers, Patty Hearst is not in custody but was last seen tearing around Cape Cod with an unnamed highway patrolman in a red Chevette.

In a sort of a funk, I made my way out of the ballroom, walking past ketchup bottles doing it with spacemen, Cossacks doing it with hula girls, and a Confederate general doing it with a five-foot-tall box of Tide. In front of the hotel, Batman was goosing Robin as they got into their VW—the Batmobile must have been in the shop. A half-hour later, I pulled into an exact-change toll lane of the Massachusetts Turnpike and—damn it, I had exactly no change. So with people honking and flashing their lights, I had to get out and walk to an attended booth.

"May I have change of a dollar, please?"

The guy flashed a great big smile. "Why certainly, Mr. Anka. Would you autograph an album for my daughter?"

You know, I've had the weirdest feeling ever since that night. This feeling that everywhere I go, *everyone* is wearing a strange, fantastic costume . . .

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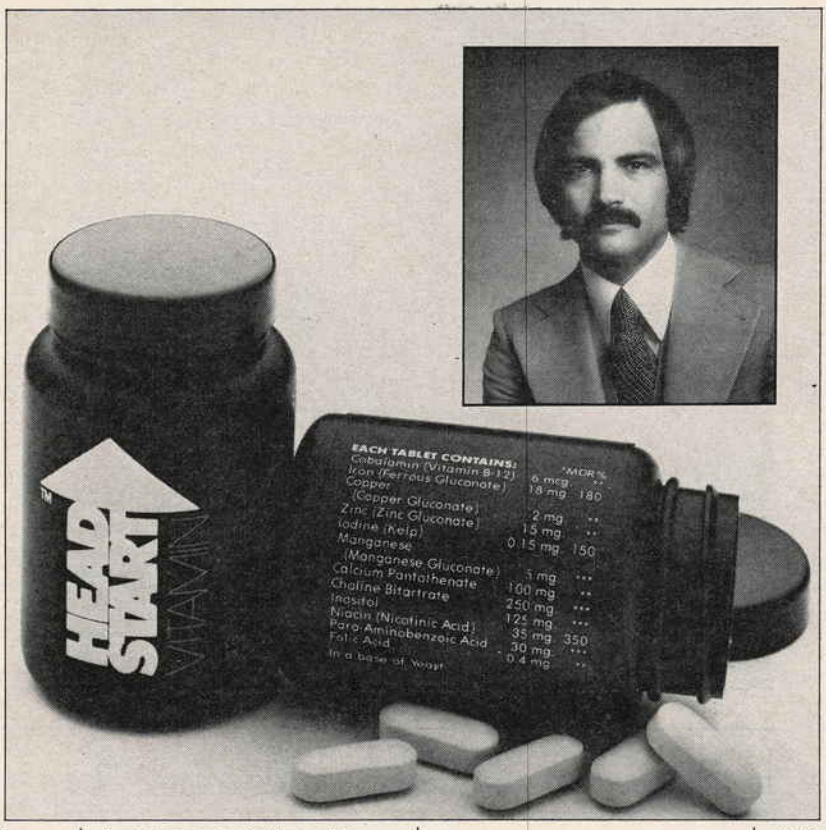
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WHAT I DISCOVERED

Believe me, I had a problem. Five years ago I had all sorts of hair problems. I even thought I was going to lose my hair. Everyone in my family always had thick, healthy hair, so I knew my problem could not be hereditary.

I tried everything that made sense, and even a few things that didn't. When I went to a dermatologist, I got no encouragement. One doctor even jokingly said the only way to save my hair was to put it in a safety deposit box. Incidentally, he had less hair than I did. Needless to say, nothing would work for me.

But I didn't give up hope. I couldn't. My good looks (and vanity) spurred me on to find a cure. I started hitting the books.

My studies on hair have pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritionists report that vitamins and minerals in the right combination and in the right proportion are necessary to keep hair healthy. And one internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert says the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition. (In non-hereditary cases, in which hair loss is directly attributed to vitamin deficiencies, hair has been reported to literally thrive after the deficiencies were corrected.)

WHAT THE EXPERTS DISCOVERED

Then I started reading all the data on nutrition I could get my hands on. I am now finding the medical field beginning to support these nutritionists.

Studies have determined that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years. You need to give your hair its own specific dietary attention, just as you give your body in general.

One doctor at a major university discovered that re-growth of scalp cells occurs 7 times as fast as other body cells. Therefore, general nutrition (even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin), may not be sufficient for scalp and hair.

In the Human Hair Symposium conducted in 1973, scientists reported that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate.

In case after case my hopes were reinforced by professional opinions. (And you know how hard it is to get any two scientists or doctors to agree on anything.)

The formula I devised for my own hair called for 7 vitamins and 5 minerals. The only problem was I discovered I was spending about $30 a month for the separate compounds.

So, after a half year of further study, careful experimentation and product development, Head Start was made. A precisely formulated vitamin and mineral supplement specifically designed to provide the five minerals and seven vitamins your hair desperately needs for health. At a price everyone can afford.

Four years later, over a quarter million people have tried Head Start. Over 100 of the regular users, by the way, are medical doctors. What's more, a little more than ½ of our users are females! Today, as you can see from the picture, my own hair is greatly improved. But don't take my word for it. I have a business to run. Listen to the people (both men and women) who wrote in, although they weren't asked to, nor were they paid a cent, to drop me a line.

WHAT OUR CUSTOMERS DISCOVERED

"I wasn't losing my hair, I just wanted it to grow faster." D.B., Nashville, Tenn.

"I have had problem hair all my life until I found your vitamin advertisement..." W.H., Castlewood, Va.

"My hair has improved greatly and I am so encouraged to continue spreading the good word along to friends and neighbors. I had tried everything including hair and scalp treatments to no avail..." S.H., Metairie, La.

"It's hard to believe that after one short month I can see this much difference..." E.H., Charlotte, N.C. "The texture of my hair is soft and not brittle any more." H.A., Bronx, N.Y. "Your vitamins are terrific, fantastic and unbelievable..." V.M., Carrollton, Ga. "I went to doctors... tried everything... nothing happened until I started using Head Start..." R.A., Santa Ana, Calif.

"Thank you for something that really works." J.T., Brooklyn, N.Y. "Your vitamins are excellent. They have helped my hair." D.D., Chehalis, Wash. "These pills really work"... Mrs. C.E., Gadsden, Ala. "Your formula is really working for me and my scalp feels more refreshed than ever before!" H.L.S., Hollywood, Fla.

"Your product has improved the condition of my hair and as far as I'm concerned has done everything you said it would." C.B., Santa Rosa, Calif. "I can honestly say that your comprehensive program is the best I have tried and... I have tried many..." E.H., New Orleans.

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TRAVEL AND LEISURE

LUSTY GUIDE TO HOLLAND

BY ALLAN H. MANKOFF

Now that Washington, D.C., has come out of the carnal cloakroom, Paris, which we visited last month, and Amsterdam have dropped to a virtual second-place tie in the Western world's lustiest-cities primary.

Amsterdam's street prostitution, for example, cannot hold a candle (or a dildo or a flashlight) to what an evening's constitutional a few blocks from our nation's Capitol will reveal. And the Dutch police simply haven't the Yankee know-how for recruiting attractive decoy streetwalkers to entrap legislators, as may have happened last June in Utah. Moreover, Holland's elected officials do not indulge—not at public expense—in sex parties Potomac-style aboard yachts on the Amstel. They can find quite enough action along Amsterdam's celebrated Red Light Canals (especially along Oude Zijds Achterburgwal and Voorburgwal), where countless young women, working three shifts round the clock, pose in neon and fluorescent-lighted picture windows and copulate behind the fast-draw curtains. The price is about fourteen dollars a cloture (a Dutch guilder or florin equals about forty U.S. cents).

Some of Holland's appointed officials prefer the lavish ambience and the twenty-five or so exotic female employees of Massage Instituut Sex-Filmclub Continental, the Netherland's finest brothel, situated at Groot Hertoginnelelaan 108 in The Hague, a fast half hour by streamliner from Amsterdam's Centraal Station. Lifetime membership costs about $4, and admission is from $10 to $20, which includes dirty films, live sex shows staged with Busby Berkeley whimsy, free drinks, and snacks. Sex caucuses with the performers and hostesses in the second-floor mirrored bedrooms cost from $60 to $100. The Continental often has a full quorum; so try to book ahead with the floor leader, Robbi (65-86-92), but don't worry. The nearby Club International (11 Willemstraat; 65-77-70) is in the same league; it has similar personnel and prices and, in addition, Sunday night group-sex parties.

If you need a good stiff one after what your legislative representative put you through, toast the ghost of the late President Warren Harding in Café Zee En-Rijnvaart, a classic ancient Rhenish bargemen's port of call in the colorful, bawdy Zeedijk, midway at the foot of the Red Light Canals. There you will find a huge 1820s porcelain beer pump for federal priming, a billiard table, and an interesting antique brass pump dispensing *genever* (Dutch for gin). Drink the *jonge genever*; the older it is, the yellower. Some *genever* is older than Ronald Reagan's last good film; but normally when you ask for old, you will be given young with a dash of old. Straight *oude* is very likely to grow hair on your liver.

It would be a purely academic, fact-finding experience if the District of Columbia Boy Scouts and saints marched through that sexual showroom, Jan Bik's extraordinary International Call-Girl, Call-Boy, Group Sex, S/M, A.C./D.C. brothel at Buiten Wieringenstraat 3-5 (222-785; 252-497; 243-789; 246-505), in Amsterdam's picturesque Jordaan quarter. But since a precious few machine politicians, dollar-a-minute men, trust busters, pipelayers, and stalking whores do pass through Amsterdam on junkets devoted to cementing foreign affairs, embattling international relations, and probing comparative economics ("How much if you show me yours and I show you mine?"), I've persuaded Jan to rename his establishment the House of Sexual Congress for the duration of the election campaigns and the Bicentennial. The rest of us can simply get our rocks off on the house's decor and furnishings (which may some day be enshrined by the Rijksmuseum, if not by the Smithsonian Institution).

As you enter Buiten Wieringenstraat 3-5, you'll receive a standing ovation and some integrated bussing from one or more of the staff of twelve beauties (some of whom cannot spell in any language but speak several), who are on duty from 2:00 P.M. to 2:00 A.M. Thanks to Bik's shrewd employment advertisements appearing in the otherwise very Establishment daily *Telegraaf* under "*Diversen*" and in the somewhat less prestigious Dutch journals like *Boulevard* and the erotic *Candy*, his bill-riders include representatives of all Holland's constituencies as well as Rome, Djakarta, Bali, and Düsseldorf. There is also the occasional "just passing through town" art-history student from Hicksville, Ohio, or thereabouts, and, of course, from Cornwall, England, there is "Maureen," who deals with "problem" delegates and has a voracious vagina that would satisfy even the largest Washington post.

Jan Bik himself is usually at the door to inaugurate and swear the faithful in and, of course, to extract the payoff (from 100 to 500 guilders, about $40 to $200, depending on time—from one-half hour—and service). He has a Mephistophelian black beard and is about thirty-six years old, a philosopher, Aries, linguist (five tongues plus a forked one for doing business), and scholar.

In Jan's smoke-filled office, just to the left of the cloakroom, he explains civil procedure and Robin Hood's Rules of Order to each candidate: "You can have virtually anything you require here . . . girls from sixteen years [but if she is not twenty-one, then the law requires she be married if she wants to work on the floor of the house]; the opportunity to photograph excited nude children [parental permission *and guidance* suggested]; straight sex; S&M; even a virgin for up to $3,000. Perhaps you will marry her? [Ideal for divorcing legislators or congressmen-at-large.] Prices begin at 100 guilders [about $40] for one half hour, 150 without rubber; sperm in mouth and swallowed is an extra 10 guilders." More rules of the House from Jan: "All my ladies are trained to have orgasm . . . to make the man feel she *loves* them. Some give back up to 50 guilders if it goes well for them."

They have certainly had some Grand Old Parties in Room Number One, which is just to the right of Bik's main entrance. The happy visitor will find a bed nearly the size of the White House helicopter launching pad. And those who may be passing the peak and think a roll in the hay is the perfect cure for waning wangs will be delighted by the fancy ceiling and wall mirrors. The west wing of the G.O.P. room is highlighted by a huge, incongruous animal mural lifted straight from Walt Disney's

Dickran Palulian

version of Kipling's *Jungle Book*.

Although some of the good ol' gun-lobby boys will go wild in this sanctuary because of the wonderful wildlife mural, Jan Bik asks that they leave their rifles home. All they need is the guns God gave them, implies Jan, who was himself shot in the buttocks a couple of years ago by the disgruntled manager of one of his far-flung brothels. (He has another in Amsterdam at Schippersstraat 2: 226-500 or 231-584. But if you're whistle-stopping Holland—no town is more than two hours from Amsterdam by the excellent trains—you may want to peek into his Utrecht branches: Jaffastraat 1, 944-530, and Amsterdamsestraatweg 165, 441-396. In Venlo try Noord Buitensingel 3, 077-10-306. And in Kl. Ulsda try Molenlaantje 11, 05977-270.)

To ease his rectal shooting pains, Jan sleeps each night on the nearby beach at Zandfoort. At the far end is a gay ghetto called "*Zeezicht*," which is also known as "*Zee nicht*," "*nicht*" meaning "cousin," a term of affection among Holland's long (comparatively) liberated homosexuals. Amsterdam's C.O.C. Club (Korte Leidsedwarsstraat 49) and flashier, bitchier D.O.K. (Singel 460) may also be of interest to those curious about the gay scene.

Meanwhile, the basement of Jan Bik's House of Sexual Congress is what a couple of ranking members might fondly call the Chamber of Corporal Punishment. Undulating from the ceilings and walls are whips, shackles, fetters, trammels, manacles, gyves, chains, handcuffs, dildos, hobbles, halters, harnesses, yokes, collars, bridles, gags, tethers, masks, and straitjackets. People pay Jan Bik and dozens of others throughout Holland a great deal of money for sexual torture. (Baroness Monique von Cleef of the Hague is incomparable, of course: 2A Cornelis Houtmanstr; 85-63-92. The cleanup campaign enema is just one of her many specialties; her syringe treatment would make a departed surgeon general thrash in his tomb.)

In addition to his far-flung houses, Bik has many semi-pros and virtual amateurs on call throughout the Netherlands, enough to accommodate all delegate members of either the Democratic or Republican National Conventions, though I sincerely doubt that any of them would have time for the sexual services offered. But this is also an ideal way to have a look at a typical Dutch home, for most of Jan's rural types perform in their own abodes, often preparing dinner for two in the bargain. Bik levies a one-time forty-dollar poll tax, and thereafter rates are negotiable with one's elected lover.

But that is not true of the fifty or so gentlemen stud farmers, who service Jan's needy female clients. Included are bright poets, artists, students, journalists, businessmen, and even a cattle breeder. Admittedly, many are from Jan's round table of friends. One chooses a partner from among the hundreds of head shots in "International Callboy's" photo albums. Tariffs are in the neighborhood of forty dollars.

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Give a friend a Roach. Our t-shirts & iron-ons are full-color, washable and colorfast. We'll even enclose our gift card with your name and ship anywhere in the U.S. in time for X-mas (if we receive your order by Nov. 20). Or send for free catalog . . . specify G-Rated or R-Rated.

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Mass-meeting group-sex parties take place in the Rose Garden and third-floor mirrored bedrooms on one Saturday night of each month. Couples travel from as far away as Brussels, Paris, London, and Georgetown. But I wouldn't recommend these parties unless you enjoy long, horny stampedes, and to be kind, the level of physical attractiveness is about as high as an elephant's fly.

The very best group-sex situation in Amsterdam is Candy Club Group Sex Discothèque (Eikenweg 29; 94-73-79). Johann, his wife, Corrie, and their attractive daughter Chris run Candy Club like a model non-profit charitable organization. Admission is a nominal six dollars per couple, or a mere twenty-six dollars for a year's membership for the twice-weekly (Friday and Saturday) closed sessions. Absolutely no one is admitted without a partner of the opposite sex (exception is made for a few extra single, pretty girls). Candy unwraps at 9:00 P.M., but there's little action until around midnight, when the dancing couples begin removing their funny outfits in a manner that is reminiscent of "Let's Make a Deal"; by 1:00 A.M. the action begins. What with the fresh-mouth disc jockey, the scrunching, daisy-chaining couples—eight to ten in each of the seven padded booths that surround the dance floor—resemble a Washington Redskins scrimmage auditioning for that TV show.

Unlike Bik's, Candy's rookies can hug the sidelines bar and don't have to strip off in the locker room or anywhere else. Over popular-priced drinks (four to six guilders), straight player transactions can be made, trades can be negotiated, and free-agent high-draft choices may retire to small, discreet canalside hotels. Jan Bik's abandoned annex at Haarlemmerdijk 118 is also an excellent place for a discreet huddle. Your jiggery-pokery may be enhanced by the incredible wall-to-wall ceiling mirrors. Always book ahead if possible; otherwise, the extremely efficient young ladies in the Centraal Station Tourism kiosk will be happy to help—for a fee.

Not far from the Candy Club, in the posh "gold street" Apollolaan at No. 76 and near the Ajax Stadium, home of Amsterdam's fantastic football team, is the extravagant World Club C.D. (phone 76-61-76). Johann, who claims to gross at least $16,800 per week, is the nonplaying manager (he has a beautiful blond assistant coach who resembles Yvonne, his former protégé with whom he once directed Yvonne's, a less prestigious house still located in the center of town; Spuistraat 122A; 67-561).

Some associates of OPEC people and oil lobbyists may prefer the Middle Eastern ambience at Societeit Cleopatra Club International, a fancy, modern establishment facing Lijnbaansgracht's picturesque canal. It is inadvisable to barge right in; telephone in advance at 22-01067, and then stop from 8:00 P.M. to 5:00 A.M. to inspect the riggings. Your allowance may be depleted by from $75 to $200 an hour,

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Amsterdam's delightful Leidseplein area is representative of the city's marvelously varied, democratic, and inexpensive "other" lusty life. There is no need to pinpoint such excellent nearby "pickup" spots as Club Privé, which even some locals think is strictly for members only but any well-behaved adult can enter and there encounter many fashion models, theatrical actresses, film and advertising personnel, among others; Blue Note, the city's surprising traditional night club, where only a few of the many, many single young ladies "sell," and *not* on the premises; Bamboo Bar, which is frequented by a very friendly international crowd and has a community piano for sing-songs; the adjacent cafés Reynders and Eijlders, and Café Pieper, which is more than 300 years old and has dark-brown beams and where Friday night is especially important to advertising and P.R. ladies and gentlemen. All of these are either in or near the Leidseplein, and most Amsterdammers or the equally affable police in the Leidseplein Headquarters will show you, or take you to, your destination. Be sure to find Continental Bodega (246 Lijnbaansgracht; 23-90-98). Next to London's Penthouse Club, the Bodega must be Europe's most promising single people's rendezvous. The best time to go is from 5:30 to 7:30 P.M., when it closes; so hurry!

Live, hard-core sex shows have recently invaded the otherwise "family" Leidseplein entertainment district. Caresse (Lange Leidsedwarsstraat 37-45; 25-07-15) seems to specialize in integrated intercourse. Under the very same management is a striptease parlor. But the show is run-of-the-windmills, the girls aren't very foxy, and they have uninteresting ways and little means (toss 'em a guilder). Off-duty, the strippers are friendly enough, permitting only conversation, but only an Englishman would appreciate their fannies.

But in the heart of the Red Light Canals is the Casa Rosso (O.Z. Achterburgwal 98, 6-22-21), which is quite another matter—the hottest sex show south of Hamburg's Salambo. As many as four aggressive, attractive, potent copulating couples will be seen on the same stage in the comfortable eighty-seat "sex theater." Just around the corner, at Lange Neizel 23, Dernier Cri lingerie shop caters to the neighborhood doxies and to male tourists as well. There are swell wet-look gentlemen's pink tights, with zippered fronts. Finally, you can take a quick forty-five-minute train junket to Utrecht, where vice is waiting on the Vechte, a man-made waterway as dreamy as the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. In the foreground of the great polders (land reclaimed from the sea by dikes) are thirty-four houseboats, gaily painted with names like Aurora, Mary Ann, Agnes, Colleen, and Liz. Within are seventy or so young and pretty girls. But neatness counts in Holland; so don't scuff the tidy gravel paths in your haste!

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COPS & ROBBERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

told a grand jury—that only minutes after Hoffa was last seen at a suburban Detroit restaurant, O'Brien stopped by his office downtown, which is at least an hour's drive from the restaurant. Valenti says that O'Brien announced that he didn't have his car with him and asked for a lift home, which Valenti provided, thus establishing that O'Brien wasn't at the abduction scene.

Of course, the appearance of Teamster officials in criminal investigations is hardly unprecedented. On the contrary, it is difficult to see how an honest man could sit down and read even a few hundred of the more than 20,000 pages of testimony recorded between 1957 to 1960 by the Senate Select Committee on Labor-Management Relations (the McClellan Committee) and still want to join the Teamsters union.

Chief Counsel Robert Kennedy, having assembled (with painstaking thoroughness) overwhelming evidence, presented the senators and the public with a seemingly endless parade of extortionists, embezzlers, thieves, ex-cons, hit-men, and Mafia members, all operating under the auspices of a union whose only concern seemed to be to suppress such embarrassing revelations.

One after another, the union's officials—many of them or their chosen successors remain in power today—came before the committee. Their tax returns indicated incomes far beyond their supposed union salaries. The officials declared that to answer any questions at all would tend to incriminate them.

Can the union protect its law-enforcement activities from this seamy atmosphere? To answer this question, we might consider what happened in the case of the Feinstein family, which tried to organize the New York City police in 1958 and which still runs the Teamsters' public employees local in New York. This local—the same that almost tied New York in knots in 1959—may try again, undaunted, to "land" the police.

Neither Henry Feinstein, who ran the local back then (he died in 1960), nor his son, Barry Feinstein, who runs it now, has ever been convicted of a crime. But after failing to organize the New York City police, Henry Feinstein moved his law-enforcement organizing drive to South Florida in 1959, where an investigation by the *Miami News* showed that Feinstein's associates weren't all the kind of labor leaders Samuel Gompers probably envisioned.

Two members of Feinstein's hand-picked staff (in the same local now run by his son) were former jail residents and were fugitives from outstanding criminal warrants. Another Teamster boss in Miami had served time for extortion; he later went to prison for tax evasion, after Kennedy's investigators found witnesses and documents to prove that he had been extorting huge payments from employers of Team-

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The following manufacturers and department stores supply the fashions on pages 120–123. For information on the store nearest you, contact the manufacturer.

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For Accessories, please contact:

Trousers:

JAYMAR-RUBY
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. (212) LT1-7870

PIERRE CARDIN AVANTE GARDE
888 Seventh Avenue
New York, N.Y. (212) JU2-4040

CARLO PALAZZI for PETROCELLI
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New York, N.Y. (212) 924-7330

TROUSERS BY BARRY
40 West Fifty-fifth Street
New York, N.Y. (212) 247-4055

Shirts:

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350 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. (212) 564-9040

Stockings and Garter Belts:

MICHAEL SALEM
P.O. Box 1781
FDR Station
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ster members in exchange for preventing strikes—even while his colleague, Feinstein, was organizing the police.

A few years later, Yvette Feinstein, Henry's wife and Barry's mother, who herself had gone to work for the local, was convicted in federal court, New York, of conspiring to kick back money to another Teamster official in the award of a $1.5-million pension fund loan. (Her codefendants included the late Mafia figure, James "Jimmy Doyle" Plumeri.) An appeals court later overturned the conviction, ruling that although Mrs. Feinstein did receive $22,500 from a 10-percent finder's fee on the loan and went to the Bahamas under an assumed name to help get the money smuggled out in small bills, there was only hearsay evidence that she knew $20,000 was being kicked back to an accommodating trustee of the sizable pension fund.

In 1971, Barry, who inherited the big local even while fresh out of school (many Teamster locals are family affairs), was indicted for paralyzing New York in a labor dispute on a sweltering August day by ordering his bridge workers to sabotage their equipment so that all drawbridges would be left in open positions.

Several drawbridge operators were convicted, but Barry denied that he had given them the illegal orders. The case against him was thrown out last fall by an appeals court, which ruled that there were too few women on the list of grand jurors who indicted him. By that time the evidence—mostly eyewitness accounts that had been given grudgingly to start with—had grown stale, and the district attorney's office declined to reindict him.

Beyond the problem of criminal associations, the Teamsters have established over the years a record of producing benefits that are considerably less sweet in reality than they seem on paper. The most blatant examples are the elusive pensions and the so-called sweetheart contracts.

There are about 200 Teamster pension plans. The best known and by far the biggest, with about $1.5 billion in claimed assets, is the Central States, Southeast, and Southwest Areas pension fund. As described in the pretty brochures, Teamster pension plans offer some of the best retirement deals available for nonmanagerial personnel. Although in recent years the benefits have failed to keep pace with inflation, $550 per month at age sixty (which the Central States fund promises) still doesn't look bad, on top of social security—if you really get it.

The trouble is that the hundreds of millions of dollars squandered on bad loans, many of them to businesses run by racketeers, ex-cons, and Mafia cronies, have had a chilling effect on pension pay-outs. While a good many shady characters have lived very well on the proceeds of pension-fund loans, many teamsters at retirement can't get their hands on the money to which they feel entitled. (On June 28 the IRS revoked the tax-exempt status of the Central States pension fund because of

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IN THE OCTOBER FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

HOW MEN CAN BECOME BETTER LOVERS

Most men still get only a fraction of the potential pleasure that they might derive from sex. Thomas Durkin, a California sex therapist, explains the techniques and methods that can make sex a total sensual experience—not only for men but also for their partners. This is must reading for those who take their sexuality seriously.

DISCO DANCING—THE HOTTEST APHRODISIAC TODAY

Today people are discovering how exhilarating it can be to communicate via the language of dance, and they are experimenting with their sensuality in a brand-new, free-form way. Disco dancing 1970s style is the sensual rite that's sweeping the country. Don't miss Sheila Weller's report on the new national evening sport.

MALE MASTURBATION: DO'S AND DON'TS

In itself masturbation is not harmful, but some masturbatory techniques, a sex therapist points out, can lead to impotence, premature ejaculation, and retarded ejaculation. Every man who has ever been so inclined should read this.

AMERICA DISCOVERS ORAL SEX

In travels throughout the nation, sex researcher Bernard Hurwood discovered that more and more couples are turning to this delightful sexual variation—and they are eager to discuss why they are. An in-depth report that reveals why people are enjoying oral sex more now than ever before.

alleged mismanagement and questionable loan practices.)

The fine print of the Central States and other Teamster pension plans affords numerous excuses for the trustees to refuse to pay. A worker may be laid off for a while or briefly take employment in another industry, thus creating a "break in service." Or he may be transferred from one job site to another, requiring him to switch Teamster locals, and learn later that the two locals are affiliated with different pension plans that don't reciprocate with each other in the payment of benefits.

The Teamsters will not release records revealing how many claimants get paid and how many don't. They may not even have such records. But a reporter has little trouble finding dozens of truckers who can present convincing arguments that they are being deprived of the benefits of decades of pension-fund contributions. The pension-fund administration is so bureaucratic that many claimants are not even given the benefit of a clear refusal; thus they cannot even make an effective challenge. The union often lets claims sit unanswered until the claimant dies or ultimately gives up writing letters.

Many Teamsters who think that they've been cheated out of their pensions suspect that their employers have cooperated with the union in fitting them into one of the exempted categories, thus absolving the depleted pension funds of the responsibility for making payments. It is difficult to prove such suspicions.

But there *is* proof of union-employer collusion to deprive workers of the purported benefits of the National Master Freight Agreement. Even in parts of the country where the master agreement has been signed on behalf of all Teamster trucking workers, union officials continue to make deals allowing favored trucking companies to employ workers at rates far below master freight standards.

Why are some companies favored? In the days of Jimmy Hoffa and Dave Beck, the McClellan-Kennedy investigators proved that such sweetheart contracts resulted from sub-rosa payments from trucking companies to union officals. Often these payments were channeled through businesses that the union officials had set up on the side to provide goods and services to the trucking industry—Hoffa's own wife owned the stock of a business that leased equipment to trucking concerns. Sometimes trucking concerns would put relatives of union officials on their payrolls to provide the *quid pro quo* for a sweetheart contract.

Today a reporter can easily obtain copies of substandard contracts from underpaid truckers, proving that the pattern still prevails. But without subpoena power, it's hard to find out which benefits union officials may be receiving in exchange for their approval of such contracts.

When asked to explain these contracts, teamster leaders will say that the particular trucking company involved is doing only local hauling, or hauling only a particular kind of freight, and therefore is entitled to a special agreement. Yet the master freight agreement specifically covers both local and long-distance hauling and doesn't differentiate between particular kinds of cargoes.

Would a National Master Law Enforcement Agreement be subject to similar widespread undercutting? Would city councilmen or police commissioners be enticed into sweetheart deals? Of course, one can only conjecture.

What's not a matter of conjecture, however, is that Teamster organization of law-enforcement agencies is on the rise—a trend due largely to the fact that rival organizing groups often don't take the Teamster success as a serious challenge.

Bill Van Zandt, assistant director of field services for the AFL-CIO public employees union, confidently maintains that the Teamster drive "will not go very far." Convinced that law officers will quickly be disillusioned by the Teamsters' overpromising and underachieving, he doesn't even bother to keep track of how many law officers the Teamsters organize, or even of how many states would permit his own union to organize police.

Robert Oberbeck, executive director of the AFL-CIO public employees union for Wisconsin, says that he really isn't interested in challenging the Teamsters for police representation.

Cops, Oberbeck says, "cause a lot of problems. They're small units, and you can't service them economically. Their loyalty is subject to question. They'll go through a representation election and not pay the dues, and if the employer comes across with a significant increase they'll desert us fast."

And William Marshall, president of the Michigan AFL-CIO, says, "I think that police officers should rightfully be in a union of public employees, but I don't care to open up a fight with the Teamsters. I have a lot of friends in the Teamsters."

The main resistance to the Teamster drive has come from certain law officers themselves, such as the 1,350-member Michigan State Police Troopers Association, which, after heated debates last summer and fall, roundly rejected the Teamsters' invitation.

Asked why, Detective Sgt. Dick Chartier, a designated spokesman, said that much of the objection hinged on the articles in the *Wall Street Journal* last summer concerning the union's ties to organized crime and unfairness in its pension fund.

"In view of the connection they've had with unethical activities, as well as illegal activites, we just didn't feel we could be associated with them," Sergeant Chartier says.

But he adds, "We'll probably talk with the Teamster people to get some insight about how they go about collective bargaining—to get a little expertise in the labor field. Once we have the tools, we can handle our own problems, and I think it's more appropriate that police officers do handle their own problems."

ROTHBARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

sion lasts. In a truly free market system, there would be no depressions.

Penthouse: So the New Deal actually prolonged the depression of the 1930s?

Rothbard: Exactly. Before the New Deal was instituted, there was a federal policy *not* to intervene once a depression was under way. As a result, depressions didn't last more than one or two years. But when the 1929 crash came, President Hoover, and then President Roosevelt, intervened extensively in a misguided attempt to keep wages and prices up and to shore up unsound companies with federal aid and with other kinds of assistance. The result was to prolong the depression for eleven years, a duration unprecedented in American history. We got out of it only because of World War II, which is a heck of a way to get out of a depression.

Penthouse: What's the difference between your position and that of the conservatives, who for years have been talking against big government?

Rothbard: Well, the conservatives and President Ford often employ free-market rhetoric, but people's actions speak louder than their words. President Ford, when his actions are fully scrutinized, comes up with a deficit of about $75 billion in fiscal year 1976, although Arthur Anderson and Company made an accounting of the government finances and have arrived at the conclusion that the deficit is really nearer to $150 billion. Also, President Ford, despite all of his talk about eliminating or reducing government intervention, has proposed a $100 billion subsidy for private-energy sources.

The conservatives tend to favor subsidies to corporations, especially in the military-industrial complex. They tend to favor military expenditures. The same conservatives who would call for a $2 billion cut in welfare, let's say, would also favor a $20-billion expansion of wasteful military spending. They have a blind spot regarding militarism. They tend to be in favor of high tariffs. In a broader area, they tend to be opposed to personal liberty—religious, civil, and so forth. So their rhetoric is totally divorced from their actions. Their libertarian credentials are fairly suspect if you look at the whole picture.

Penthouse: How does the libertarian position differ from that of the liberals, of whom you are also critical?

Rothbard: Well, the libertarian position, basically, is that no person or group should be allowed to use force or violence against any person or his property. Everybody should have complete freedom in all activities of his life, both personal and economic. So this means that libertarians are in favor of economic freedom. Laissez-faire capitalism seems close to the conservative position in many ways. But we're also in favor of complete civil liberty, which, in many ways, is close to the liberal position. Liberals, however, are almost as inconsistent regarding the civil-liberties questions as the conservatives are regarding the free market. Many liberals who favor personal liberty also favor incarcerating mental patients, supposedly for the patients' benefit. Or they favor compulsory seat-belt buzzers, which I personally found extremely obnoxious!

Penthouse: You have said that you are in favor of any sort of capitalist acts between consenting adults. Are you also in favor of any other acts between consenting adults?

Rothbard: Any actions, capitalist or personal or of any other nature, performed by consenting adults should be permitted. Whether any of us personally approves of them is another story and is really irrelevant to the political question of their legality. This goes across the board. Incidentally, many supposed civil libertarians who would favor legalization of drugs or legalization of liquor or alcohol—which I would favor—are somehow opposed to the legalization of cigarette advertising, which should be just as much a civil-liberties question as the other issues.

Penthouse: Don't you feel that the people have a right to make a decision about the form that society should take? Isn't this why we have elections?

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Rothbard: I think a person should have the right to have whatever he wants just as long as he does not impose his wishes on somebody else. Now, if those people want to vote to support a certain system or a certain person, that's fine. However, the problem is that they're imposing this system and this person on the rest of us.

These elections do not *really* mean that the public gets together at some sort of a town meeting and chooses a certain system or a certain group of politicians. As you know, what actually happens is, first, most of the eligible people don't even vote; and, second, they are getting a package deal, a very narrow choice between two parties, which are more or less indistinguishable in their policies and image and cannot be counted upon to honor their promises. Nobody sues a president or a congressman for fraud if he violates his campaign promises—it's considered part of the game. It's called campaign oratory, which nobody pays attention to. A consumer, on the other hand, votes all the time, in a sense. He votes for groceries or clothing or hi-fi sets or other things by buying or by refusing to buy. He's the complete master of his fate. He doesn't have to make a choice between only two products.

Penthouse: And what about you—will you vote in the next election?

Rothbard: I haven't voted for a long time.

Penthouse: If you don't vote, don't you deserve what you get?

Rothbard: Oh no! On the contrary. It's those who *do* vote for the winning candidate who may deserve what they get, not the ones who don't vote for anybody.

Penthouse: But isn't the government the people, in the sense that it is the only institution that represents everybody, as opposed to selfish interest groups?

Rothbard: No. It represents only a fraction of the people. Let's say 45 percent of the people vote. If there's a close election, it means that only 23 percent voted for the winning candidate. That's hardly all the people. So the government is not the people. The people are the rest of us who are *not* in government. They're not *us*. There is just a group of people out there who call themselves "the government." When we see a worker moving to a better job because he will make more money, or when we see a businessman moving into an area where he can make more profits, everybody says, "Oh, he's moving to another job or he's going to another industry to make a higher income." And yet when somebody becomes a *government* employee, suddenly we assume that his objective is completely different. His motivation suddenly becomes "the public interest," "the common good," "national security," or whatever other clichés are handed out. It would be a very useful exercise for everybody to think about the government, not as purveyors of the public good, but as people who are bureaucrats trying to maximize their own income. Then see what kind of coherent explanation of the world you then come up with.

Penthouse: Can you give us examples of the way government officials act to "maximize their own incomes"?

Rothbard: For one thing, every government official increases his income in proportion to the number of people who are working under him. So the tendency is to increase the number of people working in one's organization. And this then leads to an increased budget. Suppose that the official doesn't really need 80 percent of his budget. He can't afford to spend only 20 percent, because Congress will cut his budget next year. So he has to spend at least as much as the budget allows. That's how the bureaucracy becomes a cancerous growth on the system.

Penthouse: Isn't there bureaucracy in private life and on the free market? Why criticize only the government?

Rothbard: Yes, there's bureaucracy in private life, too, but there are a couple of key differences. First, private bureaucracy is limited by profit and loss. If a firm doesn't make a profit and suffers losses, it will go out of business. The government doesn't have to make profits or avoid losses. The government can peg along at the most inefficient rate possible, creating deficits because we, the taxpayers, pick up the tab. Because there's no profit-and-loss test for the government bureaucracy, it can proliferate *ad infinitum*.

Penthouse: Many people would probably agree that the government is too large and that it's doing many things poorly. However, if we just chop off government programs and services with one swoop, that would create enormous hardships. Many persons depend on jobs that would not exist in a free market. So how would the adjustment to a free society be carried out?

Rothbard: The only way is to allow the free society to operate without government interference. For example, when we demobilized after World War II, more than 10 million people were released from the armed forces. Most economists predicted a massive depression and massive unemployment. How could the economy adjust to all these people suddenly thrown on the labor market? Well, what happened? There was no massive unemployment, and within six months the adjustments had been made very smoothly. If you allow the free market to operate, it works with remarkable speed and efficiency. If you try to tax the public more, supposedly to ease the adjustment, you're going to have a lingering, chronic disease instead of a short, swift end to the problem.

Also, you're going to perpetuate the vested interests, and they're going to be more and more in a position to try to continue their rule and to continue the "emergency" aid forever. We'd never get rid of it. It's very much as if you had sort of a short, brief surgical operation rather than allowing a chronic cancerous disease to continue along on its lethal course.

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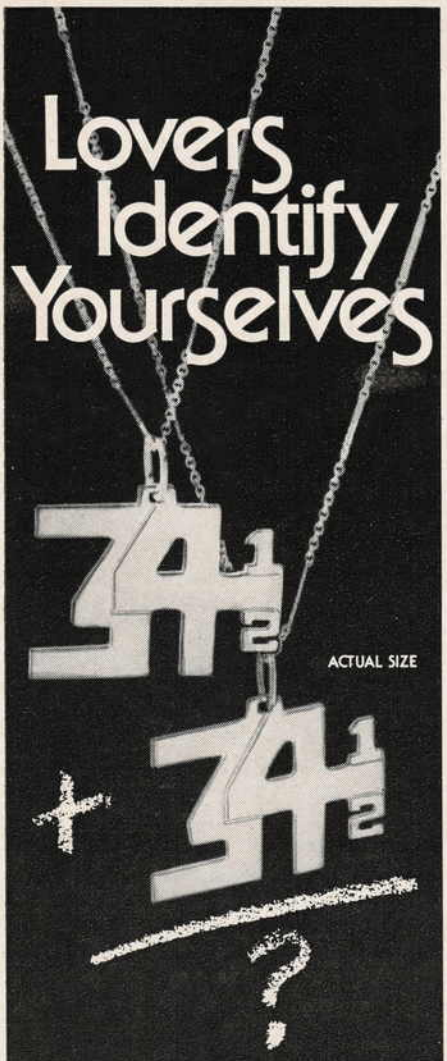

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Penthouse: Many analysts have argued that big government is necessary to provide leadership in foreign policy. What do you say to that?

Rothbard: Big government is no more beneficial in foreign policy than it is in domestic affairs. It is precisely because the world economy and the world society *are* interconnected and interdependent that individual governments mixing in the situation create conditions leading to war and conflict.

When the government tries to subsidize foreign investments or grab raw materials or correct the so-called balance of power, it creates conditions of conflict that cause war and mass murder.

Penthouse: What about the argument that if the United States did not provide protection, dictators would impose their systems upon unwilling peoples and tyranny would enslave the world?

Rothbard: We've been going along with this idea of interventionist foreign policy since about the time of Woodrow Wilson's administration. We began by going to war to make the world "safe for democracy," as Wilson put it. After five or six decades of ubiquitous government intervention, we have a world that is much *less* free than ever before. Obviously, something must be wrong with this kind of policy.

The Vietnam War has shown that in the long run we cannot prevent the peoples of the world from controlling their own affairs, whether they're doing so badly or not. Whether they have dictatorships or not is their own business. It's not the business of the United States to deplete our treasures and sacrifice the lives of citizens in order to impose our solution on these countries.

Penthouse: Eldridge Cleaver has recently said that critics of the American military and critics of America's foreign policy have been mistaken and do not understand the nature of communism. What about that?

Rothbard: Well, I think Eldridge Cleaver has just about as much wisdom in his present incarnation as he had in his previous one—not very much. The danger is statism. I don't think communism is any particular danger *except* insofar as it is statism. We've got enough statism to try to roll back here, and part of that rolling back is the sort of foreign policy and anti-military policy that I advocate. I don't think that anybody really thinks Russia or China or Albania are out to conquer us militarily. If you press the cold warriors hard enough, they will admit that. But they're worried about so-called subversion. In other words, they're worried about *internal*

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communism, either here or abroad. And what I'm saying is that the internal problem we have to worry about is statism. The main objection I have to communism is that communism is statism. And American statism is what's oppressing us.

Penthouse: If American statism were abolished, wouldn't that action enable an enemy to move in and completely subjugate the American people?

Rothbard: I don't think there's any real threat of conquest. Conquest and wars evolve from reciprocal conflicts. In other words, one state threatens another state or moves in on another state, and the other one reacts to the transgression. If you didn't have a state apparatus in this country, it would remove that kind of provocation for attack. Second, if any country did attack us, it would find that a voluntary defense, a free-market defense, would be much more efficient than a state defense. When the state army is conquered, the conquering army can run the system through the defeated but still existent state apparatus. Britain ran India—despite the fact that the British population was much smaller than the Indian—by simply conquering the army of the Indian monarchs and then giving orders to the monarchy. If there's no American state apparatus to give orders to, what's the occupying force going to do? It would have to set up an entirely new state apparatus in the United States, which is almost impossible, considering the size of the country.

And third, private defense is much more efficient than government defense because the military is prone to making blunders. It is not subject to any kind of market test of efficiency.

Penthouse: The present American military budget is in excess of $100 billion. What amount of money would be needed to defend the country through your free-market system?

Rothbard: Well, I'm not a military expert, but as I understand it, we could do without the rather enormous overkill, which would enable us to destroy the entire Russian population many, many times over. I also understand that all we really need to defend the country against a nuclear attack is the Polaris submarines. If that's so, we can scrap all the spending on everything else. I don't know how much the reduction of the budget would be, but I imagine it would be enormous.

Penthouse: Marxists have said that excessive military spending proves that capitalism doesn't work. How do you react to that argument?

Rothbard: Of course, state capitalism, or statism, has failed. But the free market hasn't failed. If you look at the history of Marxist economies, there is no evidence that they have anything which is an improvement over the free market. Not only have Marxist planners caused uncounted murders, tortures, and the expropriation of untold sums, but also they haven't delivered the goods, even in the sense of running a viable economic system. One of the reasons why they are able to accomplish anything is the vast black-market network. Despite planning policies in Russia and Eastern Europe, there's still an enormous black market that manages to deliver goods and services, though in a crippled way, despite all the state can do.

Penthouse: What about environmental arguments against growth?

Rothbard: The answer is that the pollution of the environment has not been caused by the free market. The culprit is conscious government activity. For example, during the 1950s and perhaps the 1960s, too, the Department of Agriculture was spraying vast areas of farmland with DDT from helicopters even though individual farmers objected. You also have municipal-government sewage-disposal units dumping sewage into the rivers and onto land areas, polluting those areas without any kind of check. So much of all environmental damage has been done by the government itself. Also, the government hasn't fulfilled its supposed function of defending property rights. It has allowed the invasion of private property by other firms or individuals. An example of this is the smoke that destroys orchards. Under the common law or any kind of libertarian legal code, this would not be permitted. But the government has consciously allowed it for a hundred years or more.

Penthouse: Without strict environmental pollution standards established by the government, isn't there a danger that nuclear-power plants would pollute the environment?

Rothbard: Well, in the first place, nuclear-power plants are subsidized by the government; so if you eliminate the subsidies, much of the problem might disappear. Second, the government subsidizes the *insurance* of nuclear-power plants, against liability. If that were eliminated, it might reduce the nuclear-power problem to manageable proportions. But, in general, I think the point is that the government shouldn't set any kind of standards in advance of activity, in advance of production and sale, because the government doesn't know much about what standards should be set, and doing so inhibits the voluntary actions of people. Also, much of the time this means the standards of goods and services will be worse than they would be if the government had kept its hands off. Quality tends to go down to the lowest allowable minimum, to the government standard. Also, people tend to get lured into thinking that because the government sets the standard, everything is safe and acceptable. This is often not the case. What should happen is that if any kind of product injures the consumer—let's say you buy something and it turns out to be poison—then the consumer should be able to go to the courts and sue the seller or manufacturer for severe damages. But what tends to happen now is that if, for example, a building is certified as safe by a government inspector and then collapses and injures somebody, the victim

can't sue, because the structure has already been certified as safe! The best solution, I think, would be to go through the regular court system to recover damages for injury.

Penthouse: What about efforts to socialize medicine in America?

Rothbard: That would be a monstrous development. In countries with socialized medicine, for instance, Britain, the result has been a tremendous decline in the quality of the medical service and a huge burden of taxes on the public and on the economy. The usual advance estimates of how much socialized medicine would cost are always extrapolated from the current number of people going to doctors and other statistics. What most people don't realize is that if a visit to a doctor were free, then many people would consult a doctor all the time. There would be an enormous increase in demand for medical service, most of it unnecessary, and then the doctor's time would have to be rationed in some way and the quality of medical care would decrease. That happened in England, with the result that the people who can afford to do so avail themselves of private medical care. They have to do this in order to get decent treatment.

The current government intervention in the medical field in the United States has created most of the problems that now exist. By creating licensing requirements—state regulations restricting the number of doctors and medical schools—the government creates a medical monopoly and increases the cost of medicine. In the last decade or so the government has created the Medicaid-Medicare program, which has enormously increased the cost of doctors and hospitals by an almost indiscriminate disbursement of money to doctors. At first everybody thought the program would be a big bonanza. "Now we'd be able to get most of our medical bills paid," they thought. But what actually happened? Medical bills simply increased, and so we're really no better off than we were before.

In fact, we're worse off. Any further government intervention would compound the damage. And I advocate the elimination of licensing requirements for doctors and hospitals and the loosening of restrictions on other aspects of medicine. The cost of drugs could be cut by eliminating the requirement for prescriptions, which creates a pharmacy monopoly so that people have to go to licensed pharmacies in order to get their drugs. I don't think there's any real need for that.

Penthouse: You're saying that anybody, whether he has gone through medical school or not, should be able to put up a shingle and say, "I'm practicing medicine" or, "I'm a healer," or some similar form of quasi-medical self-advertisement.

Rothbard: Right. Of course, now you can be a *spiritual* healer without a license, but you can't say you're engaging in medical service. You can't employ medical techniques. I think that if I had a hangnail, I should be able to go to a local old crone on the corner and pay fifty cents or so to have that hangnail removed. I shouldn't have to go to a Park Avenue doctor and spend something on the order of fifty-five dollars to have it removed.

There are all sorts of degrees of injury and illness. Each individual should be able to decide for himself who he wants to administer to him, whether licensed or unlicensed—whether an old crone or a Park Avenue physician.

Penthouse: Do you see it as a major problem that many people have a vested stake in the state system and would be quite reluctant to see the regulations and subsidies removed?

Rothbard: Yes, there is a whole network of vested interests. And you're stepping on corns when you try to reduce their power. On the other hand, the mass of the public is *not* tied up in vested interests. They're the ones who are being exploited by the system. So, really, we would have a majority of the public on our side if they became interested and aware of this exploitation.

Penthouse: Do you believe the vested interests in America form a "ruling class," in the Marxist sense?

Rothbard: Yes, there is a ruling class that runs the state apparatus at the expense of the rest of us, who are the *ruled* classes.

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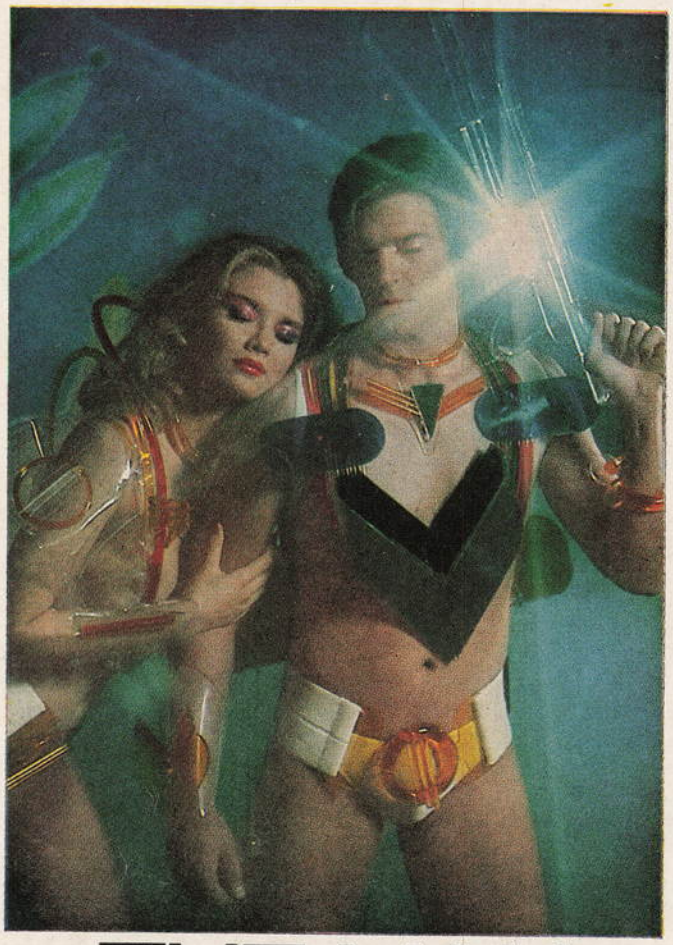

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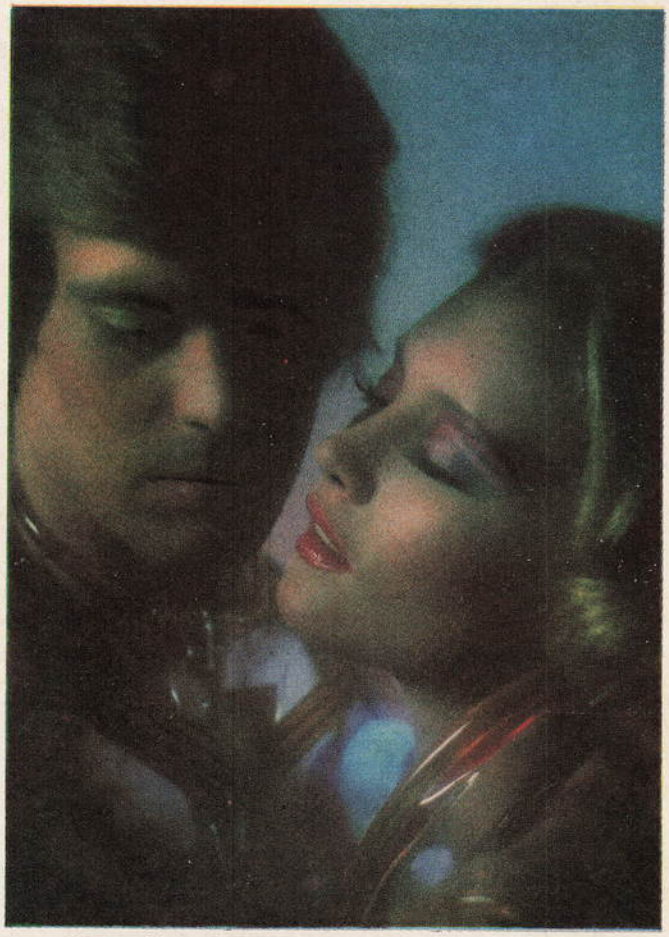

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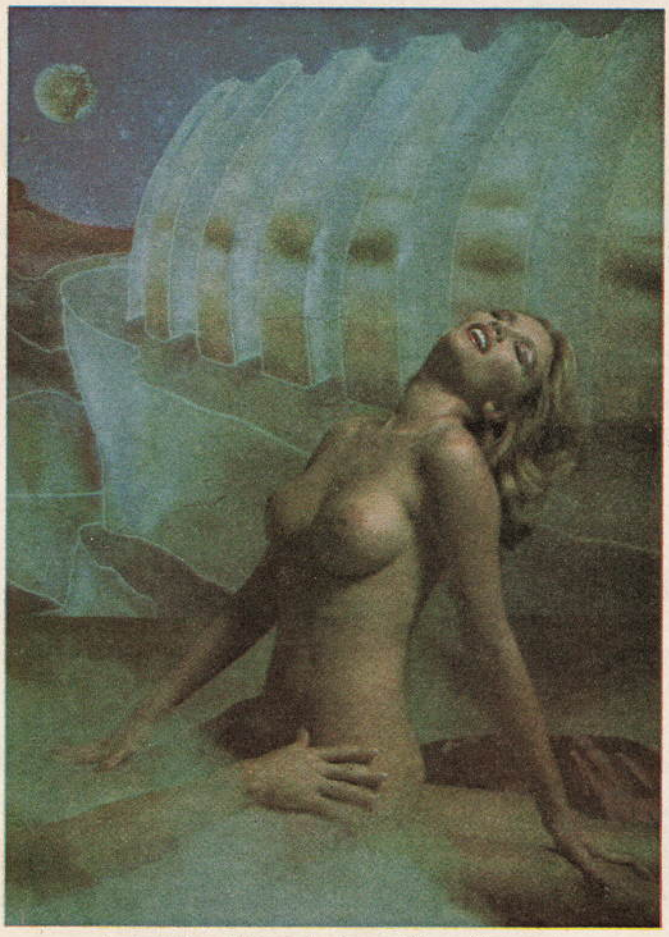

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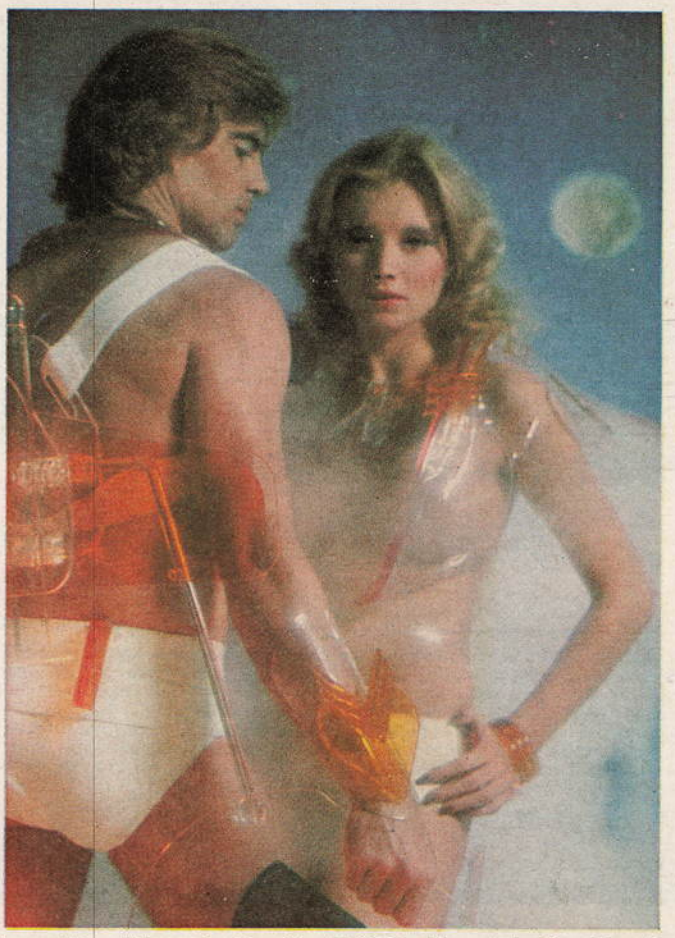

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But I think the Marxists are definitely wrong in believing that all *businessmen* or *employers* are part of the ruling class, whether or not they have a leading role in the state. Simply hiring someone does not make a person part of the ruling class. I would say that there is no rule involved in any kind of voluntary employer-employee relationship on the free market.

The element of rule begins—and with it exploitation—when someone, or a group, gets hold of the state and starts to operate it. It could be a big businessman—often it is—or some groups of big businessmen. And it also could be members of the Communist party or whatever. In other words, any group—whether businessmen, labor unions, or a king and his retinue—any group that manages to get control of the state naturally becomes a ruling class because of that overall control.

Penthouse: Who, then, constitutes the ruling class in America today?

Rothbard: Well, I would say it's a coalition of several groups. Obviously, the ruling politicians and bureaucrats are part of it. And in it, too, are those particular big businessmen who are aligned as allies of the state. Now, clearly, the Rockefellers and corporations like General Dynamics, which get most of their income from the state, would be included. And, as junior partners, so to speak, the unions, like the AFL-CIO unions, are a part of this grouping, particularly the leadership of these unions. Those are the basic elements of our ruling class.

Penthouse: Do you think things will get better or worse, insofar as our system and its ruling class are concerned?

Rothbard: It's a paradoxical thing, but I think things will get better *because* they're getting worse. In other words, we're now in such a crisis because of big government, because of government intervention, that the only way we can get out of it is through eliminating, or vastly reducing, government intervention.

I'm optimistic that we will do that. The public will see clearly now. I think that big government has caused us to get into this whole mess and can't get us out of it; therefore, there must be some other way out—and the only way is the libertarian way. So, I'm optimistic because we're in such a bad fix.

Penthouse: Is there any prospect that there will ever be another American Revolution, one which could get us out of the "bad fix" you talk about?

Rothbard: Well, the Founding Fathers were libertarians, basically. And recent histories have shown, incontrovertibly, that they were animated by libertarian visions. Jefferson said that if the American government became too tyrannical, another revolution would be needed to overturn it.

One would hope that as the American public becomes apprised of the situation in this country and becomes increasingly, sufficiently libertarian, peaceful measures will be sufficient to reduce or eliminate the power of the government. ○+■

ADVISER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

Penthouse is saying, on the other hand, that prime-time drama, cops-and-robbers shows, and omniscient private-eye series do the Vietnam veteran a disservice by not achieving in their story lines—where the fact of being a Vietnam veteran is germane—a balanced treatment. And if television can use the Vietnam veteran as a protagonist in some of its good-guys-versus-the-bad-guys programs, then there is no valid reason for it not to use him as the hero and/or victim in other, less formulary programs.

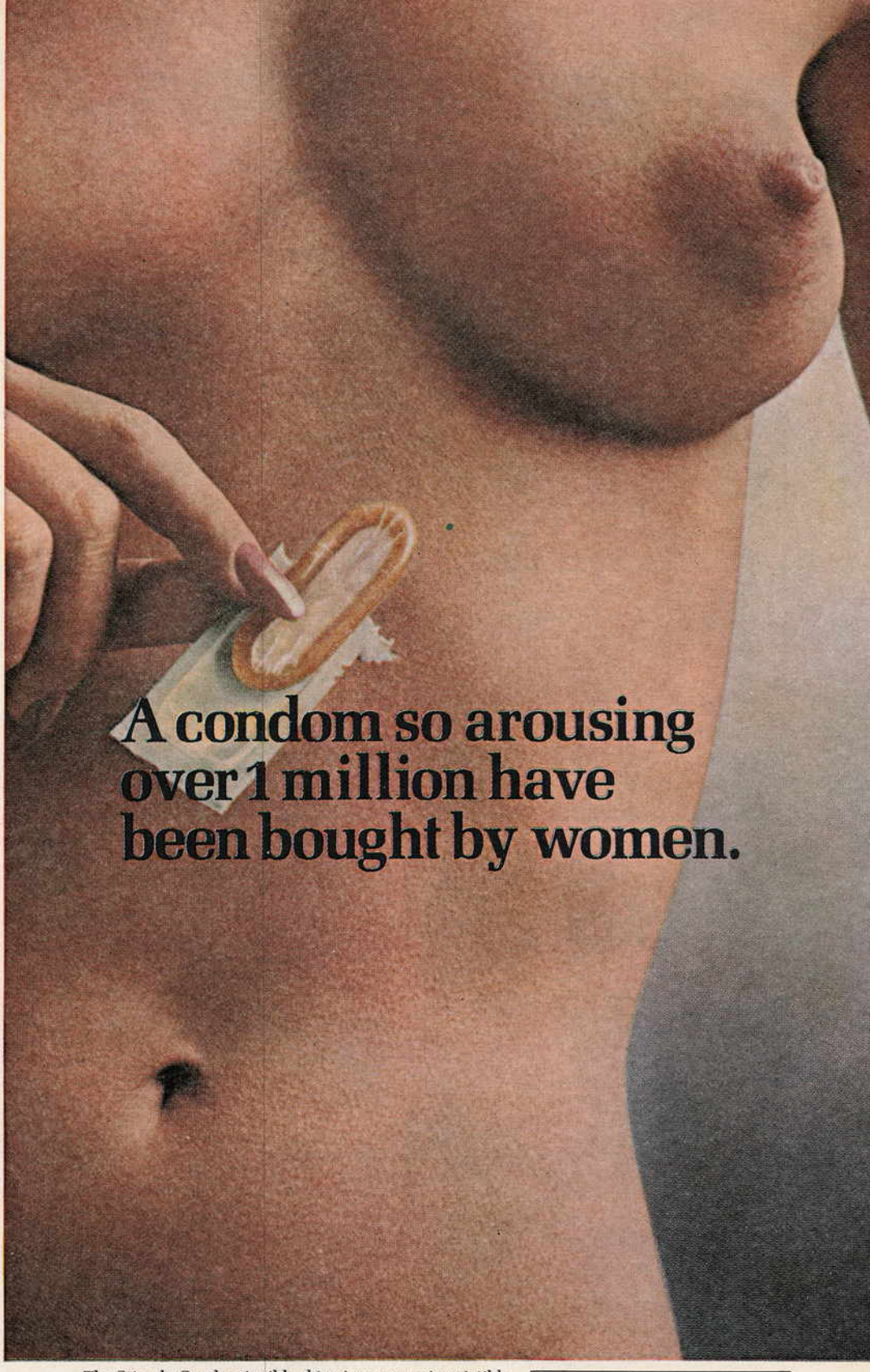
No one enjoys being the butt of a cruel joke, and the television industry should wake up to the fact that its one-sided treatment is no joke to the 2.6 million men who, in the words of ex-Marine Brewin, "went to Vietnam whether we wanted to or not. Some of us did not understand why we were fighting there, and now we have little or no say in how people perceive either our wartime experiences or our ability to re-enter a society that wants to forget the war and us."

These are serious matters to Vietnam veterans, their families, and those who are working to help them take their proper place in society.

It would be a sad commentary on the public debate over TV programming if the Vietnam veteran is forced to take the television industry to court. Polish-Americans have already done so to put an end to the ethnic jokes, and the Italian-Americans were once successful in halting the plethora of Italian surnames in non-documentary TV programs about organized crime. Certainly the Vietnam veteran's case is equally, if not more, just.

Penthouse stands completely in favor of freedom of expression, as guaranteed under the Constitution's First Amendment. This freedom is essential. It enables ideas to compete in an open market on the basis of worth and appeal. For First Amendment freedoms to be meaningful, however, all viewpoints must have a chance to be heard and seen. In *Penthouse*'s judgment, because television is a regulated industry and is subject to the Federal Communications Commission's "fairness doctrine," it is vitally important that the industry make an additional, positive effort to insure that First Amendment freedoms are not used as license for discrimination against the Vietnam veteran.

It is to this end that *Penthouse* strongly supports the view expressed by Post 205, The American Legion, Department of New York, in a recent resolution, which reads in part: "*Resolved*: That in the interest of fair and equitable treatment of Vietnam veterans, the television industry in particular reevaluate present and future programming for the purpose of eliminating a negative image about such veterans and, whenever possible, to aid and project a positive attitude."



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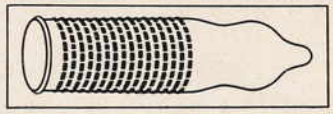

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POOR HARRY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107

that it costs just to get a transcript of the trial.

While a Harry Reems struggles to organize benefits for his own cause, the prosecution can be ordering dozens of witnesses flown in from everywhere without giving a thought to the expense.

It's estimated that anywhere from a hundred to a thousand FBI agents have been used on these cases and that the government has spent more than $4 million on the project. But, of course, there's never any real accounting.

In theory a man like Reems is supposed to be protected from prosecutions. In theory our law says that there must be reasonable cause to believe the defendant did commit a crime before he can be prosecuted.

In theory it's up to the grand jury to sift the trumped-up cases from the valid ones and thereby protect us from malicious prosecution. In fact, the process doesn't work that way any more.

Grand juries have become the pliant tools of federal district attorneys, like Assistant District Attorney Larry Parrish, who's been handling these obscenity cases. The way the modern grand-jury system actually works is that the jurors do exactly what the government lawyers tell them to do. Thus an institution that was established as a way of protecting citizens has now become a star chamber for interrogating them.

Under threat of jail one is compelled to testify in front of a grand jury, often against himself. The Fifth Amendment protection against self-incrimination has pretty well disappeared in grand-jury hearings, in which a person arrives in secret and is not even allowed to have his lawyer present. The typical federal grand jury today is made up of citizens who are never told that a very important part of their job should be to stop bad prosecutions or that they have the right and power to throw the district attorney out of the room and decide the merits of the case for themselves. It was just such a grand jury that agreed to indict Reems and turn daylight into nightmare for him.

The noise out of the Federal Building in Memphis has been to the effect that this is a purely local idea and that the prosecutions weren't ordered from Washington. Heaven knows, Memphis certainly has the background for such action. This city once had a Censor Board that banned "The Little Rascals," those harmless 1930s comedy shorts that are back on kiddie-time TV again, because one of the ragamuffins was a stereotype black pickaninny. But, all things considered the Little Rascals shouldn't feel too bad, because the Censor Board banned Charlie Chaplin, too. The reason was his politics.

In the course of one of these recent trials, a braless woman in a low-cut blouse was

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GLITTER G-STRING (#101) styled in sexy *satin* and *sequins*. Stretch belt fits all in Black, Purple, White, Fuchsia. A sparkling turn-on for **$9.99.** Matching Bra **(#101A)** *(not shown)*, completes set **$17.99.** XL G-String **$12.99**, XL set **$21.99.**

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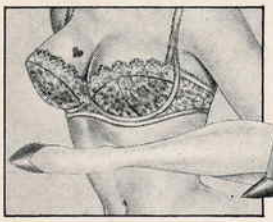

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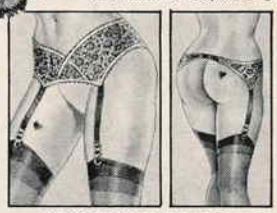

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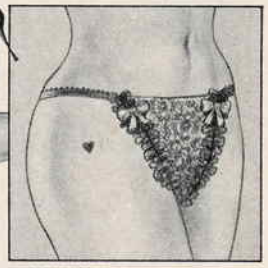

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asked to leave the courtroom—which shows there's no lack of local enthusiasm for this federal auto-da-fé.

On the other hand, one of these indictments was announced in Washington by Richard Kleindienst, who, you may recall, was making history as one of our more creative attorneys general. Perhaps the whole thing is a Nixon-era holdover that nobody has gotten around to stopping yet. Perhaps.

But then again, these prosecutors have been taking up as much as two-thirds of the Memphis federal court's time; so you would think that if President Ford's attorney general, Edward Levi, didn't think the prosecutions had merit, he would have acted decisively to put a stop to them.

Or he could be a coward. If that is the case, he might have decided that it's no good politically to offend the Christers and the Bible-thumping family men and that, what the heck, the Supreme Court will eventually throw these convictions out anyway. But to expect the cases to be thrown out is a risky assumption with this Supreme Court, whose level of legal skill is so low that even conservative lawyers have begun to complain.

In the meantime justice is being dishonored by the Bicentennial Monkey Trial rerun in the Memphis federal court. Not only do we have Assistant District Attorney Parrish getting up and making speeches about "the male penis," but also we have an expert witness solemnly informing the court that "there is a practice called 'mooning' where people drop their pants and stick their rear ends out of car windows. . . . This is not done to get a nice cool breeze on the rear."

That courtroom has been pretty much devoid of cool breezes or fresh ones, although it does abound in the kind of testimony that makes you wonder how mankind and womankind spend their leisure time and why.

Thus one expert: "In a University of North Carolina study . . . females exposed themselves to explicit material for three weeks for ninety minutes each day. The end result was that they were extraordinarily bored. During the entire study a chemical analysis was made of their alkaline phosphates, considered an indicator of sexual arousal. From this, we now believe that what we term the half-life of sexual arousal is four hours."

Fancy that! But it's more interesting than learning once again from a prosecution witness that "our nation will decline as Rome did if it persists on a path of sexual license."

Gone with the Babylonians... But in the meantime Reems gets lynched while the prosecution is off mooning.

Readers who would like to contribute to the Reems defense should mail their checks to Harry Reems Legal Defense Fund, Suite 1030, 120 East 56th St., New York, N.Y. 10022.—The Editors

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It would be closer to the truth if you said "polio."

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FANTASY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

One of my favorites. "Great." Pause. "Any visitors?" She frowns.

"I ran into Mrs. Francis with that damned fondue pot, and she says she heard voices and rang the bell at four, but nobody came to the door."

"Strange," says Jenny.

"Isn't it?"

"I guess the radio was on too loud. Sometimes, when I'm cooking with the radio on, I can't hear that inner bell."

"Was it a talk show?"

"No. Just the usual."

Rock. "Then what about the voices she heard?"

"Maybe the announcers. Or some ad. Paul, stop being ridiculous. What is this—the Inquisition?"

"I don't know *what* it is," I say.

"It's your fevered imagination," she replies. "Speaking of which, do you realize it's already the twenty-seventh? Tonight's a good night for it." For Fantasy Come True, she means.

She gets up and pulls on some blue jeans and a sweater. Then she departs for the kitchen. I sit at the desk, wondering what the hell she was doing this afternoon and why the hell I should deny my desires if she simply gratifies hers. I take out the legal pad and write what I really want from her tonight.

I put the paper in a business envelope and place it on the coffee table. Jenny says, "Is that it?"

"After dinner," I say.

"Aw, pweeze," she says, being cutesy, and I am doubly glad I wrote what I did.

"Just tell me whether I'm going to be your masseuse," she says, "so I can save energy."

"I *do* have some ideas of my own, you know," I say huffily. "Now where's this dinner?"

Dinner is terrific. I'm glad she didn't open the envelope beforehand, for it would have been a shame to have spoiled the rich, bland goodness of the casserole with angry words. We do the dishes together. I am eager to cooperate with her if she is willing to cooperate with me.

We return to the living room. "Now?" she asks.

I nod, and she opens the envelope. She reads:

A threesome. You, me, and some beautiful woman. You both make love to me; then you both make love to each other. Then me again.

She puts down the paper and says nothing.

"You said last month you'd do anything," I remind her.

"Would you ever do it for me?" she asks.

"What?"

"You, me, and a guy."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 194

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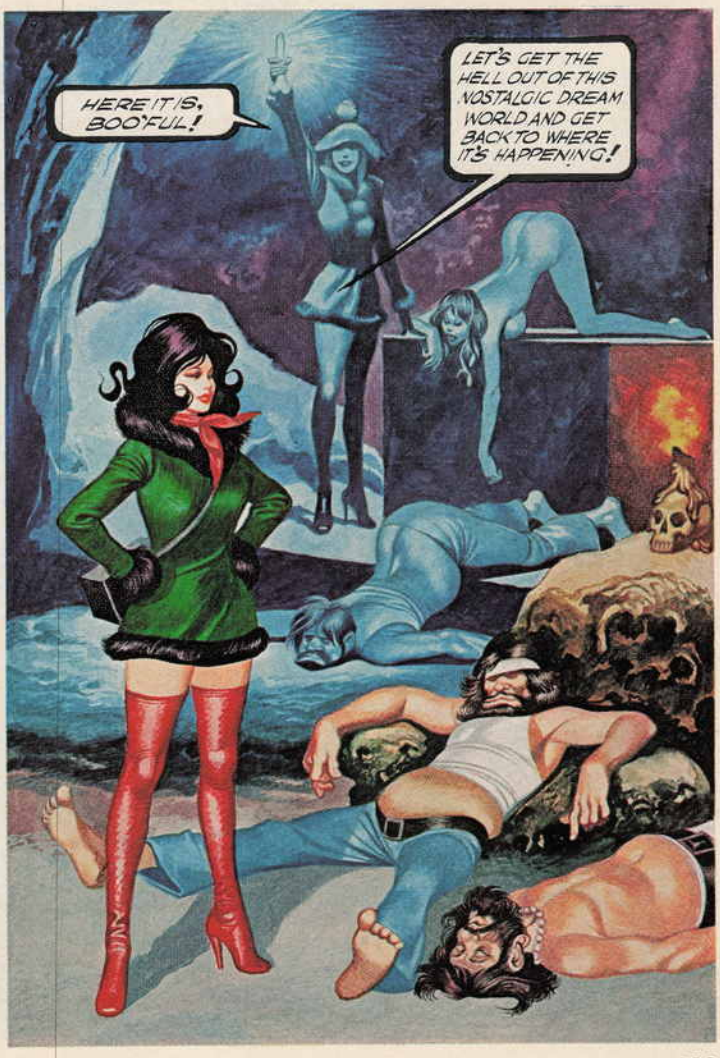
OH WICKED WANDA!
CAPTIVES OF ALISTAIR CROWLEY JNR., IN THE TEMPLE OF THE GLITTERING PHALLUS
I WANT OUT, BOO'FUL! THESE CREEPS ARE PLAYING FOR REAL!
I'VE GOT TO BLUFF MY WAY TO SAPIENS' BOX OF TRICKS!
UNHAND THE DARK HAIRED ONE AND LET HER GET THE BOODLE!
WE'LL GLADLY CONTRIBUTE A CASH PAYMENT TO YOUR ORGANIZATION, O LITTLE MASTER. I LEFT THE MONEY WITH OUR CLOTHES
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE OPTIMISTIC 50'S AND MY YOUTH?
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE SWINGING 60'S AND MY YOUTH?
SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE REALITY MUST'VE CAUGHT UP WITH US!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

ESCORTED BY TWO OF CROWLEY'S NEOPHYTES, WANDA RETURNS TO THE PREPARATION CHAMBER AND HOMER'S BOX OF TRICKS!
HOMER SAPIENS— YOUR LITTLE BOX OF TRICKS HAD BETTER BE GOOD!
NICE, EGGBONCE! DON'T COIL ME, FELLERS— I'LL COIL YOU!
NOW LET'S SEE WHAT THESE INSTRUCTIONS SAY..... "TAKE CAPSULES BEFORE PRESSING RELEASE MECHANISM"
WHY DON'T WE JACK THIS IN AND JOIN HER?
THE WAY SHE OPERATES SHE DOESN'T NEED ANYONE!
NOW— ONE CAPSULE FOR ME AND ONE FOR POOR LITTLE PUSSCAKE!

PSSSST! OPEN WIDE!
MY MOUTH?
OF COURSE YOUR MOUTH!
WELL—HAVE YOU GOT IT?
HERE IT IS, O MASTER, OUR PALTRY CONTRIBUTION TO YOUR CAMP-PAIN FUNDS!
IF THERE'S ONE THING THAT MAKES RELIGIOUS DEDICATION WORTHWHILE — IT'S MONEY!
COUGH!
SPLUTTER!
GASP!
sniff
THUD!

PROTECTED BY HOMER SAPIENS' ANTIDOTE PILLS OUR HEROINES ARE IMPERVIOUS TO THE NOXIOUS FUMES NNNN
HEY, THAT STUFF'S A REAL GAS!
SO LONG AS THE PILLS PROTECT US, COME ON, LET'S GET SOME CLOTHES ON!
THEN WHAT, BOO'FUL?
WE GRAB THE PHALLUS AND BLOW!
HOW DELICIOUSLY SACRILIGIOUS!

YOU PUT MY COAT ON BY MISTAKE AN' I WANT IT BACK!
FOR GOD'S SAKE, CANDYFLOSS — YOU'VE GOT MINE! WHY DO YOU BOTHER WITH TRIVIALITIES AT A TIME LIKE THIS?
DRAT! IF SHE FINDS THOSE CANDYBARS IN THE POCKET I'LL HAVE TO SHARE 'EM!


HERE IT IS, BOO'FUL!
LET'S GET THE HELL OUT OF THIS NOSTALGIC DREAM WORLD AND GET BACK TO WHERE IT'S HAPPENING!

I THINK WE'VE GOT A SLIGHT PROBLEM!
"COUNT THREE" SAID EGG-BONCE, "AND DUCK!"... OR WAS IT "DUCK, AND COUNT THREE"?
SECOND THOUGHTS ARE SO OFTEN THE BEST!
FREE!
YIKE!

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!
JOHN WAYNE IN A RACOON COAT!
PHZOOM!
ALMOST WORSE! AN ARTICULATE YETI!

NEITHER! AGENT ROCKHEAD OF THE C.I.A! THIS IS YOUR COME-UPPANCE, COMRADES!
THAT MEAN HE'S GONNA RAPE US?
SO FAR AS I'M CONCERNED HE'LL HAVE TO PUT HIS MASK BACK ON FIRST!

I'LL TAKE THAT— UH— OBJECT, COMRADES, THEN WE'LL ALL TAKE A TRIP TO KATMANDU!
WHAT'S WITH THIS "COMRADE" BIT, ROCKBONCE?
I SUPPOSE YOUR GONNA TELL ME YOU'RE NOT WITH THE K.G.B?

.... AND YOU DIDN'T KNOW THIS—UH—OBJECT WAS STOLEN FROM THE CHINESE....
.....AND THAT BY RETURNING IT, THE U.S. OF A. WILL EARN THEIR UNDYING GRATITUDE?
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT, PUSSCAKE? WE RISK OUR NECKS TO GET KISSINGER THE GRAND ORDER OF THE PEKING DUCK, WITH CROSSED CHOPSTICKS!
OH, HENRY! WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS TRYING TO TURN BACK THE COCK?
A GOOD QUESTION. BUT IT STILL LEAVES OUR HEROINES WITH A STIFF JOB TO PULL OFF. CAN THEY MEASURE UP TO IT —OR ARE THEIR HOPES BASED ON A BIG PHALLACY?
OR ARE THERE EVEN BIGGER ISSUES AT STAKE?
AND HOW WILL THEY EFFECT OUR LIVES?

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'Are you kidding?"

"So?"

"I never said I'd do *any*thing," I tell her.

She nods solemnly. "That's true," she says. My wife is a very fair woman. There is silence, and then she says, softly, "Okay."

"What?"

"Okay."

"You mean that?"

"Yeah, sure." She is grinning or trying to. "Why not?"

"You won't find it too awful?" Now that I have her consent, I am suddenly concerned for her feelings again.

"I don't think so," she says.

She'll do it! For me! I am no longer angry at Jenny at all: I am grateful and eager for our adventure to begin.

"Look," I tell her. "I have the names of some bars here. This sort of thing is quite common, you know. We won't have any trouble." I have thought it all out; we are an attractive couple and should find it quite easy at one of the swingers' bars downtown.

"A bar?" She wrinkles her nose, interrupting. "How tawdry!"

"Well—where else?" I ask.

"I might know someone," she tells me. "Let me make a telephone call."

"Someone who's done this sort of thing before?"

Jenny nods. I am amazed. "Is she pretty?" I ask.

"She's beautiful."

"Go call her," I say.

She disappears into the bedroom and closes the door for privacy. Where can Jenny know this woman from? Myra's? Myra is Jenny's sister, an actress—but surely Jenny wouldn't involve her family in her sex life.

Jenny returns. "She's coming over in half an hour," she says.

"Terrific," I say.

"Let's have a drink," says Jenny. "I need it."

"Of course. You poor thing. You're being just wonderful, Jenny. You know, if you're nervous, we don't *have* to . . ."

"We don't have to, but we will," she says firmly. "It's only fair." She is probably thinking that so far she has received more pleasure from Fantasy Come True than I have, and she is right. So far, that is.

We drink some wine, and I tell her that I love her. I stroke her hair. We talk about where we should go this summer. Finally, the downstairs buzzer rings.

I leap up to answer it. Then I open the apartment door and look down the stairwell to see who's coming up.

She is dark-haired, white-skinned, thin, young, exquisite. I am overwhelmed. She smiles up at me with a mixture of shyness and eagerness that is ineffably poignant. "Hello," I say, dazzled.

"You must be Paul," she says on the landing. Again, that smile. "I've heard so much about you." She walks into the apartment, and I close the door behind her.

"What's your name?" I ask.

"Ricky . . . Ricky Weldon."

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

ALL BURNT OUT

My problem has been with me for a long time. I kept believing it would eventually resolve itself. It hasn't, so here I am writing to you.

My husband and I have known each other for about four years; we've been married for one year, but we've been having sex only since the second year of our relationship. We have sex only about twice a week, but the problem isn't the infrequency; it's the sex itself. I guess he just doesn't have as much of a libido as I do.

The whole sex act lasts only a half hour from start to finish, and he's usually the only one satisfied. Just when I'm getting really excited, he's finished and ready to fall asleep. I ask him to continue but usually get a negative reply, and so I masturbate to orgasm—without his knowledge—and go to sleep myself. I know he loves me, and I love him. He's very affectionate and great in every other way. Why does he have to be so casual, or should I say inept, when it comes to sex?

He doesn't believe in much foreplay—a kiss here, a suck there, a twenty-second fuck, and it's over. I always try to turn him on and get him to really enjoy it. He loves fellatio, but not much else. Frequently, he'll just come in my mouth and then kiss me good night. I've tried other turn-ons, like sucking his nipples and putting my fingers up his ass, but he doesn't like anything but head and straight fucking. Occasionally he'll suck my pussy, but that's not often. I've tried all the above, and other ways as well, to turn him on. I keep hoping that he'll get passionate enough to put some effort into satisfying me. When he does try to make me come, he's so unpassionate about it that I'd just as soon he not even try. He lies back, puts his finger on my clit, and rubs it to death. It might work if he combined it with some other caresses and kisses, but he doesn't. I feel that he's doing it out of obligation, and so I don't derive much enjoyment from the entire procedure. After a few minutes of vigorously rubbing my clit, he usually gives up.

He tells me that I'm strange, that I take too long, that I'm sexually hung up. I wouldn't mind not coming at all if the rest of the experience were at least a bit more pleasurable.

I think I'm fairly attractive and sexy; other men have told me so. Unfortunately, my husband is not one of those men. I can be very sensual if given the chance; I'll try anything once. I've tried talking to him about our problem, but he only withdraws and then I don't get any sex for days or weeks. So you see, I'm damned if I do, and damned if I don't.

I will admit that my husband's job can be physically demanding. Also, we both smoke a lot of pot. Maybe he's just too fatigued to really get into it, but I don't think

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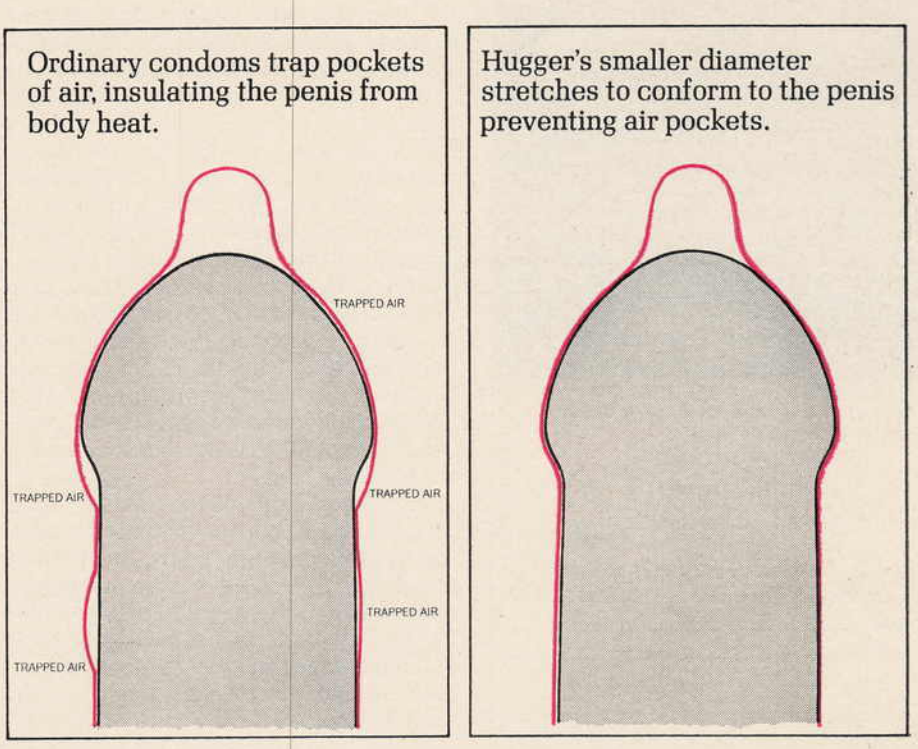
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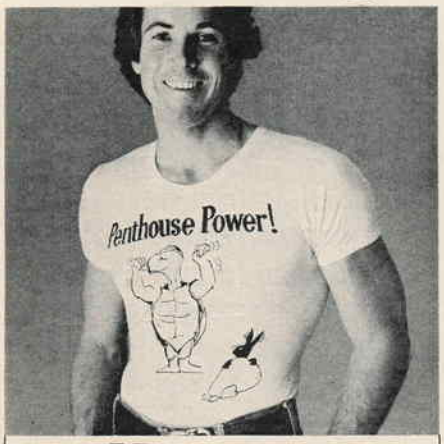

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his job or the pot are the sole reasons for his lack of interest in sex. I've thought of counseling or therapy, but we can't afford it. Besides, he doesn't think it's that much of a problem.

And so, Xaviera, I'm writing to you in the hope that you can give me some advice which will solve this problem.—Ellen

Too bad you can't get together with the husband of "All Screwed Up" (above). If the two of you switched husbands, maybe both your problems would be solved. Then again, you'd probably just have *different* problems with your different husbands. Joking aside, your choice of husbands does baffle me. What did you and "All Screwed Up" do with these guys before you both got married? Obviously, her husband had his nine-inch cock before marriage. And don't tell me your husband was a wild and passionate lover and that marriage suddenly tamed him. I can see how situations such as these can arise when certain unliberated souls have not practiced premarital sex. But this is obviously not the case here.

Perhaps swinging is the solution to your problem, too. If your husband can't or won't satisfy your sexual needs, try looking elsewhere. At first, he may be humiliated, feeling that you've slighted his masculinity. This is why I suggest swinging: it's all out in the open, and you can both participate. And it won't be as though you're sneaking out on the sly for a hot quickie now and then, behind his back. Also, his seeing you make it with other guys, and your doing all sorts of things with these men that he's never even thought of doing with you—it just might get him excited again.

SPANK YOU VERY MUCH

My wife and I have been married for about six months now. She is twenty-one and I'm twenty-five. We both have a lot in common and are very much in love. The reason I'm writing you is that my wife enjoys getting a spanking.

I guess it all must have started about a month before our marriage. She had insisted that I take her out to dinner, and so I was at her apartment, waiting to go. I was hungry and my patience was running thin. I kept telling her to hurry up. Finally, I called out, "If you're not out in five minutes, I'm coming in there to beat your ass." There was no answer.

About ten minutes later, I went into her room. To my surprise, she was standing by her bed, hands on hips, wearing nothing but panties and bra. I asked her why she wasn't dressed and she said, "I wanted to see if you're man enough to carry out your threat."

Seeing her half-naked, I was sort of in a playful mood, so I took her up on the challenge. I picked her up and dropped her on the bed. I took the belt from her robe and tied her hands back. She put up a little struggle, but it wasn't anything I couldn't handle.

I left her lying there for a moment while I fetched the hairbrush from the top of her dresser. I then picked her up and put her across my lap. Next, I pulled her panties down, and when she didn't protest, I was shocked. Then it hit me that she was enjoying this routine as much as I was. So I spanked her bare bottom. She cried and kicked, but she didn't really try to get up. After I untied her and let her go, she got dressed. But until she did, I couldn't take my eyes off her delicious pink ass.

After we were married, she told me she'd like to be spanked every morning and every night. And so, just about every morning I place her across my knee and give her a fatherly spanking. But the spankings at night are different. First of all, she comes to me and says, "Daddy, I've been a bad girl today." She then confesses to all kinds of imaginary things. I say, "Daddy hates to do this to his little girl, but he has to spank her when she's bad." She then gets across my knee. I pull her dress up and pull her pants down to rub baby lotion on her ass. She says the lotion helps to increase the sting when the paddle makes contact. The paddle, by the way, is something she picked up at a novelty shop. It was especially made for spankings, as it has two half-inch holes drilled into it.

I spank my wife very hard—I probably give her about thirty swats within an evening session. When I'm done, she has a beet-red ass with little circles on it. She cries long and hard but enjoys every minute of it.

What I'd like to know, Xaviera, is, why do people like me enjoy spanking the opposite sex, even when there is love there? And why do you think people like my wife enjoy the pain of being spanked?—T.S.

You seem to be ideally suited for one another. You, the sadist, enjoy inflicting pain upon your wife, the masochist, who in turn derives pleasure from the inflicted pain. Things could be worse. You might have married a female sadist, and then where would you be?

I don't think it perverse to say that there's an element of S. & M. in most sexual relationships. The roles may not be so clearly defined as they are in your marriage—in fact, the partners may switch roles at will—but they nevertheless do exist. It may be nothing more than mental dominance and submission, i.e., one partner demanding sex when the other one doesn't really want it. In your case, the sado-masochism has reached a highly developed degree of ritualism and, I'd say, brutality. But as they say, what's one man's poison is another man's . . .

I don't think there's a masochistic bone in my body, and so I'm somewhat baffled by people like your wife. I imagine your joint sado-masochistic role-playing has to do with unfulfilled childhood fantasies. Your wife probably enjoyed being spanked by her father—or perhaps felt rejected or guilty when he didn't punish her—and so she's using you as a kind of

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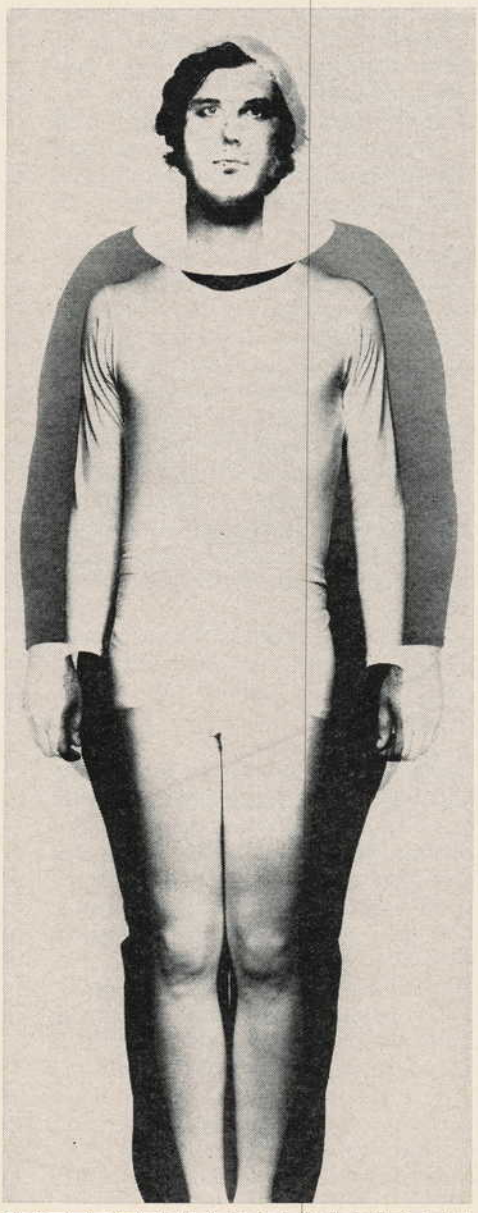

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surrogate father. You, in turn, enjoy the parental role you're now playing.

For further reading material on this, check out *Philosophy of the Bedroom* and *Justine* by the Marquis de Sade. Then again, do you really need any more ideas?

IN DEFENSE OF SIZE

I have a complaint. I continue to read your repeated statement that penis size is immaterial. You continally say that men who have oversized cocks think they're naturally aces in bed, whereas their thrusting and tearing actually causes pain rather than pleasure. In essence, you're saying that men with big cocks are lousy bed partners. You seem to be constantly defending the average-sized or smaller-built man. I'm proud of my eight-inch length and my six-inch circumference. I truly believe that I'm being persecuted by your published statements.

I was a bachelor up to the age of twenty-five. Before my marriage, I probably took twenty-five or more girls to bed. In the last four years, however, I've slept with no woman other than my wife. During my fairly active love life and my marriage, I've always done my best for the lady who shares my bed. I believe in lots of oral sex and foreplay. I feel out what my lady wants at the particular time, and I do my best for both of us. I don't believe I've ever left my lady wanting or "torn apart" (and not even when I've made love to a couple of first-timers).

Xaviera, please defend those of us who may be larger than most. Many of us are proud of our size, but we don't flaunt it.—D.J.

Our culture puts a high price on well-endowed men, which is nice if you happen to have a large cock. Men with penises under six inches, however, sometimes feel that they've gotten the short end of the stick, so to speak. About 10 percent of my mail comes from these men who feel they've been shortchanged.

I'm glad that you're proud of your cock. My only point in defending diminutive members is that their owners should also be proud. To each his own be true, I always say.

LIKES MOTHER, LIKES DAUGHTER

I've fallen for my daughter's boyfriend, and the scene is tearing me up.

This last spring my daughter wrote home from college to say she was moving into an apartment. I just assumed it was with another girl. In May I decided to drive up and visit her. I rang the bell and when the door opened, I met the best-looking hunk of male I've ever seen. He was six feet tall, with a muscular chest, deep blue eyes, and a great smile. To top it off, he was wearing skimpy swim trunks. His physical presence really socked me.

He said he recognized me from a picture Jennie had. He said she was off to class and so asked me in. I realized, without being told, that it was this young man who was my daughter's roommate.

Paul was very much at ease. I tried to act like a model mother in such a situation, but found I was paying more attention to how I looked in my short skirt. I sat very erect to lift my breasts. He looked me over and knew my thoughts right away. The preliminaries didn't take long. He slowly and tenderly undressed me and lightly touched my breasts. My nipples were soon hard. Then his fingers went into my vagina like they owned me, and on the bed he caressed me to the brink before he slid his thick, beautiful cock into my waiting wetness. He pumped a long time before coming, too, and I had an orgasm the likes of which I hadn't had in years.

Jennie was gone all afternoon. He drove me half-crazy with delight when he ate me, and I found myself begging to suck him off. I not only loved the feel of his cock in my mouth, but I also adored the taste of his semen. Believe it or not, I don't like to suck off my husband. But Paul made me feel nineteen again, not thirty-nine, and I felt absolutely beautiful.

When Jennie arrived, we were dressed, and I acted like I hadn't been there long. She was relieved that I didn't object to her male roommate. I said I understood how things were with her generation.

Since then, Jennie has had Paul down to my house for the weekend. I managed to be alone with him twice, and each time I just couldn't wait to tumble naked into bed with him. For his part, he is quite considerate and gentle. He admits he enjoys me, but wants to marry Jennie. He's never indicated that we have something going.

My husband is a decent enough man and a nice lover, but he's no Paul. Until I met Paul, I'd been faithful and never thought of straying. I still don't understand just what happened to me to make me want to jump into another man's bed. I'm afraid if Jennie and Paul marry, I won't be able to hide my feelings for very long. Knowledge about my affair with Paul could really hurt Jennie, not to mention my husband.

I know this is an awfully complex scene, but I need help.—E.E.

From your letter I assume that your affair with Paul is your first experiment with extramarital sex. In a way, it's like your being a virgin all over again, especially if this guy can make you feel nineteen again. While this Paul might be a fantastic lay, your attraction obviously has a lot to do with circumstance.

Number one, this is your first affair since marriage, and like all first affairs, it's all terribly exciting and romantic. Second, the guy is young, and you may well see him as your last fling with youth before hitting forty.

Third, he's your daughter's lover; and while you may love her very much, there could be feelings of familial competition which compel you into this attraction.

While certain circumstances have helped to create your attraction for Paul, I'm afraid that they also doom the relationship. After all, Paul is your daughter's

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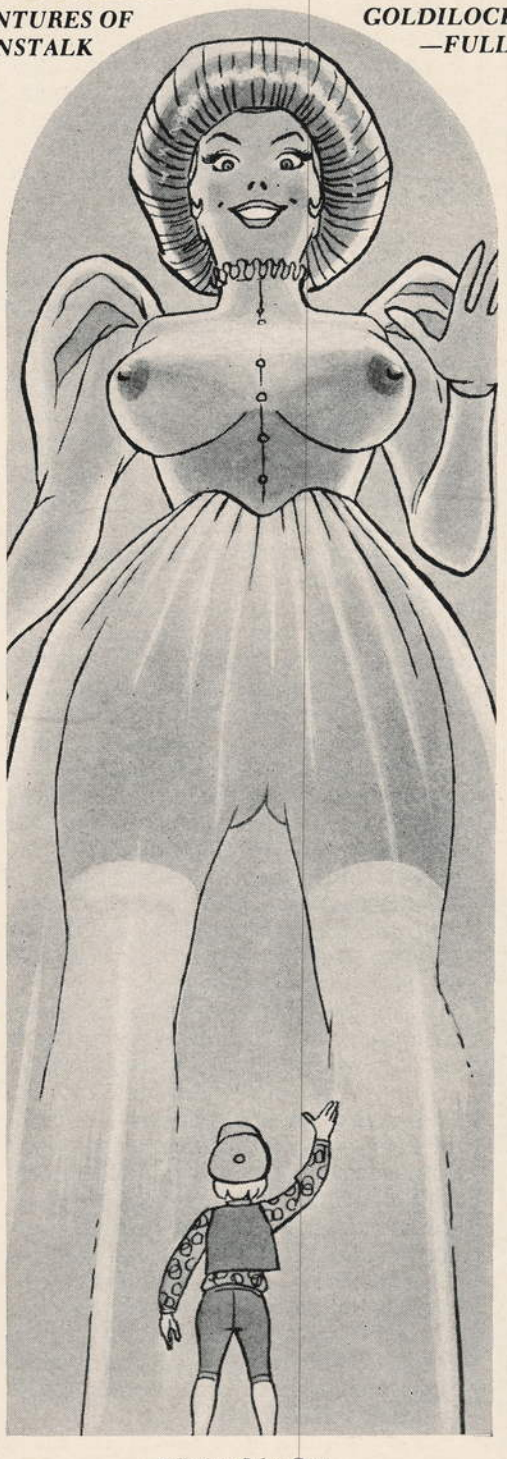

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lover, and he's made it sort of clear that his interest in you is purely physical. If you want, you can pursue this affair to its inevitably disastrous conclusion. But please, weigh the probable eventualities in such a familial situation.

I strongly suggest that you start looking for some new lovers—young, if you like. While you may not find another Paul right away, another lover will help to assuage your libido and ego. In time, I'm sure you'll establish an infinitely less hassled relationship with some young lover who's not your future son-in-law.

EJACULATORY INCOMPETENCE

I'm a twenty-year-old college student, and I have a problem which I've never read about. I was hoping you could give me some insight into my dilemma.

The problem isn't premature ejaculation, like with some guys, but rather something just the opposite. Whenever I jump into the sack with a chick—any chick—I get it up just fine and I've got unbelievable staying power. Unfortunately, I just can't come!

I think my problem stems from high school. I come from a small town, and the girls there felt they were promiscuous if they used any form of birth control. Anyway, that's the true and only explanation accounting for all the premarital pregnancies in my hometown. When I first discovered the joys of sex, I realized that birth control isn't just the girl's responsibility, so I used rubbers. But as things go, there often came times when the partner was there but my rubbers were not, and we would screw anyway. I was so worried and paranoid about getting this one young nymph pregnant that I psyched myself out of shooting my load. She had a great time, since I was erect for such a long time.

At first I thought this was great, because I could satisfy my lovers. But it soon came to the point where I wasn't satisfying myself.

I don't think that my problem stems from an insecurity about my looks or masculinity. Even though I don't consider myself exceptionally good-looking, I do feel that I'm exceptionally sexy. I've got good, full lips and the kind of teeth a dentist dreams about. I'm not built like a he-man, but I've been told I have a nice ass and sexy legs. Likewise, my arms aren't extremely muscular, but I have a nice crop of hair on my chest. In high school I was voted best-dressed of my senior class, and I do like to keep physically active.

Now that I'm at the university, I've found myself in a rut. I really don't have to worry much about birth control anymore, since all my lovers practice it. It's just that I can't achieve orgasm when I'm screwing a chick. I get off when I masturbate, but not with a chick. I've tried oral sex, anal sex, different positions, and all kinds of creams and lotions. Nothing. I've tried different chicks. Nothing. What can I do? Should I go to a doctor? A hooker? Help me; I feel like a whore: I'm sacrificing my own pleasure for my lover's. Xaviera, what would you suggest?—N.W.

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Although your problem is not as common as premature ejaculation, the inability for men to achieve orgasm is not altogether unusual. The sex experts even have a name for it—ejaculatory incompetence.

I receive hundreds of letters from women who can't achieve orgasm with their men. Sometimes their problem is psychological; other times it stems from their lovers' inability to maintain erections. In the case of the latter women, your "problem" would be a godsend. It all depends on which end you're coming from.

Luckily, your problem is not physical, as you can come via masturbation. However, masturbation could indeed be part of the problem. I may be wrong, but I would imagine that after an unsuccessful evening in bed with a girl, you go home and jerk off. Since your problem seems chronic, I would imagine you do an awful lot of jerking-off. Try laying off your right hand for a week or two, and then try making it with a girl. Your sexual energy level will be way up, and you should be ready to shoot your load at the drop of her panties.

If abstinence doesn't work for you, I'd check out the nearest sex therapist. From your letter, it's clear that you have a superficial notion of what makes for a sexy man. I mean, really, who cares if you were voted best-dressed member of your senior class? You also write of having more than one lover. Perhaps you're just spreading yourself a little thin—and I don't mean physically.

IF THE SHOE FITS, SCREW IT!

I'd like to share one of my innermost masturbation techniques. I've never told anyone about it before, although I'm sure you've heard of it. I like shoes, especially those that have been worn–women's only, please. Those that are still warm from a lady's foot and have a nice smell to them are particularly appealing to me. What I do is stick my dick into these shoes and jerk off into them, letting my come shoot against the inside sole. I'd be very embarrassed if any woman saw me do this, but what do you think?—I.F.S.

To each his own. If you enjoy getting off by masturbating with some lady's shoe, why not? Have you considered working as a salesman in a ladies' shoe store?

MAID TO ORDER

When I was about thirteen, I had my first sexual experience. It was with my mother's maid, who was a very foxy lady. She still works for my mother.

One day I came home from school early, after I'd been expelled from an English class. When I got there, the maid, whose name is Darlene, was sitting on the couch with a bathrobe on. She kept asking me why I was home so early; and fearing that she'd tell my mother, I confessed everything. She just smiled and told me to plant a kiss on her. When I did so she grabbed me and pulled me closer to her. I was afraid that she was going to squeeze the air out

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COMING IN THE NOVEMBER PENTHOUSE ON YOUR NEWSSTAND OCTOBER 12

IS JIMMY CARTER A MIRROR IMAGE OF RICHARD NIXON?

Outwardly, no two politicians would seem more dissimilar than the evangelical peanut farmer from Plains, Ga., and the uptight miscreant from Whittier, Calif. Ah, but appearances *do* deceive. Benjamin Stein, who worked closely with Nixon during those cataclysmic final days, takes a penetrating look at both men and discovers that Carter bears an eerie resemblance to the wizard of Watergate, both in psychological makeup and in personal style. Both men are afflicted with darting eyes, mechanical gestures, and a paranoia that is more than thin-skin deep. But, as Stein reports, the true character—and similar nature—of both men is most dramatically revealed in their own autobiographies.

ROCKY IN 1984?

Eight years ago Jimmy Carter was Jimmy Who? and Jerry Brown was a former seminarian who—his campaign made clear—had failed to learn humility. Eight years hence you can bet your bottom buck that an even fresher politician, John D. (Jay) Rockefeller IV, will be a name to reckon with nationally. Jay is nowhere near down to his last dollar, but he has spent $1.7 million of his huge fortune in order to win election to the West Virginia statehouse in November, his first stop on the road to the White House. Syndicated columnist Nick Thimmesch profiles the renegade Rockefeller, who has been running hard to escape his carpetbagging rich-kid image.

WHY AMERICA HATES ITS JEWS

Is there a Zionist cabal? Do the Jews control the media? The money? Are they trying to marry your daughter? Fostered by our felonious ex-veep, anti-Semitism seems to be the newest game in town. John Leonard, novelist, *New York Times* critic, and essayist nonpareil, looked for the causes of this virulent racism and discovered disquieting stirrings within his own breast—an indication of a major failing of the human heart. It may well be that this country does not love success.

THE TIGER'S SUIT

Paul Theroux, the highly acclaimed, best-selling author of *The Family Arsenal* and *The Great Railroad Bazaar*, takes you to Malaysia, a land steeped in superstition, where the local rice crop depends, not on predictions from a department of agriculture, but rather on human sacrifice. If you turn your back on the notion of black magic, this chilling fiction is guaranteed to send a few shivers up your spine.

INTERVIEWING THAT OKIE FROM MUSKOGEE

Actually, Merle Haggard hails from Bakersfield, Calif., and he wasn't especially overjoyed with his biggest record hit. In an exclusive interview the man whose music makes you want to "fuck or fight" tells you why he wants old cons put back in San Quentin and how that prison made him a man. He tells you what he really thinks of hippies, and what it's like for a country boy to travel the road from rowdy-redneck bar to the Stardust Lounge in Las Vegas.

PLUS

The Worst of Absolutely Everything (just so you'll know what to avoid) . . . Sneak Previews by sci-fi master Robert Sheckley . . . Xaviera advises, Wanda surprises . . . The world's most dazzling wristwatch—and other devices to keep you on time . . . Our usual display of undraped damsels . . . AND THE 1976 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE YEAR!

of me, so I tried to pull away. When I did, her robe opened, and I saw the nicest pair of tits I ever saw in my life. As I looked her up and down, she pulled the robe off, exposing her full body to me. I could even see the furry black hair of her cunt. She told me to follow her into the bedroom.

When we got there, she climbed into bed and I instinctively did the same. Immediately, she pushed me out and told me to take my clothes off. So I took off my clothes and climbed into bed beside her. She asked me if I'd ever seen a naked woman before. I said no. Then she asked me to inspect her, which meant she wanted me to see every inch of her gorgeous body. Of course, I obliged her. She soon ordered me to get on top of her. I didn't notice it at first, but my cock was hard. Apparently she knew it before I did. She quickly moved her hand down, took hold of my cock, and guided it up to her wet cunt. Slowly but surely, my cock felt something kind of mushy and warm around it, and it then dawned on me that it was actually inside her cunt.

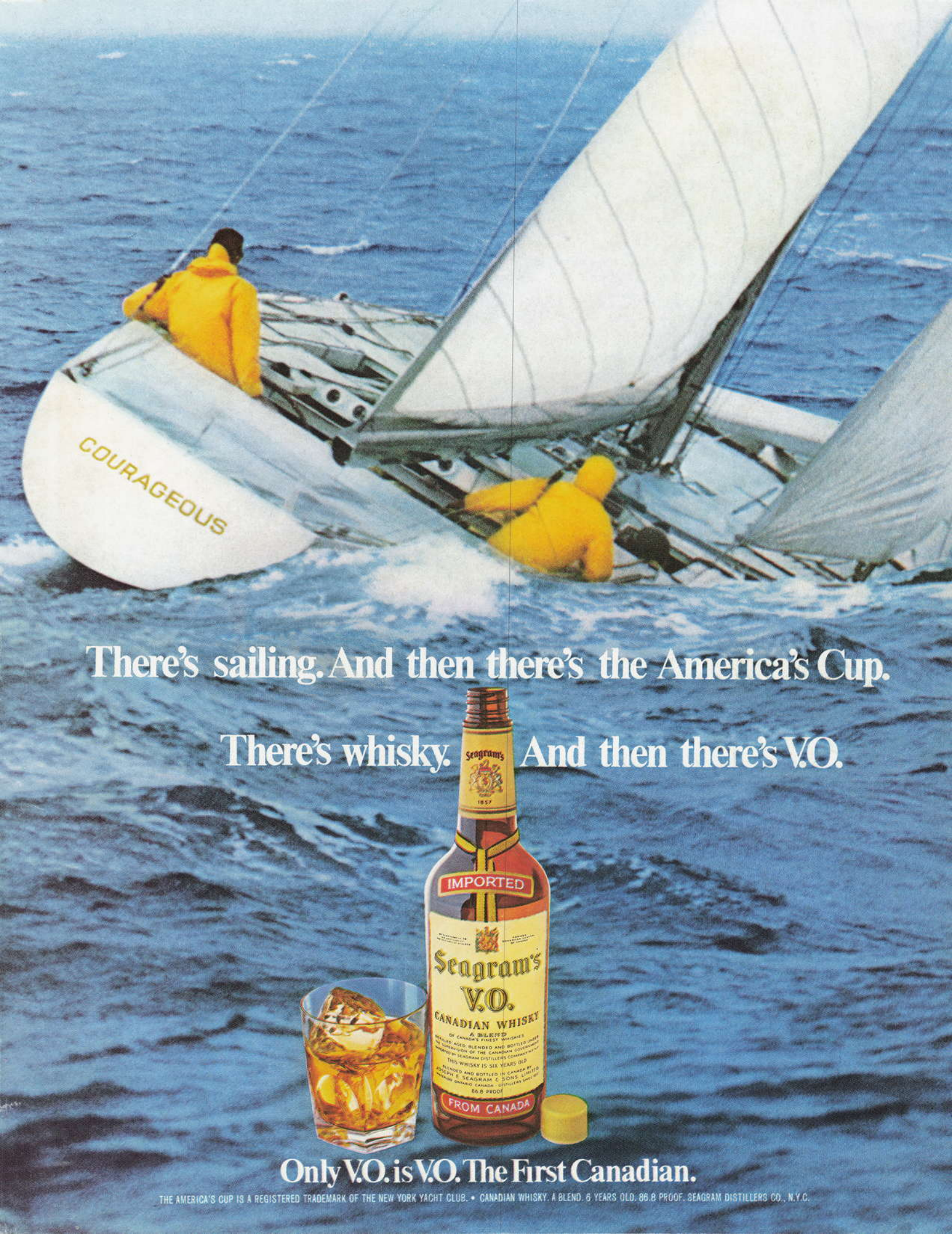
She told me to push my hard cock deeper into her until she said stop. So that my cock would slide farther up into her, I pushed my ass downwards until she told me to stop. When I did as she said, she raised her legs up and clasped them around my neck. "Pump me like you were on a swing!" she commanded. So, pretending that I was on a swing, I began to pump and buck, up and down. As I went up and down I could see my wet cock sliding in and out of her, making a kind of squish-squash sound. By now she was kissing me, and it wasn't long before I got the hang of fucking. I guess the force of my thrusts got to her because she started moaning and sighing, telling me to pump faster and harder. We went on like this, believe it or not, for about an hour. We even got to the point of coordinated expertise.

After it was all over, Darlene said to me, "Boy, you sure got a cock on you!" She asked for another kiss, but when I went for her mouth, she pointed down to her wet cunt and told me to kiss her pussy. So I obeyed and began licking the lips of her cunt. Being bold as hell, I pushed my tongue into her wet cunt and licked her out. She was frantic. She started to shake and said all kinds of crazy things until her very cunt juice seemed to wash over my tongue.

When she regained her senses, she said, "Come home early tomorrow so I can have some more fun with you." All in all, we made it a number of times before I left home for college.

We still get it on when I visit home. She still has a nice body and a nice cunt. I'm sharing this episode with you because you're a sexually liberated person. Sex is sex, and it makes no difference who a person has it with so long as it suits his inclinations. No matter if it be he and she, he & he, he & she & he, she & he & she, she & she, or whatever.—M.W.

At last, a man who shares my philosophy of life!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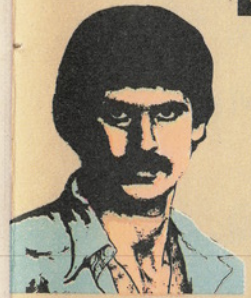

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